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P O E M S, &c.

Written upon several

O C C A S I O N S,

And to several

P E R S O N S.

By *EDMOND WALLER*, Esq;

The Eleventh Edition, with Additions.

To which is Prefix'd

The *AUTHOR's* *LIFE*.

*Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quenquam,
Nulla venenato litera mista joco est.*

D U B L I N :

Printed by *S. POWELL*, for *G. RISK*,
G. EWING, and *W. SMITH*,
in *Dame's-street*, *MDCCXXVII.*

P O E M S

Written upon leaving

O C C A S I O N

And to return

P E R S O N S

BY EDMOND WALLACE, Esq.

The first edition, with additions

To which is added

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE

As the author's life is a very interesting
and valuable work, it is here given

D O L L A R

Printed by S. P. O'Connell, for G. H. & C. B. W. and W. S. P. O'Connell
in New York, 1850.



A N
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
L I F E *and* W R I T I N G S
O F
Edmond Waller, Esq;



R. *Edmond Waller*, Author of the following Poems, was the Son of *Robert Waller, Esq;* of *Agmondesham* in *Buckinghamshire*, by his Wife the Daughter of ---- *Hampden* of *Hampden*, in that County, one of the most ancient Families in *England*, and Sister to Colonel *John Hampden*, as *Dr. Birch* assur'd us, who having been a leading Member in the Parliament in 1641, dyed in its Service. Mr. *Waller* was born on the 3d. of

March 1605, at *Coleshill*, which gives *Hertfordshire* the Honour of his Birth; for though *Coleshill* be in the Parish of *Agmondesham*, 'tis in the County of *Hertford*. His Father had the Reputation of a Wise Man, and his Oeconomy was one of the distinguishing Marks of his Prudence: For though the Family of *Waller* in *Buckinghamshire* was but a younger Branch of the *Waller*s in *Kent*, yet this Gentleman at his Death left his Son, our *Mr. Waller*, an Estate of 3500*l.* a Year; a Fortune at that time fit for a Nobleman: And indeed, the Antiquity of this Family, and the Services they have rendered their Country, deservedly place it among the most Honourable in *England*. *Mr. Robert Waller*, Father of *Edmond*, was bred a Lawyer, and practised at the Bar some time, but quitted it, to live the Life of a Country Gentleman; which he often repented, looking upon it as too idle. He had a great Esteem for the Common Law, the Study of which he prefer'd to the Civil. He was a Man of Parts and Virtue, and wrote Advice to his Son, *Mr. Edmond Waller*; which Manuscript is in the Hands of *Mrs. Waller*, Widow of *Dr. Stephen Waller*, our Poet's Son. Those who have seen it, commend it. This *Mr. Waller*, as has been observ'd, improv'd the Estate so much, that 'twas look'd upon to be one of the best in the County, and there was a kind of Emulation between the Families of *Hampden* and *Waller* on that Score. *Richard Waller*, of *Spendhurst* in the County of *Kent*, Esq; was Sheriff of
of

of that County the 16th of *Henry VI.* of whom we read this remarkable Account in the *Villare Cantianum*. He serv'd in the Wars of *France*, under *Henry V.* and signaliz'd himself so far that he took *Charles Duke of Orleans*, General of the *French Army*, Prisoner at the Battel of *Agencourt*. He brought him into *England*, and according to the Custom of those Times, had the Custody of that Prince, whom he kept in honourable Restraint at *Gromebridge*, his Seat, near *Spendhurst*; as appears by a Manuscript in the *Heralds Office*. The Duke was his Prisoner there twenty four Years; and in the time of this Retirement he rebuilt his Mansion-House at *Gromebridge* on the old Foundation. He was a great Benefactor to the Church of *Spendhurst*, where his Arms remain in Stone-work over the Porch; and in them we find an Addition to the former Bearing of the Family, assigned by King *Henry* to him and his Descendants, viz. A Crest with the Arms of *France* hanging by a Label on an Oak, with this Motto, *Hic fructus Virtutis*, in Remembrance of the glorious Services of *Richard Waller* at *Agencourt*. From him Sir *William Waller*, who was Sheriff of *Kent* the 22d of *Henry VII.* lineally descended; and Tradition says, the Family had then 7000*l.* a Year. But it was very much reduced in the time of Sir *William Waller*, famous in the Wars between the King and Parliament for his good and bad Fortune; which Sir *William* lineally descended from the former, of whom probably is that noble Mo-

numment in *Spendhurst* Church of Sir *Walter Waller* and his Lady, who in the Roll of Sheriffs may by Mistake be written Sir *William*. We could not learn at what Time the *Waller*s of *Buckinghamshire* removed thither out of *Kent*, and settled at *Agmondesham*; but it seems not to have been long before Mr. *Waller*'s Father's Time, because a Family of such a Fortune could not have escap'd furnishing the County with a Sheriff, and we find none of this Name in the Rolls. The House at *Agmondesham* being old and decaying, Mr. *Waller*, of whom we write, lived mostly at *Beconsfield*, where his Mother dwelt in her Widowhood, and often entertain'd *Oliver Cromwell* there, during his Usurpation, he being related to her. But notwithstanding her Relation to the Usurper, and Colonel *Hampden*, she was a Royalist in her Principles; and when *Oliver* visited her at *Beconsfield*, she would frankly tell him how his Pretensions would end. The Usurper would merrily throw a Napkin at her in return, and said he would not enter into further Disputes with his Aunt; for so he us'd to call her, though not quite so nearly related. However finding at last that Mrs. *Waller* was more in earnest than he was in jest, and that she corresponded with Persons of her own Principles, in favour of the King, she was for some time made a Prisoner to her Daughter in her own House.

Mr. *Waller*'s Father dying when he was very young, the Care of his Education fell to his Mother, who sent him to *Eaton* School, where having

ving made a good Proficiency in *Grammar Learning*, he was remov'd to *King's College* in *Cambridge*; and it is very manifest, that both at *Eaton* and at *Cambridge* he must have been assiduous in his Studies, since he acquir'd so fine a Taste of the Ancients in so short a Time; for at sixteen or seventeen Years of Age he was chosen into the last Parliament of King *James I.* and serv'd as Burgefs for *Agmondesham*. 'Twas about the same time, in the seventeenth Year of his Age, that Prince *Charles* had like to have been cast away in the Road of *St. André* coming from *Spain*. Upon which he wrote that admirable Poem,

*Now had his Highness bid Farewel to Spain,
And reach'd the Sphere of his own Pow'r, the
Main,*

at an Age, when, generally speaking, Persons of the most forward Parts begin just to discover themselves, and at a Time when the *English* Poetry had hardly any Harmony or Grace in it. But he rose like a great Reformer, and shook off at once the Barbarism and Rudeness, under which it had long labour'd.

*Great Maro cou'd no greater Tempest feign,
When the loud Winds, usurping on the Main,
For angry Juno, labour'd to destroy
The hated Reliques of confounded Troy.
His bold Æneas, &c.*

If this was not written at that very Time (which is probable) it could not be long after it, as is plain by several Hints in the Poem. That Parliament being some time after dissolv'd, on the Day of its Dissolution, he, out of Curiosity or Respect, went to see the King at Dinner, with whom were Dr. *Andrews* Bishop of *Winchester*, and Dr. *Neal* Bishop of *Durham*, standing behind his Majesty's Chair. There happen'd something very extraordinary in the Conversation those Prelates had with the King, on which Mr. *Waller* did often reflect. His Majesty ask'd the Bishops, *My Lords, cannot I take my Subjects Money when I want it, without all this Formality in Parliament?* The Bishop of *Durham* readily answer'd, *God forbid, Sir, but you shou'd, you are the Breath of our Nostrils:* Whereupon the King turned, and said to the Bishop of *Winchester*, *Well, my Lord, what say you?* Sir, replied the Bishop, *I have no Skill to judge of Parliamentary Cases:* The King answer'd, *No Put-offs, my Lord, answer me presently:* Then Sir, said he, *I think it's lawful for you to take my Brother Neal's Money, for he offers it.* Mr. *Waller* said the Company was pleased with this Answer, and the Wit of it seemed to affect the King: For a certain Lord coming in soon after, his Majesty cry'd out, *Oh my Lord, they say you lig with my Lady:* No, Sir, says his Lordship in Confusion, *but I like her Company because she has so much Wit.* Why then, says the King, *do you not lig with my Lord of Winchester there?* The Truth of this Conversation

sation is not to be doubted, it having been often told Dr. *Birch* by Mr. *Waller* himself, one of whose Daughters he marry'd ; and the Doctor communicated it to us, with several other Passages concerning our Author.

King *James* did not long survive this Parliament, and his Son and Successor King *Charles* the First beginning his Reign by a Match with *France*, and a War soon after with *Spain*, the Fleet that was fitted out and sent thither under the Command of my Lord *Wimbleton*, was probably the Occasion of the Copy of Verses which begins this Collection, *To the King on his Navy, in the Year 1626*, which was the Time of that Expedition ; and the *English* Navy is hardly mentioned in History from the Year in which Mr. *Waller* was born, till the One and Twentieth of his Age : For which Reason we may very well imagine the Noise of this Naval Enterprize inspir'd his Muse to sing to his Majesty,

*Where-e'er thy Navy spreads her Canvas Wings,
Homage to thee, and Peace to all she brings.*

Two Years after this, when Mr. *Waller* was Three and Twenty Years old, the Duke of *Buckingham* was assassinated by *Felton* at *Portsmouth*. King *Charles* was then at *Southwick*, a Seat of *Richard Norton*, Esq; in *Hampshire*, and received the News of this Assassination when he was at Chappel ; and this gave Occasion to another Copy of Verses *On his Majesty's receiving*
a 5; the

*the News of the Duke of Buckingham's Death,
in the Year 1628.*

*So earnest with thy God, can no new Care,
No Sense of Danger, &c.*

Our Author was now known at Court, and caress'd by all the People of Quality, who had a Relish of Learning and Wit : He was also one of that famous Club with the Lord *Falkland*, Sir *Francis Wainman*, Mr. *Chillingworth*, Mr. *Godolphin*, and others. At one of their Meetings they heard a Noise in the Street, and were told a Son of *Ben Johnson's* was arrested : They sent for him, and he prov'd Mr. *Morley*, afterwards Bishop of *Winchester* : Mr. *Waller* lik'd him so well that he pay'd the Debt, which was no less than 100*l.* on condition he would live with him at *Beconsfield*, which he did for eight or ten Years together ; and from him Mr. *Waller* us'd to own he learn'd a Taste of the ancient Poets, and got what he had of their Genius. But 'tis evident, by his Poems written before this Incident of Mr. *Morley's* Arrest, that he had early acquir'd that exquisite Taste ; however he improv'd and enlarg'd it afterwards by Mr. *Morley's* Conversation and Assistance, to whom this Adventure prov'd very advantageous ; for Mr. *Waller* introduc'd him into that learned and polite Society, as my Lord *Falkland* did Mr. *Hyde* Earl of *Clarendon*, at the same Time ; and the Friendship continued.

continued between them 'till both were greater Men.

We have not been able to learn certainly at what Time Mr. *Waller* married ; but a very good Friend of his told us, he believ'd his first Wife *Ann*, Daughter and Heir of *Edward Banks*, Esq; was dead, before he became enamour'd of my Lady *Dorothy Sidney* ; and that he was then a Widower, and about the Four or Five and Twentieth Year of his Age, when he began to have a Passion for *Sacharissa*, whose Beauty triumphs over Time in his Verses. 'Tis known to every one, that *Sacharissa* was a borrowed Name he gave that Lady, Daughter to the Lord *Leicester*, and afterwards Wife to the Earl of *Sunderland*. The first Poem he addresses to her in this Collection, begins,

*Such was Philoclea, such Mucidorus' Flame,
The matchless Sydney, that immortal Frame
Of perfect Beauty, &c.*

She likewise is the Subject of that Poem entitled, *Of the Lady who can sleep when she pleases* ; and of that *Of the Mis-report of her being painted* ; and of that *Of her passing through a Crowd of People* ; But that which paints out her and himself, and the Success of his Love the plainest, is, the Fable of *Phæbus* and *Daphne* :

Thyrsis,

*Thyrsis, a Youth of the Inspired Train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain,
Like Phœbus, &c.*

This is one of the most Gallant and best turn'd Copies of Verses in the *English* Tongue ; and that which he applies to himself with a modest and just Boldness, can never be enough admir'd.

*All but the Nymph, that should redress his Wrong,
Attend his Passion, and approve his Song :
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought Praise,
He catch'd at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays.*

Nothing can be more agreeable than the Parallel between *Amoret* and *Sacharissa*, in the Stanza's address'd to the former. Who that *Amoret* was, is not known. Though in these Stanza's *Sacharissa* carries him away from *Amoret*, yet by some Verses in the Pages that come after, we may suppose *Sacharissa*'s Cruelty made him prefer *Amoret*'s Good-nature. It appears by the Verses to *Phillis* and others, Mr. *Waller*'s Love for *Sacharissa* did not make him forget what was due to the Beauty of other Ladies, and that they were not all of them so unjust to him, as she whom he of all most admired. His good Fortune elsewhere might perhaps render him the more easie under her Treatment ; and we find he was not of a Complexion to become a Martyr to his Passion ; as will appear from the following Letter, which

which he sent to the Lady Dorothy's Sister, when *Sacharissa* Married the Lord *Spencer*, afterwards Earl of *Sunderland*.

To my Lady *Lucy Sydney*, upon the Marriage of my Lady *Dorothy*, her Sister, to my Lord *Spencer*.

Madam,

IN this Common Joy at *Penshurst* I know none to whom Complaints may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship, the Loss of a Bed-fellow being almost equal to that of a Mistress; and therefore you ought at least to pardon, if you consent not to the Imprecations of the Deserted, which just Heaven no doubt will hear.

May my Lady *Dorothy*, if we may yet call her so, suffer as much, and have the like Passion for this young Lord, whom she has preferr'd to the rest of Mankind, as others have had for her; and may this Love, before the Year go about, make her taste of the first Curse impos'd on Womankind, the Pains of becoming a Mother. May her first-born be none of her own Sex, nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as her self.

May she that always affected Silence and Retirement, have the House fill'd with the Noise and Number of her Children, and hereafter of her Grand-Children; and then may she arrive at that great Curse so much declin'd by fair Ladies, Old Age: May she live to be very old, and yet seem young, be told so by her Glass, and have no Aches

to inform her of the Truth: And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go Hand in Hand with her to that Place, where we are told there is neither marrying nor giving in Marriage, that being there divorced, we may all have an equal Interest in her again. My Revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befall their Posterity to the World's End, and afterwards.

To you, Madam, I wish all good things, and that this Loss may in good Time be happily supplied with a more constant Bed-fellow of the other Sex.

Madam, I humbly kiss your Hands, and beg Pardon for this Trouble, from

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

E. WALLER.

He liv'd to converse with the Lady *Sunderland* when she was very old: But his Imprecation relating to her Glass did not succeed, for my Lady knew she had the Disease, which nothing but Death can cure; and in a Conversation with Mr. *Waller*, and some other Ladies and Gentlemen at the late Lady *Wharton's* at *Woburn* near *Beconsfield*, she then ask'd him in Raillery, *When, Mr. Waller, will you write such fine Verses upon me again?* Oh, Madam, said he, *when your Ladyship is as young again.* From this Beauty is descended the present Earl of *Sunderland*, whose great Quality, whose Integrity and Love of his Country have made his Name dear to every true English Man. Mr. *Waller* had *Sacharissa's* Picture

cture at his Seat at *Hall Barn*, which he built about a quarter of a Mile from *Beconsfield*, his Mother living in that Town. That Seat has been since rebuilt by Dr. *Stephen Waller* his Son, and is now a very handsome Edifice.

Besides all the great Wits of his own, Mr. *Waller* convers'd with all those of the Fair Sex; the chief of whom was the Countess of *Carlisle*, a Lady very famous in her Time, and one who was thought to be as deeply concerned in the Councils of the Court, and afterwards of the Parliament, as any in *England*. When *Voiture* was at *London*, he held her in such Admiration, that he could not forbear writing of her to his Friend Mr. *Gourden*, when he was got no farther than *Dover*, in his return to *France*. We may very well imagine, a Man of Mr. *Waller's* Genius wou'd not let such a one as *Voiture*, (who had so great a Turn to Gallantry) be in *England*, without making some Acquaintance with him; and, if our Conjecture is right, we shall find him in an Intimacy with the greatest Wits of *France*, *Voiture*, *La Fontaine*, *St. Evremond*, &c.

His Wife *Anne* dying in Childbed, left him one Daughter, who marry'd Mr. *Dormer* of *Oxfordshire*, and is now his Widow, he had likewise a Son by her, but he dy'd in his Infancy. His second Wife was *Mary*, of the Family of the *Bresse*, or *Breaux's*, as is seen by the Inscription on his Tomb, by whom he had a numerous Issue.

There's

There's no doubt, but had Mr. *Waller* liv'd in an Age when Parliaments were frequent, he wou'd have distinguish'd himself as much by his Politicks, as by his Poetry ; but his Relation to the *Hampden* Family inducing him to espouse the Party which was against Ship-money, and other Practices in those Times, he never was acceptable to the Reigning Favourites, further than his Muse made him ; and his Life of Inaction is perhaps the Occasion of his giving up so much of his Time to Poetry as he did.

However, he was Return'd a Burgess for *Agmondesham* in the Parliament which met in *April*, 1640. An Intermission of Parliaments for twelve Years had disgusted the Nation, and the House met in no good Humour to give Money. It must be confess'd, some late Proceedings had rais'd such Jealousies as wou'd be sure to discover themselves when-ever the King came to ask for a Supply ; and Mr. *Waller* was one of the first to condemn those Measures. A Speech he made in the House on this Occasion, and which is printed at the End of these Poems, gives us some Notions of his Principles as to Government. Indeed we can't but confess, he was a little too Inconstant in them, and was not naturally as Steady, as he was Judicious ; which variable Temper was the Cause of his losing his Reputation, in a great measure, with both Parties, when the Nation became unhappily divided. His Love of Poetry and Indolence laid him open to the Insinuations of others, and, it may be, prevented

vented his fixing so resolutely to any One Party, as to make him a Favourite of either.

As Mr. *Waller* did not come up to the heights of those who were for an Unlimited Monarchy, so he did not go the Lengths of such as wou'd have sunk the Kingdom into a Common-wealth; but had so much Credit at Court, that in this Parliament the King particularly sent to him to second his Demand of some Subsidies to pay off the Army: And Sir *Henry Vane* objecting against first Voting a Supply, because the King would not accept it, unless it came to his Proportion; Mr. *Waller* spoke earnestly to Sir *Thomas Jermyn*, Comptroller of the Household, to save his Master from the Effects of so bold a Falsity: For, says he, *I am but a Country Gentleman, and cannot pretend to know the King's Mind.* But Sir *Thomas* durst not contradict the Secretary; and his Son, the Earl of *St. Albans*, afterwards told Mr. *Waller*, *That his Father's Cowardice ruin'd the King.*

That Parliament being dissolv'd in about five Weeks time, he was at Liberty to retire 'till November following, when he was chosen again a Representative for *Agmondesham*. He was in this Session zealous against Ship-money; and no doubt his Uncle *Hampden's* Sufferings animated his Zeal on that score. He was chosen to impeach Judge *Crawley*, who had been a busie Man in that Affair: He did it in a warm and eloquent Speech, printed at the End of the Poems: The Speech was highly applauded, and twenty Thousand

land of them sold in one Day. He a long while voted in this Session with those who were most disaffected to the Administration. And when on the great Breach between the King and Parliament, a War ensu'd, he did not leave the House; but, as *Dr. Birch* phrases it, from his own Mouth, *follow'd the Opinion of the then Lord Dorset and the Neuters*. It is likely that *Mr. Waller* might here put a Gloss on his Actions, and that he stay'd out of Complacency to his Uncle *Colonel Hampden*, or follow'd his present Opinion, which might waver afterwards. Whether it was his Precaution, or Fear, or Generosity, or Loyalty, that put him upon it, we are credibly inform'd he sent a Thousand Broad Pieces to the King at *Nottingham*, when his Majesty set up his Standard there; yet he stay'd with the Parliament, and continu'd so to do, 'till that *Plot* was discover'd, which cost him and his Family so dear, that they cou'd never recover it. This Event being the most Remarkable and Important of any in *Mr. Waller's* Life, we shall take care to render it clearly and faithfully, as we find it related by the *Lord Clarendon*, and in some Manuscripts that have fallen into our Hands: And it will, by this Account, be seen, that *Mr. Waller* always kept his Measures with the Court, and so manag'd himself, that the Royalists inclin'd to believe he was in their Interests; which he might be so far, as to disapprove the hot Counsels of those, who, for private Ends, oppos'd the publick Peace; and there were but too many in the
Parliament,

Parliament, whom we may reasonably suspect to be acted by Views contrary to the true Welfare of their Country.

The *Conspiracy* we are about to treat of, is best known by the Name of *Mr. Waller's Plot*, of which most Histories give but a dark Account. The Lord *Clarendon* has endeavour'd to clear it up, and he was the better able to do it, because he must have been very intimate with Mr. *Waller* afterwards; and besides, his Lordship says, *It was thought by many, and averr'd by others, who I believe did not think so, that I knew as much of it as any Man.* He continues: "Mr. Waller
" was look'd upon by all Men as a Person of
" very entire Affections to the King's Service,
" and the Establish'd Government of Church
" and State, and, by having no manner of Re-
" lation to the Court, had the more Credit and
" Interest to promote the Rights of it." My Lord, in what follows, differs from the Manuscript, which, being written by one of his nearest Relations, and who dwelt in his Family, carries such Credit with it, as no other Account can prejudice; and that says, as is before mention'd, *When the War came on, he did not leave the House, but follow'd the Opinion of the Lord Dorset, and the Neuters; and yet he forgot not to send the King a Thousand Broad Pieces to Nottingham.* Whereas his Lordship writes, "When the Ruptures
" grew so hot between the King and the Two
" Houses, that very many of the Members
" withdrew from those Councils: He among
" the

“ the rest, with equal Dislike, absented himself.
“ But at the time the Standard was set up, hav-
“ ing an Intimacy and Friendship with some Per-
“ sons, now of Nearness about the King, with
“ the King’s Approbation he return’d to *Lon-*
“ *don.*” By which ’tis plain, he did leave the
House. Whether he did, or did not, he spoke
on all Occasions, when he was there, with great
Sharpness and Freedom ; insomuch that when
the absent Members pretended, *they did not come*
to the House, because they were not suffer’d to de-
clare their Opinion freely; ’twas objected, that
was a groundless Pretence, *when all Men knew*
what Liberty Mr. Waller took, and spoke every
Day with Impunity against the Sense and Proceed-
ings of the House. This won him a great Repu-
tation with all who wish’d the King well, and
such Lords and Commons as really desir’d to pre-
vent the Ruin of the Kingdom, enter’d into a
great Familiarity with him, as a Man resolute in
their Designs, and best able to promote them. All
Men spoke their Minds freely to him, and
thought themselves secure in his Fortune and na-
tural Wariness.

Mr. *Waller* had a Sister marry’d to one Mr.
Tomkins, Clerk of the Queen’s Council, a Gen-
tleman of a very good Character, and great In-
terest and Reputation in the City, among those
who were for the old Constitution, and disaffect-
ed to the Parliament ; from whom he learnt the
Disposition of the Citizens upon all Accidents,
which he freely communicated to his Brother
Waller,

Waller, as the latter imparted to him what Observations he made from those he convers'd with. *Mr. Waller* told him how many Lords and Commons were for a Peace; *Mr. Tomkins* made the same Relation with respect to the most substantial Men of *London*: Which *Mr. Waller* reported to the well-affected Members of both Houses, and *Mr. Tomkins* to the well-affected Citizens; from whence they came to a Conclusion, that if they heartily united in the mutual Assistance of one another, they should be able to prevent those Tumults, which seem'd to countenance the Distractions, and the Houses would be induced to Terms of Moderation.

My Lord *Conway* at that time coming from *Ireland*, incens'd against the *Scots*, and discontented with the Parliament here, finding *Mr. Waller* in good Esteem with the Earl of *Northumberland*, and in great Friendship with the Earl of *Portland*, enter'd into the same Familiarity; and being a Soldier, in the Discourses they had insinuated, that 'twas convenient to enquire into the Numbers of the well-affected in the City, that they might know what they had to trust to: Which *Mr. Waller* telling *Mr. Tomkins*, the latter imparted it to his Confidants there; and 'twas agreed, “ That some trusty Persons in every
“ Parish and Ward about *London* should make a
“ List of all the Inhabitants, and by guessing of
“ their several Affections, compute the Strength
“ of the Party, which oppos'd an Accommo-
“ dation, and of that which was for it.” My
Lord

Lord *Clarendon* declares, he's persuaded the main Design of this Project was to form a sort of Association to oppose the levying Taxes to carry on the War, and to petition for a Peace; and that as to letting the King's Army into *London*, or raising an Army there, or surprising the Parliament, or using any Violence in or on the City, he could never see Cause to believe it. But it unluckily happen'd, that while this Combination was on foot, Sir *Nicholas Crisp* procur'd a Commission of Array to be sent from *Oxford* to *London*, which was carry'd by the Lady *Aubigny*, and deliver'd to a Gentleman employ'd by Sir *Nicholas* to take it of her; and this being discover'd at the same time that Mr. *Waller's* Plot was, the two Conspiracies were jumbled into one; tho' the Noble Historian, who is our chief Guide in this Relation, is satisfy'd they were two distinct Designs, and gives such Reasons for his Opinion as are very convincing. Thus all that Mr. *Waller* was guilty of, was a close Correspondence with the Men of Moderation, who were for accommodating Matters between his Majesty and the two Houses on safe and honourable Conditions, in order to which they had consulted together of some Measures to forward it.

The Discovery of Mr. *Waller's* Plot is variously reported. In the Manuscript which we take to be of undoubted Authority, for the Reasons before mention'd, 'tis thus related. “ Af-
 “ terwards he conferr'd with some Loyal Citi-
 “ zens and others, about recovering the City
 “ into

“ into the King’s Interest, in which he was be-
 “ tray’d by his Sister *Price*, and her *Presbyterian*
 “ Chaplain Mr. *Good*, who stole some of his
 “ Papers; and if he had not strangely dream’d,
 “ the Night before he was seiz’d, that his Sister
 “ betray’d him, and thereupon burnt the rest of
 “ his Papers by the Fire left in his Chimney, he
 “ had certainly lost his Life for it.” The Lord
Clarendon reports it otherwise, That a Servant of
 Mr. *Tomkins*, who had cursorily overheard Mr.
Waller and his Master discourse of the Argument
 we are now upon, plac’d himself behind a Hang-
 ing, and heard them say enough to put him up-
 on informing, in hopes of a Reward. Accord-
 ingly he went to Mr. *Pym*, one of the Heads
 of the Parliament Party, and told him all he knew;
 to which my Lord adds, *or probably imagin’d*.
 The Circumstances of the Publishing it were
 such as fill’d all Men with Apprehensions:
 ’Twas on *Wednesday the 31st of May 1643*,
 their solemn Fast-Day, when being all at their Ser-
 mon in St. *Margaret’s Church in Westminster*, a
 Letter was brought to Mr. *Pym*, who with some
 of the most active Members rose from their Seats,
 and after a little Whispering together went out
 of the Church. Orders were immediately sent
 to search their Prisoners, who were *Malignants*;
 and as soon as the Houses met, they were told
 “ Letters were intercepted going to the Court
 “ at *Oxford*, that express’d some notable Con-
 “ spiracy in hand, to deliver up the Parliament
 “ and the City into the Hands of the Cavaliers,
 “ and

“ and that the Time for the Execution of it drew
 “ very nigh.” Upon which a Committee was
 appointed to examine all Persons they thought
 fit, and to apprehend some nominated at that time.
 Pursuant to which, Mr. *Waller* and Mr. *Tomkins*
 were apprehended the same Night, and others the
 next Day.

We shall not enter into the Particulars of the
 Prosecution of this Conspiracy, but only report
 in general the great Stir the Parliament made a-
 bout it. They first blended Sir *Nicholas Crisp*’s
 and Mr. *Waller*’s Projects together, and made the
 whole to contain four or five terrible Articles ;
 “ As seizing the King’s Children, several Mem-
 “ bers of Parliament, the Lord-Mayor, the
 “ Out-works, Forts, and Tower of *London* ;
 “ the Magazines, Gates, &c. To let in the
 “ King’s Army ; To resist all Payments, by
 “ Arms ; to suspend the whole Government of
 “ the City ; and, in short, to *master the Parlia-*
 “ *ment* ” A very different Project from my
 Lord *Clarendon*’s, which terminates only in a lit-
 tle close Conversation how to bring about a Peace.
 But by his Description of Mr. *Waller*’s Behavi-
 our, one would think he was conscious of some-
 what more than what his Lordship lays to his
 Charge : For after our Author was seized, my
 Lord tells us, “ He was so confounded with Fear
 “ and Apprehension, that he confess’d whatever
 “ he had said, heard, thought or seen ; all that
 “ he knew of himself, and all that he suspected
 “ of others, without concealing any Person of
 “ what

“ what Degree or Quality soever, or any Dis-
“ course that he had ever upon any Occasion en-
“ tertain’d with them : What such and such
“ Ladies of great Honour, to whom, upon the
“ Credit of his great Wit and very good Repu-
“ tation, he had been admitted, had spoke to
“ him in their Chambers of the Proceedings in
“ the House; and how they had encourag’d him
“ to oppose them ; what Correspondence and
“ Intercourse they had with some Ministers of
“ State at *Oxford*, &c. He also accus’d the Earl
“ of *Portland* and the Lord *Conway* of being
“ concern’d in the Agitations in the City, and
“ the Earl of *Northumberland* of wishing them
“ Success. ” The Houses were or seem’d to be
so alarm’d at the Discovery of this Plot, that six
Days after they took a *Sacred Vow and Covenant*,
which was also taken by the City and Army, de-
nouncing War against the King more directly
than they had done before. We shall not detain
the Reader with the Tryals and Executions of
Mr. *Tomkins* and Mr. *Chaloner*, but proceed to
Mr. *Waller*’s Conduct and Sufferings. The
Earl of *Portland* and the Lord *Conway* were im-
prison’d on his Accusation, and often confront-
ed with him before the Committee, where they
as peremptorily denying, as he charging them,
and there being no other Witness but he against
them, they were kept a while in Restraint, and
then Bailed. My Lord *Northumberland*, though
charged by him to be a Well-wisher to the Con-
spiracy, yet on Account of his great Reputa-
tion,

tion, was proceeded against very tenderly. This Lord is the same to whom our Author addresses two Poems in this Book, which are misplaced, being written long before several that precede them. To return to Mr. *Waller's* Tryal: He was all this while in Custody of the Officers who belong'd to the Council of War, by whom *Tomkins* and *Chaloner* were condemned. The same Historian informs us, that “after he had with incredible
 “ Diffimulation acted such a Remorse of Con-
 “ science, that his Tryal was put off out of
 “ Christian Compassion, ’till he might recover
 “ his Understanding, (and that was not ’till the
 “ Heat and Fury of the Prosecutors was reason-
 “ ably abated with the Sacrifices they had made)
 “ and by drawing Visitants to himself of the
 “ most powerful Ministers of all Factions, had,
 “ by his Liberality and Penitence, his receiving
 “ vulgar and vile Sayings from them with Hu-
 “ mility and Reverence, as clearer Convictions
 “ and Informations than in his Life he had ever
 “ had; distributing great Sums to them for their
 “ Prayers, and Ghostly Counsel; so satisfy’d
 “ them, that they satisfy’d others; was brought,
 “ at his Suit, to the House of Commons Bar.”
 For, as a Member of that House, he had appeal’d to them from the *Council of War*. When he appeared there, his Behaviour was unbecoming so great a Man, if my Lord *Clarendon's* Information be Authentick: “Being, *says he*, a Man
 “ very powerful in Language; and who, by
 “ what he spoke, and in the manner of speak-
 “ ing

“ ingit, exceedingly captivated the Good-will
 “ and Benevolence of his Hearers, which is the
 “ highest Part of an Orator, with such Flattery
 “ as was most exactly calculated to that Meri-
 “ dian, with such Submission as their Pride took
 “ delight in, and such Dejection of Mind and
 “ Spirit as was like to cozen the major Part: He
 laid before them, *Their own Danger and Concern-
 ment, if they should suffer one of their own Body,
 how Unworthy and Monstrous soever, to be try’d
 by the Soldiers, who might thereby grow to that
 Power hereafter, that they wou’d both try those they
 wou’d not be willing shou’d be try’d, and for things
 which they would account no Crimes; the Inconve-
 nience and insupportable Mischief whereof, all wise
 Common-wealths-Men had foreseen and prevented,
 by exempting their own Members from all Judg-
 ment but their own.* By these and the like Ar-
 guments he prevail’d not to be try’d by a Coun-
 cil of War, but was taken out of the Custody
 of their Officers, and sent to the Tower; where,
 according to Dr. Birch’s Information, *He had
 Time to get his Friends to him, and with large
 Bribes he made some leading Members speak for
 him; insomuch that when his Case came to be ad-
 judg’d, his Life was spar’d; but he was fin’d Ten
 Thousand Pound, Sequester’d and Banish’d.* The
 Noble Lord, whose History has been so service-
 able to us, in this differs again a little from the
 Doctor: For immediately after what he says of
 Mr. Waller’s Speech, he adds; “ So that in truth
 “ he does as much owe the keeping his Head to

“ that Oration, as *Cataline* did the loss of his to
“ those of *Tully* ; and by having done ill very
“ well, he, by degrees, drew that Respect to
“ his Parts, which always carries some Compassi-
“ on to the Person, that he got leave to com-
“ pound for his Transgression, and them to ac-
“ cept of Ten Thousand Pounds (which their
“ Affairs wanted) for his Liberty : Whereupon
“ he had leave to recollect himself in another
“ Country (for his Liberty was to be in Banish-
“ ment) how miserable he had made himself, in
“ obtaining that Leave to live out of his own ;
“ and there cannot be a greater Evidence of the
“ inestimable Value of his Parts, than that he
“ liv’d, after this, in the good Affection and
“ Esteem of many, the Pity of most, and the
“ Reproach and Scorn of few or none.” This
Judgment of him from a Man who all along turns
the Byass against him, will strengthen the Idea
we have conceiv’d of his great Sense and Elo-
quence ; and all those Arts, (which the Histo-
rian represents so much to his Disadvantage) he
made use of to gain the Assembly before whom
he spoke, are so far from being unwarrantable,
when a Man pleads for his Life, that they exalt
the Merit of the Orator, who so powerfully tri-
umphed over his Judges. We shall finish this
Account of Mr. *Waller*’s Plot with observing,
that tho’ ’twas discover’d, it was an Advantage to
the King, by producing that *Severe Vow and Co-
venant*, which few swallow’d but by Compul-
sion, and many to avoid it fled to *Oxford*, whi-
ther

ther also the Earl of *Portland* and the Lord *Conway* went as soon as they had an Opportunity.

It is easily to be imagined, that such a Prosecution and Fine must considerably lessen Mr. *Waller's* Estate, which had receiv'd some Addition by his Marriages; but now he was forc'd to sell a Thousand Pound a Year to pay his Fine, and clear himself of the Danger he was in.

We cannot determine whether his Poems were first printed before his Banishment or after; but 'tis most likely that it was after, because that the Plot was discover'd in 1643, and the first Edition of his Poems was in 1645, under the Title of *Poems, &c. Written by Edmond Waller of Beconsfield Esq; lately a Member of the Honourable House of Commons*: To which is added, in the Title Page, *All the Lyrick Poems in this Book were set by Mr. Henry Lawes, Gent. of the King's Chapel, and one of his Majesty's private Musick.* This Book has a Dedication before it, but without a Name to it, which for the Reader's Entertainment is here preserv'd.

To My L A D Y * * * *

Madam,

YOUR Commands for the gathering these Sticks into a Faggot had sooner been obey'd, but intending to present you with my whole Vintage, I stay'd till the latest Grapes were ripe; for here your Ladyship has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this Kind: Not but that I may defend

the Attempt I have made upon Poetry, by the Examples (not to trouble you with History) of many wise and worthy Persons of our own Times; as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Peron, the ablest of his Countrymen; and the former Pope, who they say, instead of the Triple Crown, wore sometimes the Poets Ivy, as an Ornament, perhaps, of lesser Weight and Trouble: But, Madam, these Nightingales sung only into the Spring, it was the Diversion of their Youth; as Ladies learn to Sing and Play when they are Children, what they forget when they are Women: The Resemblance holds further, for as you quit the Lute the sooner, because the Posture is suspected to draw the Body awry; so this is not always practised without some Villany to the Mind, wresting it from present Occasions, and accustoming us to a Style somewhat remov'd from common Use. But that you may not think his Case deplorable, who had made Verses; we are told, that Tully (the greatest Wit among the Romans) was once sick of this Disease, and yet recover'd so well, that of almost as bad a Poet as your Servant, he became the most perfect Orator in the World. So that not so much to have made Verses, as not to give over in Time, leaves a Man without Excuse: The former presenting us with an Opportunity at least of doing wisely, that is, to conceal those we have made, which I shall yet do, if my humble Request may be of as much Force with your Ladyship, as your Commands have been with me. Madam, I only whisper these in your Ears, if you publish them, they are your own; and therefore as
you

you apprehend the Reproach of a Wit and a Poet, cast them into the Fire; or if they come where green Boughs are in the Chimney, with the Help of your fair Friends, (for thus bound, it will be too hard a Task for your Hands alone) tear them in Pieces, wherein you will honour me with the Fate of Orpheus; for so his Poems, whereof we only hear the Form, (not his Limbs, as the Story will have it) I suppose were scatter'd by the Thracian Dames. Here, Madam, I might take an Opportunity to celebrate your Virtues, and to instruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are: How much you exceed the most excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the least inclin'd to Wonder of our Sex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladyship for a Roman Name, so wou'd they believe that I endeavour'd the Character of a perfect Nymph, worshipp'd an Image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the Brain, not of the Heart of,

YOUR LADYSHIP'S

most humble Servant,

E. W.

Our Author being, as we have mention'd, condemn'd to Banishment, past over to France, taking his Lady's Jewels with him to support him. He liv'd very hospitably at Paris; and, except my Lord St. Albans, who was the Queen

of *England's* Prime Minister when she kept her Court there, there was no *English* Table but *Mr. Waller's*: Which was so costly to him, that he us'd to say he was at last come to the *Rump Jewel*.

He resided most part of the time he was in *France*, at *Roan*; where *Margaret*, his eldest Daughter by his Second Wife, was born. He was particularly fond of this Daughter, and she us'd to sev'd him as his *Amanuensis*. While he was in *France*, a surreptitious Edition of his Poems was publish'd, which occasion'd his permitting a genuine one.

We have been inform'd, but with no Certainty, that he was a Proprietor of the *Summer Islands* in *America*; but whether he was so or not, we cannot learn he ever went thither from *France*, as some have imagin'd from that Copy of Verses, *To Sir William d'Avenant upon his two first Books of Gondibert, written in France*.

*Thus the wise Nightingale, that leaves her home,
Her Native Wood, &c.*

These also suppose he wrote the *Battel of the Summer Islands* after his Return, by the particular Description he gives of its Product and Situation; but we are apt to believe he never was there, and that if he was, he wrote it before; and indeed there are some Lines which shew 'twas written when *Sacharissa* was his Wish and his Muse; why else should he cry

Oh

*Oh how I long, my careless Limbs to lay
 Under the Plantane's Shade, and all the Day
 With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain,
 Invoke the Muses, and improve my Vein!
 No Passion there in my free Breast should move,
 None but the sweet and best of Passions, Love:
 There while I sing, if gentle Love be by,
 That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings so high,
 With the sweet Sound of Sachariffa's Name,
 I'll make the list'ning Savages grow tame.*

If ever he was in *America*, 'tis probable he re-
 turn'd to *France* again; at which time it was that
 being reduc'd to the *Rump Jewel*, Colonel *Scroop*,
 who had marry'd his Sister, interceded with *Oli-*
ver to let him return to *England*, and his Estate,
 which was granted. His Generosity and Court-
 ly Way of living, his Sufferings and Banishment,
 had now reduc'd his Patrimony to less than half
 of what it was when his Father dy'd. But he
 had still enough remaining to support him in a
 way of living suitable to his Rank; though, be-
 ing no very good Oeconomist, his Estate conti-
 nu'd still rather to diminish than increase. He
 residing mostly at *Hall Barn* near *Beconsfield*, he
 was on all Occasions called *Mr. Waller of Becons-*
field; the greatest Honour that poor but pleasant
 Town in *Buckinghamshire* has to boast of. On
 his Return to *England* he wrote his *Panegyrick*
 on *Oliver*, as an Acknowledgment, in the Year

1654; an excellent Poem upon an unworthy Subject. The Usurper lov'd, or affected to love, Men of Wit; and he had Incense offer'd him by more Pens than one, as Mr. *Sprat*, Mr. *Dryden*, and others, who had not Mr. *Waller's* Excuse. He frequently waited on the Usurper, being his Kinsman; and, as he often declar'd, observ'd him to be very well read in the *Greek* and *Roman* Story; for his rude Cant and spiritual Simplicity were downright Affectation: Than which nothing can be more evident from Mr. *Waller's* Observation, and his Confession to him. Our Author often took Notice, that in the midst of their Discourse a Servant has come in to tell him such and such attended; upon which *Cromwell* would arise, and stop them, talking at the Door, where he could overhear him say, *The Lord will reveal, The Lord will help*, and several such Expressions; which when he return'd to Mr. *Waller* he excus'd, saying *Cousin Waller, I must talk to these Men after their own Way*; and would then go on where they left off. This created in Mr. *Waller* an Opinion, that he secretly despis'd those whom he seem'd to court.

'Tis plain enough, by our Author's Poems, that he fell in with his Kinsman the Protector's Interest, at his Return from Banishment, and was of that Party who wou'd have had *Cromwell* assume the Title of King, which *Oliver* was fond enough of; and 'tis said, he intended to put the great Wealth he took from the *Spaniards* to the Use Mr. *Waller* mentions in his Poem Of

a War with Spain, and Fight at Sea, in the Year 1656, which ends thus ;

*His Conqu'ring Head has no more room for Bays :
Then let it be, as the glad Nation prays,
Let the rich Ore forthwith be melted down,
And the State fix'd by making him a Crown.*

We have not learn'd, that Oliver ever took him further into his Confidence or Favour, or that he contributed any thing to his Fortune. Yet the Remembrance of his calling him from Exile, and perhaps his Respect for his Person, lasted when he could neither hurt him nor serve him. When he was gone to receive his Reward, then did Mr. Waller write that Poem, *On the Death of the Protector*, in the Year 1658.

*We must resign, Heav'n his great Soul does claim,
In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame.*

And yet when Oliver has on other Occasions fallen in his Way, he has not treated him with so much Respect ; as may be seen in his Epitaph on Mr. Charles Cavendish.

*Cromwell, with Odds of Numbers and of Fate,
Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State ;
Which the sad Issue of the War declar'd,
And made his Task, to ruin both, less hard.*

When

When King *Charles* the Second was Restored, Mr. *Waller* early congratulated him, by that Poem, *To the King, upon his Majesty's happy Return in the Year 1660.* His Majesty always us'd him with great Humanity, and he was look'd on as one of the Reigning Wits of his Court. About this Time Monsieur *St. Evremond*, famous for his Wit, and the Politeness of his Conversation, being forc'd to leave *France*, came to the Court of *England*; and the Affinity there was between Mr. *Waller's* Genius, and his, made him enter into a close Friendship with him, which lasted to our Author's Death. When Monsieur *St. Evremond* went from *England* to *Holland*, where he stay'd four or five Years, he gave Mr. *Waller* his Papers to keep for him, a good Part of which was lost in the Confusion of the Plague Time in *London*, 1665. Monsieur *St. Evremond's* returning to settle in *England* might, in a great measure, be occasion'd by the Inducement he receiv'd from his Acquaintance with Mr. *Waller* and Mr. *Cowley*, of whom he had a great Opinion, and a particular Esteem for the former.

King *Charles*, in his Diversions at the Duke of *Buckingham's*, and other Places, always made Mr. *Waller* one of the Party, excusing to the Company his being not able to drink; upon which Mr. *Saville* us'd to say, *No Man in England should keep him Company without drinking, but Ned Waller.*

It is said he had a Hand in the *Rehearsal*, with Mr. *Clifford*, Mr. *Cowley*, and some other Wits, and that it was at first written like a Comment on several Plays; but the Duke thinking the Method was too grave, and the Raillery not piquant enough, took his Hints from thence, and turn'd the Comment into a Comedy. We have been told this by Persons very conversant in his Grace's Family, and it carries Probability with it, especially if Mr. *Cowley* liv'd long enough to be Witness of some of the Noise and Nonsense which was brought on the Stage, and is there exploded.

Though Mr. *Waller* had suffer'd for the Crown, and was so welcome always to the King, he gave him nothing but a Grant of the Provostship of *Eaton*; which Grant was truly nothing, for another disputed it with him, and he was advised not to defend it. Indeed when, about 1683, his Cousin *John Hampden*, Esq; Grandson of Col. *Hampden* before mention'd, was prosecuted for High Treason, he had the Favour of obtaining his Pardon, and protecting his Son from the need of one. His Temper was such, that he could not push his Interest, nor make his Court by Methods unbecoming a Man of his Birth and Fortune. He was besides of an Age not fit for the Fatigue of Politicks; and tho' he sat in several Parliaments after the *Restoration*, he is seldom or never mention'd in those Affairs; neither did his old Borough of *Agmondesham* use to send him, but he was chosen for a *Cornish* Borough by the Interest of some of his Friends.

He

He wou'd never be in the Commission of the Peace or Lieutenancy. Notwithstanding the Promise he made the Lady, in the Letter before the first Edition of his Poems, he wrote on, and made his Poetry one of his greatest Amusements. He wrote several Poems besides these, but either lost them, or never gave them the last Hand. He set a great Value on *Corneille's* Plays, and joyn'd with the Lord *Buckhurst* in the Translation of his *Pompey*. *Corneille* had the Pleasure of knowing he was honour'd so far by Mr. *Waller*, as to have his Works translated by him. For Monsieur *St. Evremond* having prais'd *Corneille* in his Dissertation on the *Alexander* of *Racine*, *Corneille* return'd him Thanks, in a Letter he wrote to him for that purpose; and Monsieur *St. Evremond* says in his Answer, *Mr. Waller, one of the finest Wits of the Age, is always watching for your New Pieces, and never fails Translating an Act or two into English Verse for his particular Satisfaction. You are the only Writer of our Nation, whose Sentiments have the Advantage to touch his. He owns we write and speak well in French; but you, he says, are the only Frenchman who knows how to think. Monsieur Vossius, the greatest Admirer of Greece, who can't bear the least Comparison between the Latins and Greeks, prefers you to Sophocles and Euripides. After two such favourable Suffrages, you surprize me to tell me your Reputation's attack'd in France. It is plain Mr. Waller did more than his Share in Pompey; which is sufficient to make us regret the Loss of those Versions.*

fions. He continu'd to the last in the full Vigour of his Genius. The Verses he wrote when he was almost fourscore, before the Earl of Roscommon's Translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, have not the least Marks of Age.

His Verses *on the Duke of Monmouth's Expedition of Scotland*, shew he was no Well-wisher to the Party which oppress'd that Prince after his Success there.

*But seeing Envy, like the Sun, does beat,
With scorching Rays, on all that's high and great;
This, ill-requited Monmouth, is the Bough
The Muses send, to shade thy conqu'ring Brow.
Lampoons, like Squibs, may make a present Blaze,
But Time and Thunder pay Respect to Bays.*

Mr. Waller must be above Fourscore when he wrote the Poem, Entituled, *A Presage of the Ruin of the Turkish Empire, presented to his Majesty King James II. on his Birth-Day*. That Prince was very gracious to him: His natural Vivacity bore up against his Years, and made his Company agreeable to the last. His Majesty one time order'd my Lord *Sunderland* to bid him see him in the Afternoon: When he came, the King carry'd him into his Closet, and there ask'd him *how he lik'd such a Picture*. Sir, says Mr. Waller, *my Eyes are dim, and I know not who it is*. The King reply'd, *'Tis the Princess of Orange*. And, says Mr. Waller, *she is like the greatest Woman*

man in the World. Who do you call so? answer'd the King. *Queen Elizabeth*, said he. *I wonder, Mr. Waller*, reply'd the King, *you should think so; but I must confess she had a wise Council.* And Sir, said Mr. Waller, *did your Majesty ever know a Fool chuse a wise One?* It being known some time after, that Mr. Waller resolved to marry his Daughter and Favourite to Dr. Birch, the King was prevail'd with to endeavour to hinder it, as the Doctor inform'd me himself, and for that end order'd a French Gentleman of Quality to tell him, *that the King wonder'd he could have any Thoughts of marrying his Daughter to a falling Church.* He made Answer, Sir, *the King does me very great Honour to take any Notice of my Domestick Affairs; but I have liv'd long enough to observe, that this falling Church has got a Trick of rising again.* It is not to be doubted but that he was in the Secret of the Revolution; for he would often say, *the King would be left like a Whale upon the Strand.* But he charg'd some about him not to meddle, 'till they saw the Prince of Orange actually landed, and his Son and Heir, Edmond Waller, Esq; then went in to the Prince.

'Twas now that he began to turn his Muse towards Heaven, for which Flight his Soul had been preparing.

He wrote the six Canto's of *Divine Love*, after he was Fourscore: Two Canto's of *Divine Poesie*, occasion'd upon Sight of the 53d Chapter of *Isaiah* turn'd into Verse by Mrs. Wharton, the present Earl of Wharton's first Lady. Mr. Wal-
ler

ler living in great Intimacy and Friendship with that Family, his Neighbours at *Winchendon*, he wrote *on the Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer*, written also by Mrs. *Wharton*, a Lady whose Wit and Virtue render'd her the Admiration of both Sexes ; and 'twas this excellent Paraphrase that induc'd him to write some *Reflections on the several Petitions in the same Prayer*. He intended to crown all his Labours with the Poem *Of the last Verses in the Book*, which can never be too much admir'd.

There is a very good Copy of Verses in Praise of it, in Mr. *Dryden's* Third Miscellany ; the four last Lines of which are,

*Still here remain, still on the Threshold stand,
Still at this Distance view the promis'd Land:
Tho' thou may'st seem, so heav'nly is thy Sense,
Not going thither, but new come from thence.*

The next Poem to this, in the same Miscellany, by Mr. *Talbot*, on Mr. *Waller's* *Divine Love*, speaks also the Praise of the Divine Writer. However this was not his last Poem, for at Fourscore and Two, in 1687, he wrote Two Canto's *Of the Fear of God*, which never yet appear'd in Print. He gave them to Mr. *Thomas Elwood* of *Colehill*, whose Love of Letters and Humanity made his Conversation much desir'd by Mr. *Waller*, at that pleasant Village, where we could not pass thro' the Woods without en-
vying

vying those Shades which Mr. *Waller* had so often made happy with his Songs. He purchas'd a small Estate there in his old Age, with a little House, to which he frequently retir'd, but did not stay long. He was always inclinable to be passionate, from his fiery Temper; and this ill Habit grew upon him with Age; but by the Interposition of his Friends he was soon pacify'd. Mr. *Elwood* read that Poem *Of the Fear of God* to him, the last time he saw him at his House at *Beconsfield*; but Sickness and Death follow'd so close, that Mr. *Waller* had not time to revise and polish it, as otherwise he might perhaps have done in some Places.

The Sickness, of which he dy'd, was a *Drop-sie*. In the Summer of 1688 his Legs began to swell, and being at *Beconsfield* he took Dr. *Birch* with him to Sir *Charles Scarborough*, first Physician to King *James*, then in Attendance at *Windsor*: When he found him, he said, *He came to him as an Old Friend, as well as Physician, to ask him what that Swelling meant.* Sir *Charles* said plainly, *Why, Sir, your Blood will run no longer.* Upon which Mr. *Waller* repeated some admirable Verses out of *Virgil*, suitable to the Occasion, about the Condition of Human Life, and receiv'd his Sentence very composedly.

His last Poems shew us, that his latter Years were spent in Divine Studies, and that he had fortified himself against this Hour by Spiritual Meditations, and making his Peace with Heaven. Finding his Distemper increase, he order'd his
Son-

Son-in-law, Dr. *Birch*, to desire all his Children to join with him, and to give him the Holy Sacrament: He at the same time profess'd his Christian Faith, with great Earnestness telling them, he remember'd the Duke of *Buckingham* once talk'd profanely before King *Charles*, and that he told him, *My Lord, I am a great deal Older than your Grace, and believe I have heard more Arguments for Atheism than ever Your Grace did, but I have liv'd long enough to see there is nothing in them, and so I hope Your Grace will.* He remov'd some time before his Death from *Beconsfield* to *London*, where he dy'd. He being once carry'd to *Cole-shill* to dine, said, *He should be glad to die like the Stag, where he was rouz'd:* But he departed this Life in Autumn 1688, having often said he should die at that Time of the Year.

Mr. *Waller* left several Children behind him, but of his former Estate not above Twelve or Thirteen Hundred Pounds a Year, which he bequeathed to his Second Son, *Edmond Waller*, Esq; before mentioned: His Eldest, *Benjamin*, being so far from inheriting his Father's Wit, that he had not a common Portion; so he was sent to *Fersey*, a Colony in the *West-Indies*, where he's still living in Obscurity and Oblivion. His Third Son was Mr. *William Waller*, a Merchant of *London*; and his Fourth Dr. *Stephen Waller*, a famous Civilian, who was one of the Commissioners appointed for the Union of the Two Kingdoms. A Fifth Son there was, but we cannot give any Account of him. The Inscription on his

his Monument informs us, that there were Five Sons and Eight Daughters by the Second Wife; as *Margaret*, the Eldest, who is dead; *Mary*, the Wife of Dr. *Birch*, dead also; as is another marry'd to ----- *Hervey* of *Suffolk*, Esq; another marry'd to ----- *Tipping* of *Oxfordshire*, Esq; *Eliza*, still living unmarried, Executrix with her Brother *Edmond Waller*, Esq; *Dorothy*, a Dwarf, who was sent into the North of *England*; another, whose Name we have not learnt; and *Octavia*, so call'd for being the Eighth. Mr. *Edmond Waller* his Heir us'd to be chosen for *Agmondesham*, and in the Parliament never espous'd the Court or Country Party, but as he thought it for their mutual Interest, whence he was generally look'd upon as the Head of the *Flying Squadron*. He accepted of the Commissions which his Father refused, and was esteemed in his Country as a very honest Gentleman, and a Man of good Sense: Nor was he without a Taste in Poetry, and a Vein which wou'd have shin'd more, had it not been set so near his Father's. We have seen several Copies of Verses written by him, most indeed upon Religious Subjects, and particularly one on Divine Worship, alluding to some Verses in *Horace*, where he hangs up his votive Offerings after a Poem.

-----*When Love divine our Breast enflames,
It calms the Mind, and all our Passions tames:
Down sink the Hills, and Mountains melt away,
The Vallies rise, and Night is turn'd to Day.*

The

*The Waters to their hidden Seats remove,
And with the Olive Leaf returns the Dove ;
The Ark then rests, and Man's again restor'd,
And Noah builds an Altar to the Lord.*

In the latter part of his Life he embrac'd the Sect of the *Quakers*, which Dr. *Birch* seem'd to deny to us, urging, that his laying out so much Money on a Tomb for his Father argu'd he cou'd not be a *Quaker*, for that those Men are profess'd *Despisers of all such Rites* : But that he liv'd so some time before his Death, and dy'd so, is known to all in those Parts, and is prov'd by his Will ; for dying *A. D.* 1699, Eleven Years after his Father, at the *Bath*, he order'd by his Testament that a certain Sum should be laid out on his Funeral, and if there was an Overplus, it shou'd be distributed among his *Poor Friends* the *Quakers* in that Place, where his Body was interr'd, which he directed to be with the *Quakers* ; and it was done accordingly in the Burying-Ground five or six Miles from *Bath*, the Mayor and Aldermen of that City attending it thither. The Mother of this Gentleman oblig'd him to promise he wou'd lay out Three Hundred Pounds in a Monument for his Father, and 'twas in Performance of that Promise the fine Tomb was erected over Mr. *Waller's* Grave, twelve Years after he was buried, by his Son's Executors, Mrs. *Eliza Waller*, *John Fanshaw*, Esq; and *Henry Gould*, Esq; This Monument is in the Church-yard where the *Waller's* were bury'd, in little better

ter

ter than a common Grave ; but now the Vault is enlarged, and the Tomb has all the Advantages and Decorations that cou'd be desir'd to honour the Remains of so great a Man. But before we say any thing further of this Monument, we must give some Account of that more Glorious One rais'd by himself, his Works.

Immediately after the Decease of our Author, came out a small Collection of Poems upon him, *Panegyricks* and *Elegies*, written by Monsieur *St. Evremond*, Sir *Thomas Higgins*, the Honourable *George Granville*, Esq; Sir *Robert Cotton*, Mr. *Rymer*, and others : And his Death, tho' in a very good Old Age, was as much lamented, as if he had been taken off in the Flower of his Youth. He had so many rare Qualities, that cou'd not but charm all who knew him ; his Conversation being as Polite as his Muse : His Wit flow'd without Gall, and even his Raillery was delicate and just.

Nor was his Reputation confin'd to *England* only ; he was known to all the Polite World, whatever Language they spoke ; and the Politest of that Nation, which pretends to have the greatest Hand in Polishing all others, did him as much Justice as his own Countrymen. Mr. *De la Fontaine*, whose *Tales* and *Fables* are held in such Admiration in all Places where the *French* Tongue is known, speaks with the greatest Deference in the World of Mr. *Waller's* Merit : Writing to Monsieur *De Bonrepaux* then in *England*, and afterwards the *French* Envoy to one of

of the Northern Crowns, he says, *J'ay tant entendu dire de bien de Monsieur Waller, que son Approbation me comble de joie* : “ I have heard so much said in the Praise of Mr. Waller, that I’m overjoy’d with his Approbation.” And speaking of what that Gentleman had written to him of *Windsor*, he says, *Il y a plusieurs choses considerables, entre autres vos deux Anacreons Monsieur de St. Evremond & Monsieur Waller, en qui l’Imagination & l’Amour ne finissent point* : “ There are several Things considerable, among others, your two *Anacreons*, Monsieur de St. Evremond and Mr. Waller, of whose Imagination and Love there is no end.” Monsieur *St. Evremond* had a particular Esteem and Friendship for him : Writing to the same Mr. *de la Fontaine*, soon after his Death, he says, *Monsieur Waller, dont nous regrettons la perte, a poussé la vigueur de l’esprit jusqu’ à l’age de quatre-vingt-deux ans*. “ Mr. Waller, whose Loss we mourn, carry’d the full Vigour of his Wit to the Age of Fourscore and two Years.

’Twas the Politeness of his Manners, as well as the Excellence of his Genius, which endear’d him to these Foreign Wits. All the World knows, Mr. *St. Evremond* was Polite almost to a Fault ; and yet writing to my Lord *St. Albans*, he says, *Mr. Waller vous garde une Conversation delicieuse, je ne suis pas si vain de vous parler de la mienne*. Mr. Waller lets you not want a delicious Conversation : I am not so Vain as to mention Mine. This is sufficient to shew the Opinion Strangers had

had of his Manners; to which we may add, that he, who successively liv'd in great Familiarity and Friendship with my Lord *Falkland*, Sir *Francis Wainman*, the Earl of *Northumberland*, the Earl of *Holland*, the Earl of *Leicester*, the Countess of *Carlisle*, the Earl of *St. Albans*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Earl of *Dorset*, the Earl of *Rocheſter*, Sir *Charles Sidley*, the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine*, Monsieur *Bonrepaux*, Monsieur *St. Evremond*, and many other Persons of the ſame Rank and Character; He, who was careſs'd by all the Princes and Princeſſes, his Contemporaries in *England*, and whom his very Enemies cannot but extol for his Wit and Eloquence, muſt have been a Man of ſo agreeable a Converſation, that we may almoſt deſpair of ever having his Equal in this Reſpect. We ſhall cloſe what we intend to ſay of his Manners, and Perſonal Endowments, with the Earl of *Clarendon*'s ſhort Character of him: *There was of the Houſe of Commons one Mr. Waller, a Gentleman of very good Fortune and Eſtate, and of admirable Parts and Faculty of Wit, and of an intimate Converſation with thoſe who had that Reputation.*

The moſt difficult Part of this Undertaking will be to ſpeak juſtly of Mr. *Waller*, as a Poet. I believe every one will allow him to have been the great Refiner of our *English Verſification*, and to have reduc'd our Language to a far greater Harmony than any of his Predeceſſors could attain.

Fairfax

Fairfax is said to have given him the first Taste of Numbers, and indeed in his Version of the *Gierusalemme* there's much more Musick than in the *Fairy Queen*. A noble Lord (his Grace the Duke of B-----m) who is himself a very good Judge of Poefie, and a very good Poet, has heard Mr. *Waller* declare that it was to *Fairfax* he ow'd the Harmony and Sweetness of his *Versification*.

Mr. *Dryden* tells us, Mr. *Waller* us'd to say he could never read *Chapman's Homer* without Transport; it must not be for the Musick of his Verse, but the Beauties of the Original, which he preserv'd in his Translation.

As great a Genius as Mr. *Waller* had, he sometimes trifled with it too much, and lavished his Wit on lesser Subjects, tho' he was qualify'd for the greatest; as may be seen by some Flights in his short Occasional Poems. Dr. *Sylvestre*, in his Edition of Mr. *De St. Evremond's* Works, says, *Mr. Edmond Waller, s'est generally fait admirer par la delicateffe & l'elevation de son Esprit; Ses Poesies ont quelque chose de si Grand & de si Noble qu'il n'y a point d'Auteur Anglois qui en ait encore approche.* “ Mr. *Edmond Waller* “ was generally admir'd for the Delicacy and “ Elevation of his Genius; there's something “ so Great and so Noble in his Poems, that no “ *English* Author has ever yet come up to it.

What he has Translated of the Fourth Book of *Virgil* (not to anticipate the Reader's Pleasure by transcribing here the sublime Passages scatter-

ed through his Works) shews he was well qualified for great and serious Undertakings.

*So to mad Pentheus double Thebes appears,
And Furies howl in his distemper'd Ears :
Orestes so, with like Distraction toss'd,
Is made to fly, &c.*

But he was a Man of Pleasure, as well as Wit ; the Labour of *Heroicks* did not suit with his Indolence : He wrote for his Amusement, and Fame came upon him unfought for : How he wou'd have succeeded in the *Drama*, we are not able to judge, he having attempted nothing in that kind that was capable of Success in *English* ; what he did of *Pompey*, *Corneille* is to answer for ; what he alter'd from *Fletcher*, is so little, that neither the Beauties nor Faults of the *Maid's Tragedy* can be attributed to him. It is certain by his Verses to the Author, he had a great Opinion of that Play, he having several Couplets on it, besides these :

*I never yet the Tragick Scene assay'd,
Deterr'd by that Inimitable Maid ;
And when I venture at the Comick Style,
Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my Toil.*

He wrote also a Poem on *Ben Johnson*, with whom and Mr. *Fletcher*, 'tis probable, he was very conversant, they being both his Contemporaries,

poraries, as well as *Dryden*, *Otway*, *Shadwell*, &c. To which we may add *Shakespear*; for he was a Member of the House of Commons three or four Years after that Poet's Death: However, his *Dramatick Essays* were not so esteem'd by him, as to be preserv'd or publish'd, tho' he was a great Admirer of this kind of Writing. He seems to have wrote (as some of the *Greek* and *Roman* Poets have done before him) for the Entertainment of himself, his Mistress, and his Friends, and to have coveted no Reputation this way, that might lay the least Restraint upon his Inclinations.

Our Author is most properly ranked amongst the Lyrick Writers; and he is the best in that Kind of the *English*, and perhaps of the Moderns. 'Tis not to be doubted but he was a Lover and an Imitator of *Anacreon*, and had also a Veneration for *Catullus*, of whose Two different Manners he has form'd One, which is as Gallant as that of *Catullus*, and as Easie as that of *Anacreon*: For in a hundred Places one may see he follows the Ancients, tho' never servilely. On this Occasion we cannot but remember what Monsieur *St. Evremont* says of our Author, in his Discourse *Des Belles Lettres*. *Je n'ai point, faith he, connu d'Homme a qui l'Antiquité soit si obligée qu'à Monsieur Waller; Il lui prête sa belle Imagination aussi bien que son Intelligence fine & delicate, en sorte qu'il entre dans l'Esprit des Anciens non seulement pour bien entendre ce qu'ils ont pensé, mais pour embellir encore leurs Pensées.*

1 *An Account of the Life, &c.*

“ I never knew a Man to whom Antiquity is
“ so much oblig’d, as to Mr. *Waller* : He lends
“ her his beautiful Imagination, as also his fine
“ and delicate Understanding ; so that he enters
“ into the Genius of the Ancients, not only
“ to understand rightly what they have
“ thought, but to embellish their Thoughts
“ still more.”

That Mr. *Waller* imitated *Anacreon*, will appear to any one who knows that Manner, and in his *French* Friends Works ’tis often mention’d. But the Happiness of our Author’s Imitation of *Anacreon*, will best be seen in his Poems to *Amoret* and *Phillis* ; especially this :

*Phillis, why shou’d we delay
Pleasures shorter than the Day ?
Con’d we (which we never can)
Stretch our Lives beyond their Span,
Beauty like a Shadow flies,
And our Youth before us dies.
Or wou’d Youth and Beauty stay,
Love has Wings, and will away.
Love has swifter Wings than Time.*

Nothing can be more soft, more easy, and more in the *Anacreontick* Way.

As to the Verses written after the Manner of *Catullus*, where is there any thing more Gallant than

than that *Ode*, if we may use the Term, beginning thus ?

*Anger in hasty Words and Blows
It self discharges on its Foes :
And Sorrow too finds some Relief
In Tears, which wait upon our Grief :
So ev'ry Passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own Redress does move ;
But that alone, &c.*

'Tis a Wonder how Mr. *Waller* comes to be charg'd with Want of Fire, when he's so full of Metaphors and Similes ; and when he very rarely makes use of any which do not embellish and raise the Subject : And in this, tho' he has been proposed as a Pattern to copy after by almost all the *English* Poets since, he has still been found Inimitable.

Not to trouble the Reader with the frivolous Criticisms that Men of little Candour and Judgment are apt to dwell upon, when they speak of Mr. *Waller's* Writings ; we will own that there are several little Oversights, Improprieties, and Slips in Grammar, to be found up and down his Works : We may add likewise, that sometimes his Thoughts are not so very just, as in all Probability they would have been, if he had been at the Pains to revise them in cool Blood. But to make Amends for the few Blemishes that are to be found in his Works, the Beauties in them

are very exquisite, and sown thick from one End of his Poems to the other. In a Word, nothing can be said more to the Praise of any Author, that what is strictly due to Mr. *Waller*, which is, That he left our Poetry in a much better State than what he found it in. His Verse is to this very Day harmonious, and his Language still courtly. Mr. *Dryden* (who knew the Excellence of our Author) having Occasion to mention him in his Dedication before his Translation of the *Aeneis*, expresses himself in these Words. *I say nothing of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; 'tis the utmost of my Ambition to be thought their Equal, or not to be much inferior to them.* And in his Dedication of the *Rival Ladies*, to the Earl of Orrery: *Rhime has all the Advantage of Prose besides its own, but the Excellence and Dignity of it were never fully known 'till Mr. Waller taught it. He first made Writing an easy Art, first shew'd us to conclude the Sense most commonly in Disticks, which in the Verse of those before him runs on for so many Lines together, that the Reader is out of Breath to overtake it. This Sweetness of Mr. Waller's Lyrick Poetry was afterwards follow'd in the Epick by Sir John Denham, in his Cooper's Hill. But if we owe the Invention of it to Mr. Waller, we, &c.*

That way of using the same Initial Letters in a Line, which throws the Verse off more easily, as

When Man on Many multiply'd his Kind,

was

was first introduced by him ; as in this Verse,

Oh how I long my tender Limbs to lay.

And Mr. *Dryden* imitated it to Affectation, as some others since him have also done. From what has been said, there is no room left to doubt but that the *English* Poesie, and consequently the *English* Tongue, is the most indebted to Mr. *Waller* of any one Author that ever wrote, and that *England* never produced a finer Wit, a more gallant Genius, and a politer Gentleman.

We have already observ'd, that the Executors of Mr. *Edmond Waller*, the Son of him whose Life we have written, have erected a very fine Monument for him in *Beconsfield* Church-yard. It stands on the East-side of the Church-yard, near the Vault of the Family. The Inscriptions on the Tomb were written by Mr. *Rimer*, Historiographer to the Queen, and are as follows.

On the WESTERN END.

*Edmundi Waller hic jacet id quantum morti cessit,
Qui inter Poetas sui temporis facile Princeps,
Lauream, quam meruit adolescens,
Octogenarius haud abdicavit.
Huic debet patria Lingua quod credas,
Si Grace Latineque intermitterent, Musæ
Loqui amarent Anglicæ.*

SOUTH SIDE.

*Heus Viator tumultatum vides Edmundum Waller,
 Qui tanti Nominis Poeta, & idem avitis opibus,
 Inter Primos, Spectabilis, Musis se dedit, & pa-
 triæ.*

*Nondum Octodecenarius, inter Ardua Regni tra-
 stantes,*

Sedem habuit a Burgo de Amersham missus.

*Hic Vitæ cursus: nec Oneri defuit Senex, vix-
 itque semper*

*Populo charus, Principibus in deliciis, admirationi
 Omnibus.*

Hic conditur Tumulo sub eodem

Rarâ Virtute & multâ prole Nobilis,

Uxor, Maria ex Bressyorum Familia,

Cum Edmundo Waller, Conjuge Charissimo:

Quem ter & decies letum fecit patrem,

V Filiis, Filiabus VIII,

Quos Mundo dedit, & in Cælum rediit.

EAST END.

*Edmundus Waller, cui hoc Marmor sacrum est,
 Colshill nascendi locum habuit, Cantabrigiam stu-
 dendi,*

*Patrem Robertum & ex Hampdena stirpe ma-
 trem;*

Cepit

of Mr. Edmond Waller.

lv

Cepit vivere 3 Martii, A. D. 1605.

*Prima Uxor Anna Edwardi Banks filia Unica
Heres;*

*Ex prima bis Pater factus; ex secunda tredecies,
Cui & duo lustra superstes; obiit 21 October,
A. D. 1687.*

NORTH END.

Hoc Marmore Edmundo Waller

*Marique ex secundis Nuptiis Conjugi,
Pientissimis Parentibus piissime parentavit
Edmundus Filius.*

*Honores bene-merentibus Extremos dedit,
Quos Ipse Fugit*

*E. L. W. I. F. H. G. ex Testamento H M P.
Id. Julii 1700.*

We have nothing more to remember of this admirable Poet, and his Family, but that his Son *Edmond Waller* dying without Issue, gave the Estate to *Edmond Waller*, Eldest Son of Dr. *Stephen Waller* lately deceas'd, a very hopeful young Gentleman now at *Eaton School*, who has a Brother nam'd *Henry*; and their Mother, Daughter of Sir *Thomas Vernon* of the City of *London*, lives now at *Hall-Barn*, a Lady of great Worth and Honour.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



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TO THE
K I N G
ON HIS
N A V Y.

In the Year 1626.



HERE-e'er thy Navy spreads her can-
vas Wings,
Homage to thee, and Peace to all she
brings;
The *French* and *Spaniard*, when thy
Flags appear,
Forget their Hatred, and consent to fear.
So *Jove*, from *Ida*, did both Hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to Thunder, part the Fray.
Ships heretofore in Seas like Fishes sped,
The Mightiest still upon the Smallest fed.
Thou on the Deep imposest nobler Laws,
And by that Justice hast remov'd the Cause

Of those rude Tempests, which for Rapine sent,
 Too oft, alas, involv'd the Innocent.
 Now shall the Ocean, as thy *Thames*, be free
 From both those Fates, of Storms, and Piracy:
 But we most happy, who can fear no Force
 But winged Troops, or Pegasean Horse:
 'Tis not so hard for greedy Foes to spoil
 Another Nation, as to touch our Soil.
 Shou'd Nature's self invade the World again,
 And o'er the Center spread the liquid Main;
 Thy Pow'r were safe, and her destructive Hand
 Wou'd but enlarge the Bounds of thy Command:
 Thy dreadful Fleet would style thee Lord of all,
 And ride in Triumph o'er the drowned Ball.
 Those Tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile Plains might go,
 And visit Mountains where they once did grow.

The World's Restorer never cou'd endure,
 That finish'd *Babel* shou'd those Men secure,
 Whose Pride design'd that Fabrick to have stood
 Above the reach of any second Flood:
 To thee his Chosen more indulgent, he
 Dares trust such Pow'r with so much Piety.

Of the Dangor His Majesty (being Prince) Escaped in the Road at St. André.

In the Year 1621.

NOW had his Highness bid farewell to *Spain*,
 And reacht the Sphere of his own Pow'r the Main;
 With *British* Bounty in his Ship he Feasts
 Th' *Hesperian* Princes, his amazed Guests,
 To find that watry Wilderness exceed
 The Entertainment of their great *Madrid*.

Healths

POEMS on several Occasions.

Healths to both Kings, attended with the Roar
 Of Cannons eccho'd from th' affrighted Shoar,
 With loud Resemblance of his Thunder prove
Bacchus the Seed of Cloud-compelling *Jove*.
 While to his Harp Divine *Arion* sings
 The Loves and Conquests of our *Albion* Kings.
 Of the Fourth *Edward* was his Noble Song;
 Fierce, Goodly, Valiant, Beautiful and Young:
 Herent the Crown from vanquisht *Henry's* Head:
 Rais'd the white Rose, and trampled on the Red;
 'Till Love, triumphing o'er the Victor's Pride,
 Brought *Mars* and *Warwick* to the Conquer'd side:
 Neglected *Warwick* (whose bold Hand, like Fate,
 Gives and resumes the Scepter of our State)
 Wooes for his Master, and, with double Shame,
 Himself deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
 The Lady *Bona*; whom just Anger burns;
 And Foreign War with Civil Rage returns.
 Ah spare your Swords, where Beauty is to blame;
 Love gave th' Affront, and must repair the same:
 When *France* shall boast of her, whose conqu'ring Eyes
 Have made the best of *English* Hearts their Prize;
 Have Pow'r to alter the Decrees of Fate,
 And change again the Counsels of our State.
 What the Prophetick Muse intends, alone
 To him that feels the secret Wound is known:
 With the sweet sound of this harmonious Lay
 About the Keel delighted Dolphins play;
 Too sure a sign of Seas ensuing Rage,
 Which must anon this Royal Troop engage:
 To whom soft Sleep seems more secure and sweet,
 Within the Town commanded by our Fleet.
 These mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded Barge,
 Proud with the Burden of so sweet a Charge:
 With painted Oars the Youths begin to sweep
Neptune's smooth Face, and cleave the yielding Deep.

Which soon becomes the seat of sudden War
 Between the Wind and Tide, that fiercely jar:
 As when a sort of lusty Shepherds try
 Their Force at Foot-ball, care of Victory
 Makes them salute so rudely Breast to Breast,
 That their Encounter seems too rough for jest;
 They ply their Feet, and still the restless Ball
 Tost to and fro is urged by them all:
 So fares the doubtful Barge 'twixt Tide and Winds:
 And like effect of their Contention finds.
 Yet the bold *Britains* still secure'y row'd;
Charles and his Virtue was their sacred Load:
 Than which a greater pledge Heav'n could not give,
 That the good Boat his Tempest should out-live.
 But Storms encrease, and now no hope of Grace
 Among them shines, save in the Prince's Face;
 Therest resign their Courage, Skill and Sight,
 To Danger, Horror, and unwelcome Night.

The gentle Vessel, wont with State and Pride
 On the smooth back of Silver *Thames* to ride,
 Wanders astonish'd in the angry Main,
 As *Titan's* Car did, while the golden Rein
 Fill'd the Young Hand of his advent'rous Son,
 When the whole World an equal hazard run
 To this of ours, the Light of whose Desire
 Waves threaten now, as that was scar'd by Fire.
 Th' impatient Sea grows impotent, and raves,
 That (Night assisting) his impetuous Waves
 Should find Resistance from so light a thing;
 These Surges ruin, those our Safety bring.
 Th' oppressed Vessel doth the Charge abide;
 Only because assail'd on every side,
 So Men with Rage and Passion set on fire,
 Trembling for haste, impeach their mad Desire.

The pale *Iberians* had expir'd with Fear;
 But that their Wonder did divert their Care;

To see the Prince with Danger mov'd no more,
 Than with the Pleasures of their Court before.
 God-like his Courage seem'd, whom nor Delight
 Cou'd soften, nor the Face of Death affright:
 Next to the Pow'r of making Tempests cease,
 Was in that Storm to have to calm a Peace.

Great *Maro* cou'd no greater Tempest feign,
 When the loud Winds usurping on the Main
 For angry *Juno* labour'd to destroy
 The hated Reliques of confounded *Troy*:
 His bold *Æneas*, on like Billows tost,
 In a tall Ship, and all his Country lost,
 Dissolves with Fear, and both his Hands upheld,
 Proclaims them Happy whom the *Greeks* had quell'd
 In honourable Flight: Our *Hero* set
 In a small Shallop, Fortune in his Debt,
 So near a hope of Crowns and Scepters, more
 Than ever *Priam*, when he flourish'd, wore.
 His Loins yet full of ungot Princes, all
 His Glory in the Bud, lets nothing fall
 That argues Fear; if any Thought annoys
 The Gallant Youth, 'tis Love's untasted Joys,
 And dear Remembrance of that fatal Glance,
 For which he lately Pawn'd his Heart in *France*;
 Where he had seen a brighter Nymph than she
 That sprung out of his present Foe, the Sea.
 That Noble Ardor, more than mortal Fire,
 The conquer'd Ocean could not make expire;
 Nor angry *Thetis*, raise her Waves above
 Th' Heroick Prince's Courage, or his Love;
 'Twas Indignation, and not Fear he felt,
 The Shrine shou'd perish, where that Image dwelt.

Ah Love forbid! the Noblest of thy Train
 Shou'd not survive to let her know his Pain:
 Who not his Peril minding, nor his Flame,
 Is entertain'd with some less serious Game

Among the bright Nymphs of the *Gallick* Court ;
 All highly born, obsequious to her Sport :
 They Roles seem, which in their early Pride,
 But half reveal, and half their Beauties hide ;
 She the glad Morning, which her Beams does throw
 Upon their smiling Leaves, and gilds them so ;
 Like bright *Aurora*, whose refulgent Ray
 Foretels the Fervour of ensuing Day,
 And warns the Shepherd with his Flocks retreat
 To leafie Shadows, from the 'kreatned Heat.
 From *Cupid's* Strings, of many Shafts that fled,
 Wing'd with those Plumes which noble Fame had shed
 As through the wondring World she flew, and told
 Of his Adventures haughty, brave and bold,
 Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid,
 But Love's first Summons seldom are obey'd :
 Light was the Wound, the Prince's Care unknown,
 She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.

His Glorious Name had so possess'd her Ears,
 That with Delight those antique Tales she hears
 Of *Jason*, *Theseus*, and such Worthies Old,
 As with his Story best resemblance hold.
 And now she views, as on the Wall it hung,
 What old *Musæus* so Divinely sung :
 Which Art with Life and Love did so inspire,
 That she discerns, and favours that Desire,
 Which there provoketh' advent'rous Youth to swim,
 And in *Leander's* danger pities him :
 Whose not new Love alone, but Fortune seeks
 To frame his Story like that amorous *Greek's*.

For from the Stem of some good Ship appears
 A friendly Light, which moderates their Fears :
 New Courage from reviving Hope they take,
 And climbing o'er the Waves, that Taper make ;
 On which the Hope of all their Lives depends,
 As his on that fair *Hero's* hand extends.

The Ship at Anchor, like a fixed Rock,
Breaks the proud Billows, which her large Sides knock;
Whose Rage restrained foaming higher swells,
And from her Port the weary Barge repels,
Threatning to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled Main.

'T wice was the Cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
Wou'd not be moved for our Sister States:
For *England* is the third successful throw:
And then the Genius of that Land they know:
Whose Prince must be (as their own Books devise)
Lord of the Scene, where now his Danger lies.

Well sung the *Roman* Bard; all Human things
Of dearest value hang on slender Strings.
O see the then sole Hope, and in design
Of Heav'n our Joy, supported by a Line;
Which for that instant was Heav'n's Care above,
The Chain that's fixed to the Throne of *Jove*;
On which the Fabrick of our World depends,
One Link dissolv'd, the whole Creation ends.

*Of His Majesty's receiving the News of the Duke
of Buckingham's Death.*

In the Year 1628.

SO earnest with thy God, can no new Care,
No sense of Danger interrupt thy Prayer?
The Sacred Wrestler 'till a Blessing giv'n,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heav'n:
Nor was the Stream of thy Devotion stopp'd;
When from the Body such a Limb was lopp'd,
As to thy present State was no less Maim;
Tho' thy wise Choice has since repair'd the same.

Bold *Homer* durst not so great Virtue feign
 In his best pattern; of *Patroclus* slain
 With such Amazement as weak Mothers use,
 And frantick Gesture, he receives the News:
 Yet fell his Darling by th' impartial chance
 Of War, impos'd by Royal *Hector's* Lance;
 Thine in full Peace, and by a vulgar Hand
 Torn from thy Bosom, left his high Command.

The famous Painter cou'd allow no place
 For private Sorrow in a Prince's Face:
 Yet, that his Piece might not exceed Belief,
 He cast a Veil upon supposed Grief.
 'Twas want of such a Precedent as this,
 Made the old Heathens frame their Gods amiss:
 Their *Phæbus* shou'd not act a fonder part
 For their fair Boy, than he did for his Heart;
 Nor blame for *Hyacinthus's* Fate his own
 That kept from him wish'd Death, hadst thou been known.
 He that with thine shall weigh good *David's* Deeds,
 Shall find his Passion, not his Love, exceeds.
 He curs'd the Mountains where his brave Friend dy'd,
 But let false *Ziba* with his Heir divide:
 Where thy Immortal Love to thy best Friends,
 Like that of Heav'n, upon their Seed descends.
 Such huge extreams inhabit thy great Mind,
 God-like unmov'd and yet like Woman kind.
 Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
 Our *Charles's* Pedigree from Heav'n, and taught
 How some bright Dame compress'd by mighty *Jove*
 Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?



*To the Queen, occasioned upon the Sight of her
Majesty's Picture.*

WELL fare the Hand which, to our humble Sight,
Presents that Beauty, which the dazzling Light
Of Royal Splendor hides from weaker Eyes;
And all Access (save by this Art) denies.
Here only we have Courage to behold
This Beam of Glory; here we dare unfold
In Numbers thus the Wonders we conceive:
The gracious Image seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen;
And by our Muse saluted,

Mighty Queen,

In whom th'extreams of Pow'r and Beauty move,
The Queen of *Britain*, and the Queen of Love.
As the bright Sun (to which we owe no light
Of equal Glory to your Beauty's Light)
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a Seat,
T'extend his Light, and moderate his Heat:
So happy 'tis you move in such a Sphere,
As your high Majesty with awful Fear
In human Breast might qualifie that Fire,
Which kindled by those Eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the scorched World like hazard run,
By the Approach of the ill-guided Sun.
No other Nymphs have Title to Men's Hearts,
But as their Meanness larger Hope imparts:
Your Beauty more the fondest Lover moves
With Admiration, than his private Loves;
With Admiration! for a pitch so high
(Save sacred *Charles* his) never Love durst fly.
Heav'n that preferr'd a Scepter to your Hand,
Favour'd our Freedom more than your Command:

Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
The whole World's Mistress, other than a Queen.
All had been Rivals, and you might have spar'd,
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd without a Guard.
No Pow'r achiev'd, either by Arms or Birth,
Equals Love's Empire, both in Heav'n and Earth.
Such Eyes as yours, on *Jove* himself have thrown
As bright and fierce a Lightning as his own:
Witness our *Jove*, prevented by their Flame
In his swift Passage to th' *Hesperian* Dame;
When, like a Lion, finding in his way,
To some intended Spoil, a fairer Prey;
The Royal Youth pursuing the Report
Of Beauty, found it in the *Gallick* Court:
There publick Care, with private Passion, fought
A doubtful Combat in his Noble Thought:
Shou'd he confess his Greatness, and his Love,
And the free Faith of your great Brother prove,
With his *Achates* breaking through the Cloud
Of that Disguise which did their Graces shroud,
And mixing with those Gallants at the Ball,
Dance with the Ladies and outshine them all;
Or on his Journey o'er the Mountains ride?
So when the fair *Leucothoe* he spy'd,
To check his Steeds, impatient *Phœbus* yearn'd,
Though all the World was in his Course concern'd.
What may hereafter her Meridian do,
Whose dawning Beauty warm'd his Bosom so?
Not so divine a Flame, since deathless Gods
Forbore to visit the defil'd Abodes
Of Men, in any mortal Breast did burn;
Nor shall, 'till Piety and they return.

Upon

Upon his Majesty's repairing of St. Paul's in the
Year 1631.

THAT shipwrackt Vessel which th' Apostle bore
Scarce suffer'd more upon *Melita's* Shore,
Than did his Temple in the Sea of Time,
(Our Nation's Glory, and our Nation's Crime)
When the first Monarch of this happy Isle,
Mov'd with the Ruin of so brave a Pile,
This Work of Cost and Piety begun,
To be accomplish'd by his glorious Son;
Who all that came within the ample Thought
Of his wise Sire, has to Perfection brought.
He like *Amphion* makes those Quarries leap
Into fair Figures from a confus'd heap:
For in his Art of Regiment is found
A Pow'r like that of Harmony in sound.

Those antique Minstrels sure were *Charles-like* Kings;
Cities their Lutes, and Subjects Hearts their Strings:
On which with so divine a Hand they strook,
Consent of Motion from their Breath they took.
So all our Minds with his Conspire to grace
The Gentiles great Apostle, and deface
Those State-obscuring Sheds, that like a Chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad Saint shakes off at his Command,
As once the Viper from his sacred Hand:
So joys the aged Oak, when we divide
The creeping Ivy from his injur'd Side.

Ambition rather would affect the Fame
Of some new Structure, to have born her Name;
Two distant Virtues in one Act we find,
The Modesty, and Greatness of his Mind;
Which not content to be above the Rage
And Injury of all-impairing Age,

In its own Worth secure, doth higher climb,
 And Things half swallow'd from the Jaws of Time
 Reduce; and Earnest of his grand Design
 To frame no New Church, but the Old refine:
 Which Spouse-like may with comely Grace command
 More than by Force of Argument or Hand.
 For doubtful Reason few can apprehend;
 And War brings Ruin where it shou'd amend:
 But Beauty, with a bloodless Conquest, finds
 A welcome Sov'raignty in rudest Minds.
 Not ought which *Sheba's* wond'ring Queen beheld
 Amongst the Works of *Solomon*, excell'd
 His Ships and Building, Emblems of a Heart
 Large both in Magnanimity and Art:
 While the propitious Heav'ns this Work attend,
 Long wanted Showers they forgot to send;
 As if they meant to make it understood
 Of more Importance than our vital Food.

The Sun which riseth to salute the Quire—
 Already finish'd, setting shall admire
 How private Bounty could so far extend;
 The King built all, but *Charles* the Western-end:
 So proud a Fabrick to Devotion giv'n,
 At once it threatens and obliges Heav'n.

Laomedon that had the Gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the sacred Day,
 Cou'd no such Structure raise; *Troy* wall'd so high,
 Th' *Atrides* might as well have forc'd the Sky.

Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings
 To see such Pow'r employ'd in peaceful Things.
 They list not urge it to the dreadful Field;
 The Task is easier to destroy than build.

—*Sic gratia Regum*

Pieriis tentata modis. Hor.

*The Country : To my Lady of Carlisle.**Madam,*

O F all the sacred Muse inspir'd,
 Orpheus alone cou'd with the Woods comply;
 Their rude Inhabitants his Song admir'd,
 And Nature's self in those that cou'd not lye.
 Your Beauty next our Solitude invades,
 And warms us, shining through the thickest Shades.

Nor ought the Tribute, which the wondring Court
 Pays your fair Eyes, prevail with you to scorn
 The Answer and Consent to that Report,
 Which Eccho like the Country does return :
 Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our Springs
 Present th' impartial Images of things.

A rural Judge dispos'd of Beauty's prize,
 A simple Shepherd was preferr'd to *Jove*;
 Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies
 Came *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
 To plead for that, which was so justly giv'n
 To the bright *Carlisle* of the Court of Heav'n.

Carlisle! a Name which all our Woods are taught,
 Loud as his *Amarillis* to resound;

Carlisle! a Name which on the Bark is wrought
 Of ev'ry Tree that's worthy of the Wound.
 From *Phœbus*' Rage, our Shadows and our Streams
 May guard us, better than from *Carlisle*'s Beams.

The

The Countess of Carlisle in Mourning.

WHEN from black Clouds no part of Sky is clear,
 But just so much as lets the Sun appear;
 Heav'n then would seem thy Image, and reflect
 Those sable Vestments, and that bright Aspect.
 A Spark of Virtue by the deepest Shade
 Of sad Adversity is fairer made;
 Nor less Advantage doth thy Beauty get,
 A *Venus* rising from a Sea of Jet.
 Such was th' Appearance of new-formed Light,
 While yet it struggled with eternal Night.
 Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase
 Of Glory, by thy noble Lord's Decease.
 We find not that the Laughter-loving Dame
 Mourn'd for *Anchises*; 'twas enough she came
 To grace the Mortal with her deathless Bed,
 And that his living Eyes such Beauty fed:
 Had she been there, untimely Joy through all
 Mens Hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the Funeral.
 Those Eyes were made to banish Grief: as well
 Bright *Phæbus* might affect in Shades to dwell,
 As they to put on Sorrow; nothing stands
 But Pow'r to grieve, exempt from thy Commands.
 If thou lament, thou must do so alone;
 Grief in thy Presence can lay hold on none.
 Yet still persist the Memory to love
 Of that great *Mercury* of our mighty love;
 Who by the Pow'r of his enchanting Tongue,
 Swords from the Hands of threatening Monarchs wrung,
 War he prevented, or soon made it cease,
 Instructing Princes in the Arts of Peace:
 Such as made *Sheba's* curious Queen resort
 To the large-hearted *Hebrew's* famous Court.

Had

Had *Homer* sat among his wondring Guests,
 He might have learn'd at those stupendious Feasts,
 With greater Bounty, and more sacred State
 The Banquet of the Gods to celebrate.
 But O, what Elocution might he use,
 What potent Charms that cou'd so soon infuse
 His absent Master's Love into the Heart
 Of *Henrietta*, forcing her to part
 From her lov'd Brother, Country, and the Sun,
 And like *Camilla* o'er the Waves to run
 Into his Arms; while the *Parisian* Dames
 Mourn for their ravish'd Glory; at their Flames
 No less amaz'd, than the amazed Stars,
 When the bold Charmer of *Theffalia* Wars
 With Heav'n it self, and Numbers does repeat
 Which call descending *Cynthia* from her Seat.

In Answer to one who writ against a fair Lady.

WHAT Fury has provok'd thy Wit to dare
 With *Diomedes* to wound the Queen of Love,
 Thy Mistress' Envy, or thy own Despair?

Not the just *Pallas* in thy Breast did move
 So blind a Rage, with such a different Fate
 He Honour won, where thou hast purchas'd Hate.

She gave Assistance to his *Trojan* Foe;

Thou that without a Rival thou may'st love,
 Dost to the Beauty of this Lady owe,

While after her the gazing World does move,
 Canst thou not be content to Love alone,
 Or is thy Mistress not content with one?

Hast thou not read of Fairy *Arthur's* Shield,
 Which but disclos'd, amaz'd the weaker Eyes
 Of proudest Foes, and won the doubtful Field?
 So shall thy Rebel Wit become her Prize.
 Should thy *Iambicks* swell into a Book,
 All were confuted with one radiant Look.

Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the Skies,
 Rewarding *Phæbus*, for inspiring so
 His noble Brain, by likening to those Eyes
 His joyful Beams: But *Phæbus* is thy Foe.
 And neither aids thy Fancy nor thy Sight;
 So ill thou Rhim'st against so fair a Light,

On my Lady Dorothy Sidney's Picture.

SUCH was *Philoclea*, such *Mucidorus* Flame;
 The matchless *Sidney* that immortal Frame
 Of perfect Beauty on two Pillars plac'd,
 Not his high Fancy cou'd one Pattern grac'd
 With such Extremes of Excellence compose,
 Wonders so distant in one Face disclose:
 Such cheerful Modesty, such humble State,
 Moves certain Love, but with a doubtful Fate.
 As when beyond our greedy Reach we see,
 Inviting Fruit on too sublime a Tree.
 All the rich Flow'rs through his *Arcadia* found,
 Amaz'd we see, in this one Garland bound.
 Had but this Copy, which the Artist took
 From the fair Picture of that noble Book,
 Stood at *Calander's*, the brave Friends had jarr'd,
 And Rivals made, th' ensuing Story marr'd.
 Just Nature first instructed by this Thought,
 In his own House thus practis'd what he taught.

This

This glorious Piece transcends what he cou'd think;
So much his Blood is nobler than his Ink.

TO VANDIKE.

RARE Artisan! whose Pencil moves
Not our Delights alone, but Loves:
From thy Shop of Beauty we
Slaves return, that enter'd free.
The heedless Lover does not know
Whose Eyes they are that wound him so:
But confounded with thy Art,
Inquires her Name that has his Heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old Wound bleed fresh again,
With dear Remembrance of that Face,
Where now he reads new Hope of Grace:
Nor Scorn, nor Cruelty does find:
But gladly suffers a false Wind
To blow the Ashes of Despair
From the reviving Brand of Care:
Fool that forgets her stubborn Look
This Softness from thy Finger took.
Strange, that thy Hand should not inspire
The Beauty only, but the Fire:
Not the Form alone, and Grace,
But Act and Power of a Face.
May'st thou yet thy self as well,
As all the World besides excel;
So youth' unfeigned Truth rehearse,
(That I may make it live in Verse)
Why thou could'st not at one Essay,
That Face to after-times convey,
Which this admires; was it thy Wit
To make her oft before thee sit?

Con-

Confess, and we'll forgive thee this:
 For who would not repeat that Bliss,
 And frequent Sight of such a Dame,
 Buy with the Hazard of his Fame?
 Yet who can tax thy blameless Skill,
 Though thy good Hand had failed still?
 When Nature's self so often errs,
 She for this many thousand Years
 Seems to have practis'd with much Care,
 To frame the Race of Woman fair?
 Yet never could a perfect Birth
 Produce before to grace the Earth,
 Which waxed old, e'er it could see
 Her that amaz'd thy Art and thee.

But now 'tis done, O let me know
 Where those immortal Colours grow,
 That could this deathless Piece compose,
 In Lillies, or the fading Rose?
 No, for this Theft thou hast climb'd higher
 Than did *Prometheus* for his Fire.

Of the Lady who can Sleep when she pleases.

NO wonder Sleep from careful Lovers flies
 To bathe himself in *Saharissa's* Eyes;
 As fair *Astrea* once from Earth to Heav'n
 By Strife and loud Impiety was driv'n:
 So with our Complaints offended and our Tears,
 Wise *Somnus* to that Paradise repairs,
 Waits on her Will, and Wretches does forsake
 To court the Nymph, for whom those Wretches wake.
 More proud than *Phæbus* of his Throne of Gold
 Is the soft God, those softer Limbs to hold;

Nor

Nor wou'd exchange with *Jove*, to hide the Skies
 Indarkning Clouds, the Pow'r to close her Eyes:
 Eyes which so far all other Lights controul,
 They warm our mortal Parts, but these our Soul.
 Let her free Spirit, whose unconquer'd Breast,
 Hold such deep Quiet, and untroubled Rest,
 Know, that tho' *Venus* and her Son shou'd spare
 Her Rebel Heart, and never teach her Care,
 Yet *Hymen* may per-force her Vigils keep,
 And, for another's Joy, suspend her Sleep.

Of the Mis-report of her being Painted.

AS when a sort of Wolves infest the Night
 With their wild howlings at fair *Cynthia's* Light,
 The Noise may chase sweet Slumber from our Eyes,
 But never reach the Mistrefs of the Skies:
 So with the News of *Sacharissa's* Wrongs,
 Her vexed Servants blame thole envious Tongues;
 Call love to witnessthat no painted Fire
 Can scorch Men so, or kindle such Desire;
 While, unconcerned, she seems mov'd no more
 With this new Malice, than our Loves before;
 But from the Height of her great Mind looks down
 On both our Passions, without Smile or Frown:
 So little Care of what is done below
 Hath the bright Dame whom Heav'n affecteth so,
 Paints her, 'tis true, with the same Hand which spreads
 Like glorious Colours thro' the flow'ry Meads
 When lavish Nature with her best Attire
 Cloaths the gay Spring, the Season of Desire;
 Paints her, 'tis true, and does her Cheek adorn
 With the same Art wherewith she paints the Morn,
 With the same Art, wherewith she gildeth so
 Those painted Clouds which form *Thaumantia's* Bow.

Of

Of her passing through a Crowd of People.

AS in old *Chaos* Heav'n with Earth confus'd,
 And Stars with Rocks together crush'd and bruis'd:
 The Sun his Light no further cou'd extend
 Than the next Hill, which on his Shoulders lean'd:
 So in this Throng bright *Sacharissa* far'd
 Oppress'd by those who strove to be her Guard:
 As Ships tho' never so obsequious, fall
 Foul in a Tempest on their Admiral.
 A greater Favour this Disorder brought
 Unto her Servants, than their awful Thought
 Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest
 The yielding Marble of her snowy Breast.
 While Love insults, disguised in the Cloud,
 And welcome force of that unruly Crowd.
 So th' am'rous Tree, while yet the Air is calm,
 Just Distance keeps from his desired Palm:
 But when the Wind her ravish'd Branches throws
 Into his Arms, and mingles all their Boughs;
 Tho' loath he seems her tender Leaves to press,
 More loath he is that friendly Storm should cease,
 From whose rude Bounty, he the double Use
 At once receives, of Pleasure and Excuse.

The Story of Phœbus and Daphne applied.

THIRSIIS, a Youth of the inspired Train,
 Fair *Sacharissa* lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
 Like *Phœbus* sung the no less am'rous Boy;
 Like *Daphne* she as lovely and as coy;
 With Numbers he the flying Nymph pursues,
 With Numbers such as *Phœbus* self might use.

Such

Such is the Chase, when Love and Fancy leads,
 O'er craggy Mountains, and thro' flow'ry Meads
 Invok'd to testify the Lover's Care,
 Or form some Image of his cruel Fair:
 Urg'd with his Fury like a wounded Deer,
 O'er these he fled, and now approaching near,
 Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,
 Whom all his Charms cou'd not incline to stay;
 Yet what he sung in his immortal Strain,
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
 All but the Nymph, that should redress his Wrong,
 Attend his Passion, and approve his Song.
 Like *Phæbus* thus, acquiring unsought Praise,
 He catch'd at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bay.

Fabula PHOEBI & DAPHNES.

ARCADIÆ juvenis Thirsis, Phœbique Sacerdos,
 Ingenti frustra Sacharissa ardebat amore:
 Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat,
 Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:
 Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
 Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
 Pascua; formosam nunc his componere Nympham,
 Nunc illis crudelem insanâ mente solebat:
 Audiit illa procul miserum, citharamque sonantem,
 Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis;
 Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
 Sidera perculsi, referunt nova carmina montes.
 Sic non quæsitis cumulatâ laudibus olim
 Elapsa reperit Daphni sua laurea Phœbus.

Of Mrs. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and listen, while the Fair
 Breaks in sweet Sounds the willing Air,
 And with her own Breath fans the Fire
 Which her bright Eyes do first inspire.
 What Reason can that Love controul,
 Which more than one Way courts the Soul?
 So when a Flash of Lightning falls
 On our Abodes, the Danger calls
 For human Aid, which hopes the Flame
 To conquer, tho' from Heav'n it came:
 But if the Winds with that conspire;
 Men strive not, but deplore the Fire.

To AMORET.

FAIR, that you may truly know
 What you unto *Thirsis* owe;
 I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love and you.

Joy salutes me, when I set
 My blest Eyes on *Amoret*:
 But with Wonder I am strook,
 While I on the other look.

If sweet *Amoret* complains,
 I have Sense of all her Pains;
 But for *Sacharissa* I
 Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of my self is mine,
 Lovely *Amoret*, is thine;

Sacharissa

Sacharissa's Captive fain
 Would untie his Iron Chain:
 And those scorching Beams to shun,
 To thy gentle Shadow run.

If the Soul had free Election
 To dispose of her Affection,
 I wou'd not thus long have born
 Haughty *Sacharissa's* Scorn:
 But 'tis sure some Pow'r above,
 Which controuls our Wills in Love,
 If not Love, a strong Desire
 To create and spread that Fire,
 In my Breast, sollicites me,
 Beauteous *Amoret*, for thee.

'Tis Amazement more than Love,
 Which her radiant Eyes do move;
 If less Splendor wait on thine,
 Yet they so benignly shine,
 I would turn my dazled Sight
 To behold their milder Light.

But as hard 'tis to destroy
 That high Flame, as to enjoy:
 Which, how eas'ly I may do
 Heav'n (as eas'ly scal'd) does know.

Amoret's as sweet and good
 As the most delicious Food,
 Which but tasted, does impart
 Life and Gladness to the Heart:
Sacharissa's Beauty's Wine,
 Which to Madnels doth incline;
 Such a Liquor as no Brain
 That is Mortal, can sustain.

Scarce

Scarce can I to Heav'n excuse
 The Devotion which I use
 Unto that adored Dame;
 For 'tis not unlike the same,
 Which 'thither ought to send:
 So that if it could take End;
 'Twou'd to Heav'n it self be due
 To succeed her, and not you,
 Who already have of me
 All that's not Idolatry;
 Which, though not so fierce a Flame,
 Is longer like to be the same.
 Then smile on me, and I will prove,
 Wonder is shorter liv'd than Love.

On the Head of a STAG.

SO we some antique Hero's Strength
 Learn by his Launce's Weight and Length;
 As these vast Beams express the Beast,
 Whose shady Brows alive they drest:
 Such Game, while yet the World was new,
 The mighty *Nimrod* did pursue.
 What Huntsman of our feeble Race,
 Or Dogs, dare such a Monster chase?
 Resembling with each Blow he strikes
 The Charge of a whole Troop of Pikes.
 O fertile Head, which ev'ry Year
 Cou'd such a Crop of Wonder bear!
 The teeming Earth did never bring
 So soon, so hard, so huge a Thing;
 Which might it never have been cast,
 Each Year's Growth added to the last,
 These lofty Branches had supply'd
 The Earth's bold Sons prodigious Pride;

Heav'n

Heav'n with these Engines had been scal'd,
When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd.

To a L A D Y in the Garden.

SEES not my Love, how Time resumes
The Glory which he lent these Flow'rs?
Though none shou'd taste of their Perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few Hours;
Time, what we forbear, devours.

Had *Helen*, or th' *Egyptian Queen*,
Been ne'er so thrifty of their Graces;
Those Beauties must at length have been
The spoil of Age, which finds our Faces
In the most retired Places.

Shou'd some malignant Planet bring
A barren Drought, or ceaseless Show'r
Upon the Autumn, or the Spring,
And spare us neither Fruit nor Flow'r;
Winter wou'd not stay an Hour.

Cou'd the Resolve of Love's neglect
Preserve you from the Violation
Of coming Years, then more Respect
Were due to so divine a Fashion;
Nor would I indulge my Passion.

The Miser's Speech in a Masque.

BALLS of this Metal slack'd *Atlanta's* Pace,
 And on the am'rous Youth bestow'd the Race:
Venus, the Nymph's Mind measuring by her own,
 Whom the rich Spoils of Cities overthrown
 Had prostrated to *Mars*, cou'd well advise
 Th' advent'rous Lover how to gain the Prize.
 Nor less may *Jupiter* to Gold ascribe;
 For when he turn'd himself into a Bribe,
 Who can blame *Danae*, or the brazen Tow'r,
 That they withstood not that Almighty Show'r?
 Never'till then, did Love make *Jove* put on
 A Form more bright, and nobler than his own:
 Nor were it just, would he resume that Shape,
 That slack Devotion shou'd his Thunder'scape.
 'Twas not Revenge for griev'd *Apollo's* Wrong,
 Those Ass's Ears on *Midas's* Temples hung:
 But fond Repentance of his happy Wish,
 Because his Meat grew Metal like his Dish.
 Wou'd *Bacchus* bless me so, I'd constant hold
 Unto my Wish, and die creating Gold.

On the Friendship betwixt two Ladies.

TELL me, Lovely loving Pair,
 Why so kind, and so severe?
 Why so careless of our Care,
 Only to your selves so dear?

By this cunning Change of Hearts,
 You the Pow'r of Love controul;
 While the Boy's deluded Darts
 Can arrive at neither Soul.

For in vain to either Breast
 Still beguiled Love does come;
 Where he finds a Foreign Guest,
 Neither of your Hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like Design,
 When they never mean to pay;
 That they may the Law decline,
 To some Friend make all away.

Not the silver Doves that fly,
 Yoak'd in Citharea's Car;
 Not the Wings that lift so high,
 And convey her Son so far,

Are so lovely, sweet and fair,
 Or do more ennoble Love;
 Are so choicely matcht a Pair,
 Or with more Consent do move.

Of her Chamber.

THEY taste of Death that do at Heav'n arrive;
 But we this Paradise approach alive.
 Instead of Death, the Dart of Love does strike,
 And renders all within these Walls alike:
 The high in Titles, and the Shepherd, here,
 Forgets his Greatness, and forgets his Fear:

All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the Fair,
 Lose Thought of what themselves, or others are;
 Ambition lose, and have no other Scope,
 Save *Carlisle's* Favour to employ their Hope.
 The *Thracian* could (tho' all those Tales were true
 The bold *Greeks* tell) no greater Wonders do;
 Before his Feet, so Sheep and Lions lay
 Fearless and wrathless, while they heard him play.
 The Gay, the Wise, the Gallant, and the Grave,
 Subdu'd alike, all but one Passion have:
 No worthy Mind, but finds in her's there is
 Something proportion'd to the Rule of his.
 While she with cheartul, but impartial Grace,
 (Born for no one but to delight the Race
 Of Men,) like *Phæbus*, so divides her Light,
 And warms us, that she stoops not from her Height.

Of Loving at first Sight.

NOT caring to observe the Wind,
 Or the new Sea explore,
 Snatch'd from my self, how far behind
 Already I behold the Shore!

May not a thousand Dangers sleep
 In the smooth Bosom of this Deep?
 No: 'Tis so rockless and so clear,
 That the rich Bottom does appear
 Pay'd all with precious Things, not torn
 From shipwrack'd Vessels, but there born.

Sweet-

Sweetness, Truth, and ev'ry Grace,
Which Time and Use are wont to teach,
The Eye may in a Moment reach,
And read distinctly in her Face:

Some other Nymphs, with Colours faint,
And Pencil slow, may *Cupid* paint,
And a weak Heart in Time destroy;
She has a Stamp, and prints the Boy,
Can with a single Look inflame
The coldest Breast, the rudest tame.

The Self Banish'd.

IT is not that I love you less
Than when before your Feet I lay:
But to prevent the sad Encrease
Of hopeless Love, I keep away.

In vain (alas!) for every Thing
Which I have known belong to you,
Your Form does to my Fancy bring,
And makes my old Wounds bleed anew.

Who in the Spring, from the new Sun,
Already has a Fever got,
Too late begins those Shafts to shun,
Which *Phœbus* thro' his Veins has shot;

Too late he wou'd the Pain assuage,
And to thick Shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the Rage,
And in his tainted Blood the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
 Your banish'd Servant trouble you:
 For if I break, you may mistrust
 The Vow I made to love you too.

S O N G.

GO, lovely Rose,
 Tell her that wastes her Time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's Young,
 And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In Desarts, where no Men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the Worth
 Of Beauty from the Light retir'd;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer her self to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she
 The common Fate of all Things rare
 May read in thee:
 How small a Part of Time they share,
 That are so wond'rous sweet and fair.

THIRSI, GALATEA.

Thir. A Slately I on silver *Thames* did ride,
 Sad *Galatea* on the Bank I spy'd :

Such was her Look as Sorrow taught to shine,
 And thus she grac'd me with a Voice divine,

Gal. You that can tune your founding Strings so well,
 Of Ladies Beauties and of Love to tell;
 Once change your Note, and let your Lute report
 The justest Grief that ever touch'd the Court.

Thir. Fair Nymph, I have in your Delights no Share,
 Nor ought to be concerned in your Care:
 Yet would I sing, if I your Sorrows knew,
 And to my Aid invoke no Muse but you.

Gal. Hear then, and let your Song augment our Grief,
 Which is so great, as not to wish Relief:
 She that had all which Nature gives or Chance,
 Whom Fortune join'd with Virtue to advance
 To all the Joys this Island cou'd afford,
 The greatest Mistress, and the kindest Lord:
 Who with the Royal mixt her noble Blood,
 And in high Grace with *Gloriana* stood;
 Her Bounty, Sweetness, Beauty, Goodness, such,
 That none e'er thought her Happiness too much:
 So well inclin'd her Favours to confer,
 And kind to all, as Heav'n had been to her:
 The Virgin's part, the Mother, and the Wife,
 So well she acted in this Span of Life,
 That tho' few Years (too few alas!) she told,
 She seem'd in all Things, but in Beauty, old.
 As unripe Fruit, whose verdant Stalks do cleave
 Close to the Tree, which grieves no less to leave
 The smiling Pendant which adorns her so,
 And until Autumn, on the Bough shou'd grow:

So seem'd her youthful Soul not eas'ly forc'd,
 Or from so fair, so sweet a Seat divorc'd.
 Her Fate at once did hasty seem and flow,
 At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

Thir. Under how hard a Law are Mortals born!
 Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn:
 What Heav'n sets highest, and seems most to prize,
 Is soon removed from our wond'ring Eyes.
 But since the Sisters did so soon untwine
 So fair a Thread, I'll strive to piece the Line.
 Vouchsafe sad Nymph to let me know the Dame,
 And to the Muses I'll commend her Name;
 Make the wide Country echo to your Moan,
 The list'ning Trees and savage Mountains groan:
 What Rock's not moved when the Death is sung
 Of one so good, so lovely, and so young?

Gal. 'Twas *Hamilton*, whom I had nam'd before,
 But naming her, Grief lets me say no more.

The Battel of the Summer-Islands.

C A N T O I.

*What Fruits they have, and how Heav'n smiles
 Upon those late discover'd Isles.*

AID me *Bellona*, while the dreadful Fight
 Betwixt a Nation and two Whales I write:
 Seas stain'd with Gore I sing, advent'rous Toil,
 And how these Monsters did disarm an Isle.
Bermudas wall'd with Rocks, who does not know,
 That happy Island, where huge Lemons grow,

And

And Orange Trees which golden Fruit do bear,
 Th' *Hesperian* Garden boasts of none so fair?
 Where shining Pearl, Coral, and many a Pound,
 On the rich Shore, of Amber greece is found:
 The lofty Cedar, which to Heav'n aspires,
 The Prince of Trees, is Fewel for their Fires:
 The Smoak by which their loaded Spits do turn,
 For Incense might on sacred Altars burn:
 Their private Roofs on od'rous Timber born,
 Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn,
 The sweet *Palmettas* a new *Bacchus* yield,
 With Leaves as ample as the broadest Shield:
 Under the Shadow of whose friendly Boughs
 They sit carowling, where their Liquor grows.
 Figs there unplanted thro' the Fields do grow,
 Such as fierce *Cato* did the *Romans* show,
 With the rare Fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the Mistress of so rich a Soil.
 The naked Rocks are not unfruitful there,
 But at some constant Seasons ev'ry Year
 Their barren Tops with luscious Food abound,
 And with the Eggs of various Fowls are crown'd;
 Tobacco is the worst of Things, which they
 To *English* Landlords as their Tribute pay:
 Such is the Mould, that the blest Tenant feeds
 On precious Fruits, and pays his Rent in Weeds:
 With candy'd Plantanes, and the juicy Pine,
 On choicest Melons and sweet Grapes they dine;
 And with Potatoes fat their wanton Swine.
 Nature these Cates with such a lavish Hand
 Pours out among them, that our coarser Land
 Tastes of that Bounty, and does Cloth return,
 Which not for Warmth, but Ornament is worn:
 For the kind Spring, which but salutes us here,
 Inhabits there and courts them all the Year:

Ripe Fruits and Blossoms on the same Trees live ;
 At once they promise what at once they give :
 So sweet the Air, so moderate the Clime ;
 None sickly lives, or dies before his Time.
 Heav'n sure has kept this spot of Earth uncurst,
 To shew how all Things were created first.
 The tardy Plants in our col' Orchards plac'd,
 Reserve their Fruit for the next Age's Taste :
 There a small Grain in some few Months will be,
 A firm, a lofty, and a spacious Tree :
 The *Palma Christi*, and the fair *Papah*,
 Now but a Seed (preventing Nature's Law)
 In half the Circle of the hasty Year
 Project a Shade, and lovely Fruits do bear :
 And as their Trees in our dull Region set
 But faintly grow, and no Perfection get ;
 So in this *Northern* Tract our hoarser Throats
 Utter unripe and ill constrained Notes :
 While the Supporter of the Poets Style,
Phœbus on them eternally does smile.
 O, how I long my careless Limbs to lay
 Under the Plantane's Shade, and all the Day
 With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain,
 Invoke the Muses, and improve my Vein !
 No Passion there in my free Breast should move,
 None but the sweet and best of Passions, Love :
 There while I sing if gentle Love be by
 That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings so high,
 With the sweet Sound of *Sacharissa's* Name,
 I'll make the list'ning Savages grow tame.
 But while I do these pleasing Dreams indite,
 I am diverted from the promis'd Fight.

C A N T O II.

*Of their Alarm, and how their Foes
Discover'd were, this Canto shows.*

TH O' Rocks so high about this Island rise,
That well they may the num'rous *Turk* despise;
Yet is no human Fate exempt from Fear,
Which shakes their Hearts, while thro' the Isle they hear
A lasting Noise as horrid and as loud
As Thunder makes before it breaks the Cloud.
Three Days they dread this Murmur, e'er they know
From what blind Cause th' unwonted Sound may grow:
At length two Monsters of unequal Size,
Hard by the Shoar, a Fisher-man espies;
Two mighty Whales, which swelling Seas had tost,
And left 'em Pris'ner's on the rocky Coast;
One as a Mountain vast, and with her came
A Cub not much inferior to his Dame:
Here in a Pool among the Rocks engag'd,
Th y roar'd like Lions caught in Toils, and rag'd.
The Man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lyemurth'd on the Shore,
By the wild Fury of some Tempest cast
The Fate of Ships and shipwreckt Men to taste.
As careless Dames, whom Wine and Sleep betray
To frantick Dreams, their Infants overlay:
So there sometimes the raging Ocean tails,
And her own Brood exposes, when the Whales
Against sharp Rocks like reeling Vessels quash'd,
Tho' huge as Mountains, are in Pieces dash'd;
Along the Shoar their dreadful Limbs lie scatter'd,
Like Hills with Earthquakes shaken torn and shatter'd.
Hearts sure of Brass they had, who tempted first
Rude Seas, that spare not what themselves have nurs'd.

The

The welcome News thro' all the Nation spread,
 To sudden Joy and Hope converts their dread:
 What lately was their publick Terror, they
 Behold with glad Eyes as a certain Prey;
 Dispose already of th' untaken Spoil,
 And as the purchase of their future Toil,
 These share the Bones and those divide the Oil;
 So was the Huntsman by the Bear oppress'd,
 Whose Hide he sold before he caught the Beast.

They man their Boats and all their young Men arm
 With whatsoever may the Monsters harm;
 Pikes, Halberts, Spits, and Darts that wound so far,
 The Tools of Peace, and Instruments of War.
 Now was the Time for vig'rous Lads to show
 What Love or Honour cou'd invite them to;
 A goodly Theatre, where Rocks are round
 With reverend Age and lovely Lasses crown'd:
 Such was the Lake which held this dreadful Pair
 Within the Bounds of noble *Warwick's* Share:
Warwick's bold Earl, than which no Title bears
 A greater sound among our *British* Peers;
 And worthy he the Mem'ry to renew,
 The Fate and Honour to that Title due;
 Whose brave Adventures have transferr'd his Name,
 And thro' the new World spread his growing Fame.
 But how they fought, and what their Valour gain'd,
 Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

C A N T O III.

*The bloody Fight, successless Toil,
 And how the Fishes sack'd the Isle.*

THE Boat which on the first Assault did go,
 Struck with a harping Iron the younger Foe;

Who

Who when he felt his Side so rudely gor'd,
Loud as the Sea that nourish'd him he roar'd.
As a broad Bream, to please some curious Taste,
While yet alive in boyling Water cast,
Vex'd with unwonted Heat, boyls, flings about
The scorching Brass, and hurls the Liquor cut:
So with the barbed Javelin stung, he raves,
And scourges with his Tail the suffering Waves:
Like *Spenser's Talus* with his Iron Flail;
He threatens Ruin with his pond'rous Tail;
Dissolving at one Stroke the batter'd Boat,
And down the Men fall drenched in the Moat:
With ev'ry fierce Encounter they are forc'd
To quit their Boats and fare like Men unhors'd.

The bigger Whale like some huge Carrack lay,
Which wanteth Sea-room with her Foes to play,
Slowly she swims, and when provok'd she wou'd
Advance her Tail, her Head salutes the Mud;
The shallow Water doth her Force infringe,
And renders vain her Tail's impetuous swinge:
The shining Steel her tender Sides receive,
And there like Bees they all their Weapons leave.

This sees the Cub, and does himself oppose
Betwix'd his cumbred Mother and her Foes:
With desp'rate Courage he receives her Wounds,
And Men and Boats his active Tail confounds.
Their Forces join'd, the Seas with Billows fill,
And make a Tempest, tho' the Winds be still.

Now wou'd the Men with half their hoped Prey
Be well content; and wish this Cub away:
Their Wish they have; he to direct his Dam
Unto the Gap thro' which they thither came,
Before her swims, and quits the hostile Lake,
A Pris'ner there, but for his Mother's Sake.
She by the Rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the Vastness of her Bulk confin'd.

They

They shout for Joy, and now on her alone
Their Fury falls, and all their Darts are thrown.
Their Lances spent one bolder than the rest
With his broad Sword provok'd the sluggish Beast:
Her oily Side devours both Blade and Hett,
And there his Steel the bold *Bermudian* left.
Courage the rest from his Example take,
And now they change the Colour of the Lake:
Blood flows in Rivers from her wounded Side,
As if they wou'd prevent the tardy Tide,
And raise the Flood to that propitious Height,
As might convey her from this fatal Streight.
She swims in Blood, and Blood does spouting throw
To Heav'n, that Heav'n Men's Cruelties might know.
Their fixed Javelins in her Side she wears,
And on her Back a Grove of Pikes appears:
You wou'd have thought, had you the Monster seen
Thus drest, she had another Island been.
Roaring she tears the Air with such a Noise,
(As well resembled the conspiring Voice
Of routed Armies, when the Field is won)
To reach the Ears of her escaped Son.
He (tho' a League removed from the Foe)
Hastes to her Aid; the pious *Trojan* so
Neglecting for *Cressida's* Life his own,
Repeats the Danger of the burning Town:
The Men amazed blush to see the Seed
Of Monsters, human Piety exceed:
Well proves this Kindness what the *Grecians* sung,
That Love's bright Mother from the Ocean sprung.
Their Courage droops, and hopeless now they wish
For composition with th' unconquer'd Fish:
So she their Weapons wou'd restore again,
Thro' Rocks they'd hew her Passage to the Main.
But how instructed in each other's Mind,
Or what Commerce can Men with Monsters find?

Not:

Not daring to approach their wounded Foe,
 Whom her courageous Son protected so;
 They charge their Musquets, and with hot desire
 Of full Revenge, renew the Fight with Fire:
 Standing aloof, with Lead they bruise the Scales,
 And tear the Flesh of the incensed Whales.
 But no Success their fierce Endeavours found,
 Nor this way cou'd they give one fatal Wound.
 Now to their Fort they are about to send
 For the loud Engines which their Isle defend.
 But what those Pieces fram'd to batter Walls
 Wou'd have effected on those mighty Whales,
 Great *Neptune* will not have us know, who sends
 A Tyde so high, that it relieves his Friends.
 And thus they parted with exchange of Harms;
 Much Blood the Monsters lost, and they their Arms.

S O N G.

PEACE, babling Muse,
 I dare not sing what you indite;
 Her Eyes refuse
 To read the Passion which they write.
 She strikes my Lute, but if it sound,
 Threatens to hurl it on the Ground;
 And I no less her Anger dread,
 Than the poor Wretch that feigns him Dead,
 While some fierce Lion does embrace
 His breathless Corps, and licks his Face;
 Wrapt up in silent Fear he lies,
 Torn all in Pieces if he cries.

Of

Of L O V E.

A Nger, in hasty Words or Blows,
 It self discharges on our Foes;
 And Sorrow too finds some Relief
 In Tears, which wait upon our Grief:
 So ev'ry Passion, but fond Love;
 Unto its own Redress does move;
 But that alone the Wretch inclines
 To what prevents his own Designs;
 Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
 Disorder'd, tremble, fawn and creep;
 Postures which render him despis'd,
 Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
 For Women, born to be control'd,
 Stoop to the Forward and the Bold,
 Affect the Haughty and the Proud,
 The Gay, the Frolick, and the Loud.
 VVho first the gen'rous Steed oppress,
 Not kneeling did salute the Beast;
 But with high Courage, Life and Force
 Approaching, tam'd th' unruly Horse.
 Unwisely we the wiser East.
 Pity, supposing them oppress'd
 VVith Tyrants Force, whose Law is VVill,
 By which they govern, spoil and kill:
 Each Nymph but moderately Fair,
 Commands with no less Rigor here.

Shou'd some brave *Turk*, that walks among
 His twenty Lasses bright and young,
 And beckons to the willing Dame
 Prefer'd to quench his present Flame,
 Behold as many Gallants here,
 VVith modest Guise, and silent Fear,

All to one Female Idol bend,
 While her high Pride does scarce descend
 To mark their Follies, he wou'd swear
 That these her Guard of Eunuchs were:
 And that a more majestick Queen,
 Or humbler Slaves, he had not seen.

All this with Indignation spoke,
 In vain I struggled with the Yoke
 Of mighty Love; that conqu'ring Look,
 When next beheld, like Lightning strook
 My blasted Soul, and made me bow
 Lower than those I pity'd now.

So the tall Stag upon the brink
 Of some smooth Stream about to drink,
 Surveying there his armed Head,
 With shame remembers that he fled
 The scorned Dogs, resolves to try
 The Combat next; but if their Cry
 Invades again his trembling Ear,
 He strait resumes his wonted Care;
 Leaves the untasted Spring behind,
 And, wing'd with Fear, out-flies the Wind.

To PHILLIS.

Phillis, why shou'd we delay
 Pleasures shorter than the Day?
 Cou'd we (which we never can)
 Stretch our Lives beyond their Span;
 Beauty like a Shadow flies,
 And our Youth before us dies.
 Or wou'd Youth and Beauty stay,
 Love hath VVings, and will away.
 Love hath swifter VVings than Time;
 Change in Love to Heav'n does climb;

Gods

Gods that never change their State,
 Vary oft their Love and Hate.
Phillis, to this Truth we owe
 All the Love betwixt us two:
 Let not you and I inquire,
 VVhat has been our past Desire:
 On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
 Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd;
 Leave it to the Planets too,
 What we shall hereafter do
 For the Joys we now may prove,
 Take advice of present Love.

T O P H I L L I S.

*P**hillis*, 'twas Love that injur'd you,
 And on that Rock your *Thirsis* threw,
 Who for proud *Celia* cou'd have dy'd,
 While you no less accus'd his Pride.

Fond Love his Darts at random throws,
 And nothing springs from what he sows:
 From Foes discharg'd as often meet
 The shining points of Arrows fleet,
 In the wide Air creating Fire,
 As Souls that join in one Desire.

Love made the lovely *Venus* burn
 In vain, and for the cold Youth mourn,
 Who the pursuit of churlish Beasts
 Preferr'd to sleeping on her Breasts.

Love makes so many Hearts the Prize
 Of the bright *Carlisle's* conqu'ring Eyes,
 Which she regards no more, than they
 The Tears of lesser Beauties weigh:
 So have I seen the lost Clouds pour
 Into the Sea a useless Show'r,

And

And the vext Sailors curse the Rain,
 For which poor Shepherds pray'd in vain.
 Then, *Phillis*, since our Passions are
 Govern'd by Chance, and not by Care,
 But sport of Heav'n, which takes delight
 To look upon this *Parthian* Fight
 Of Love, still flying, or in Chase,
 Never encount'ring Face to Face;
 No more to Love we'll sacrifice,
 But to the best of Deities:
 And let our Hearts, which Love disjoin'd,
 By his kind Mother be combin'd.

S O N G.

WHILE I listen to thy Voice,
Chloris, I feel my Life decay,
 That pow'rful Noise
 Calls my fleeting Soul away.
 Oh! suppress that Magick Sound,
 Which destroys without a Wound.

Peace *Chloris*, Peace, or Singing die;
 That together you and I
 To Heav'n may go:
 For all we know
 Of what the Blessed do above,
 Is, that they Sing, and that they Love.

S O N G.

STAY *Phœbus*, stay,
 The World to which you fly so fast,
 Conveying Day
 From us to them, can pay your Haste With

With no such Object, and salute your Rise
 With no such Wonder, as *de Mornay's* Eyes.

Well does this prove
 The Error of those antique Books,
 Which made you move
 About the World; her charming Looks
 Wou'd fix your Beams, and make it ever Day,
 Did not the rowling Earth snatch her away.

To A M O R E T.

*A*Moret, the Milky Way,
 Fram'd of many nameless Stars,
 The smooth Stream, where none can say,
 He this Drop to that prefers.

Amoret, my lovely Foe,
 Tell me where thy Strength does lye:
 Where the Pow'r that charms us so,
 In thy Soul, or in thy Eye?

By that snowy Neck alone,
 Or thy Grace in Motion seen,
 No such Wonders cou'd be done:
 Yet thy Waste is streight and clean,
 As *Cupid's* Shaft, or *Hermes's* Rod,
 And pow'rtul too, as either God.

To My Lord of F A L K L A N D. In the Year 1638.

*B*Rave *Holland* leads, and with him *Falkland* goes;
 Who hears this told, and does not straight suppose

We send the Graces and the Muses forth,
To civilize, and to instruct the North?

Not that these Ornaments make Swords less sharp,
Apollo bears as well is Bow as Harp;
And tho' he be the Patron of that Spring,
Where in calm Peace the Sacred Virgins sing,
He Courage had to guard th' invaded Throne
Of *Jove*, and cast th' ambitious Giants down.

Ah, noble Friend, with what Impatience all
That know thy Worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great Soul thou art, longing to twist
Bays with that Ivy, which so early kist
Thy youthful Temples, with what Horror we
Think on the blind Events of War, and Thee?
To Fate exposing that all-knowing Breast
Among the Throng, as cheaply as the rest:
Where Oaks and Brambles (if the Copse be burn'd)
Confounded lye to the same Ashes turn'd.

Some happy Wind over the Ocean blow
This Tempest yet which frights our Island so;
Guarded with Ships, and all the Sea our own,
From Heav'n this mischief on our Heads is thrown.

In a late Dream, the *Genius* of this Land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like the fair *Hebrew* stand,
When first she felt the Twins begin to jar,
And found her Womb the Seat of Civil War:
Inclin'd to whose Relief, and with Presage
Of better Fortune for the present Age,
Heav'n sends, quoth I, this Discord for our good,
To warm, perhaps, but not to waste, our Blood,
To raise our drooping Spirits, grown the Scorn
Of our proud Neighbours, who e'erlong shall mourn
(Tho' now they joy in our expected Harms)
We had occasion to resume our Arms.

A Lion so with self-provoking Smart,
(His rebel Tail scourging his nobler Part,)

Calls up his Courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his Foes, who thought him mad before,

For Drinking of Healths.

LET Brutes and Vegetables, that cannot think,
So far as Drought and Nature urges, Drink:
A more indulgent Mistress guides our Sprights,
Reason, that dares beyond our Appetites;
She wou'd our Care as well as Thirst redress,
And with Divinity rewards Excess:
Deserted *Ariadne*, thus supply'd,
Did perjur'd *Thesens*' Cruelty deride;
Bacchus embrac'd, from her exalted Thought
Banish'd the Man, her Passion, and his Fault.
Bacchus and *Phœbus* are by *Jove* ally'd,
And each by other's timely Heat's supply'd:
All that the Grape owes to his ripening Fires,
Is paid in Numbers which their Juice inspires.
Wine fills the Veins, and Healths are understood,
To give our Friends a Title to our Blood:
Who naming me, doth warm his Courage so,
Shews for my sake what his bold Hand wou'd do.

S O N G.

I.

Chloris farewell; I now must go:
For it with thee I longer stay,
Thy Eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall prove Blind, and lose my Way.

II. Fame

II.

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth,
 Among the rest, me hither brought:
 Finding this Fame fall short of Truth,
 Made me stay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by Word, and Oath,
 A Servant to another's Will;
 Yet, for thy Love, I'd forfeit both,
 Cou'd I be sure to keep it still.

IV.

But what Assurance can I take?
 When thou, foreknowing this Abuse,
 For some more worthy Lover's sake,
 May'st leave me with so just Excuse.

V.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy Fault,
 That thou didst thus inconstant prove,
 Being by my Example taught
 To break thy Oath, to mend thy Love.

VI.

No *Chloris*, no; I will return,
 And raise thy Story to that height,
 That Strangers shall at distance burn,
 And she distrust me Reprobate.

VII.

Then shall my Love this Doubt displace,
 And gain such Trust, that I may come
 And banquet sometimes on thy Face,
 But make my constant Meals at home.

On my Lady Isabella playing on the Lute.

SUCH moving Sounds, from such a careless Touch,
 So unconcern'd her self, and we so much!

What

What Art is this, that with so little Pains
 Transports us thus, and o'er our Spirits reigns!
 The trembling Strings about her Fingers crowd,
 And tell their Joy for ev'ry Kiss aloud:
 Small Force there needs to make them tremble so;
 Touch'd by that Hand who wou'd not tremble too?
 Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the Ear,
 Empties his Quiver on the list'ning Deer;
 Musick so softens and disarms the Mind,
 That not an Arrow does Resistance find.
 Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,
 And acts her self the Triumph of her Eyes.
 So Nero once, with Harp in Hand, survey'd
 His flaming Rome, and as it burnt he play'd.

To a Lady Singing a Song of his Composing.

Chloris, your self you so excel,
 When you vouchsafe to breath my Thought,
 That like a Spirit with this Spell
 Of my own teaching I am caught.

The Eagle's Fate and mine are one,
 Which on the Shaft that made him die
 Espy'd a Feather of his own,
 Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Eccho, with so sweet a Grace,
 Narcissus' loud Complaints return'd,
 Not for Reflection of his Face,
 But of his Voice, the Boy had burn'd.

Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

DEsign or Chance makes others Wive,
 But Nature did this Match contrive;
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled,
 As she deny'd her little Bed
 To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame,
 And measure out this only Dame.

Thrice happy is that humble Pair
 Beneath the level of all Care ;
 Over whose Heads those Arrows fly
 Of sad Distrust and Jealousie ;
 Secured in as high extream,
 As if the World held none but them.
 To him the fairest Nymphs do show
 Like moving Mountains topt with Snow;
 And ev'ry Man a *Polypheme*
 Does to his *Galatea* seem ;
 None may presume her Faith to prove ;
 He proffers Death that proffers Love.

Ah, *Chloris*, that kind Nature thus
 From all the World had sever'd us,
 Creating for our selves us two,
 As Love has me for only you.

LOVE's FAREWELL.

TReading the Path to Nobler Ends,
 A long Farewel to Love I gave ;
 Resolv'd my Country, and my Friends,
 All that remain'd of me should have.

And this Resolve no Mortal Dame,
 None but those Eyes cou'd have o'erthrown,
 The Nymph, I dare not, need not name,
 So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall Oak which now aspires
 Above the Fear of private Fires,
 Grown and design'd for nobler Use,
 Not to make warm but build the House,
 Tho' from our meaner Flames secure,
 Must that which falls from Heav'n endure.

From a CHILD.

MADAM,

AS is some Clime the warmer Sun
 Makes it full Summer e'er the Spring's begun,
 And with ripe Fruit the bending Boughs can load,
 Before our Violets dare look abroad :
 So measure not by any common use,
 The early Love your brighter Eyes produce,
 When lately your fair Hand in Woman's Weed,
 Wrap'd my glad Head, I wish'd me so indeed,
 That hasty Time might never make me grow
 Out of those Favours you afford me now ;
 That I might ever such Indulgence find,
 And you not blush, or think your self too kind,
 Who now, I fear, while I these Joys express,
 Begin to think how you may make them less :
 The sound of Love makes your soft Heart afraid,
 And guard it self, tho' but a Child invade,
 And innocently at your white Breast throw
 A Dart as white, a Ball of new fall'n Snow.

On a GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender Waste confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful Temples bind;
 No Monarch but wou'd give his Crown,
 His Arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heav'n's extreamest Sphere,
 The Pale which held that Lovely Deer;
 My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
 Did all within this Circle move.

A narrow Compass, and yet there
 Dwelt all that's Good, and all that's Fair:
 Give me but what this Riban bound,
 Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

The APOLOGY of SLEEP.

*For not approaching the Lady, who can do any
 thing but Sleep when she pleaseth.*

MY Charge it is those Breaches to repair
 Which Nature takes from Sorrow, Toil and Care:
 Rest to the Limbs, and Quiet I confer
 On troubled Minds, but nought can add to her,
 Whom Heav'n and her transcendent Thoughts have plac'd
 Above those Ills which wretched Mortals taste.

Bright as the deathless Gods, and happy, She
 From all that may infringe Delight is free:
 Love at her Royal Feet his Quiver lays,
 And not his Mother with more haste obeys.

Such real Pleasure's, such true Joy's suspense,
What Dream can I present to recompence?

Shou'd I with Lightning fill her awful Hand,
And make the Clouds seem all at her Command:
Or place her in *Olympus* Top, a Guest
Among th' Immortals, who with Nectar feast:
That poor wou'd seem, that Entertainment short
Of the true Splendor of her present Court;
Where all the Joys and all the Glories are
Of three great Kingdoms, sever'd from the Care.
That of Fumes and humid Vapours made,
Ascending, do the Seat of Sense invade,
No Cloud in so serene a Mansion find,
To over-cast her ever-shining Mind,
Which holds resemblance with thole spotless Skies,
Where flowing *Nilus* want of Rain supplies;
That Crystal Heav'n, where *Phæbus* never shrouds
His golden Beams, nor wraps his Face in Clouds.
But what so hard which Numbers cannot force?
So stoops the Moon, and Rivers change their course:
The bold *Mæonian* made me dare to steep
Jove's dreadful Temples in the dew of Sleep.
And since the Muses do invoke my Pow'r,
I shall no more decline that Sacred Bow'r,
Where *Gloriana* their great Mistress lies,
But gently taming those Victorious Eyes,
Charm all her Senses; 'till the joyful Sun
Without a Rival half his Course has run:
Who while my Hand that fairer Light confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

At PENS-HURST.

While in the Park I sing, the list'ning Deer
Attend my Passion, and forget to fear.

When

When to the Beeches I report my Flame,
 They bow their Heads as if they felt the same.
 To Gods appealing, when I reach their Bow'rs
 With loud Complaints, they answer me in Show'rs.
 To thee a wild and cruel Soul is giv'n,
 More deaf than Trees, and prouder than the Heav'n.
 Love's Foe profest, why dost thou falsely feign
 Thy self a *Sidney*? From which noble Strain
 He sprung, that cou'd so far exalt the Name
 Of Love, and warm our Nation with his Flame,
 That all we can of Love or high Desire,
 Seems but the Smoak of am'rous *Sidney's* Fire.
 Nor call her Mother, who so well does prove
 One Breast may hold both Chastity and Love.
 Never can she, that so exceeds the Spring
 In Joy and Bounty, be suppos'd to bring
 One so destructive. To no humane Stock
 We owe this fierce Unkindness, but the Rock,
 That cloven Rock produc'd thee, by whose side
 Nature to recompence the fatal Pride
 Of such stern Beauty, plac'd those healing Springs,
 Which not more Help, than that Destruction brings.
 Thy Heart, no ruder than the rugged Stone,
 I might, like *Orpheus*, with my num'rous Moan
 Melt to Compassion; now my trait'rous Song
 With thee conspires to do the Singer wrong:
 While thus I suffer not my self to lose
 The Memory of what augments my Woes:
 But with my own Breath still foment the Fire,
 Which flames as high as Fancy can aspire.

This last Complaint th' indulgent Ears did pierce
 Of just *Apollo*, President of Verse;
 Highly concerned, that the Muse should bring
 Damage to one whom he had taught to sing,
 Thus he advis'd me; On yon aged Tree
 Hang up thy Lute, and hie thee to the Sea,

That there with Wonders thy diverted Mind
 Some Truce at least may with this Passion find.
 Ah cruel Nymph! From whom her humble Swain
 Flies for Relief unto the raging Main;
 And from the Winds and Tempests does expect
 A milder Fate, than from her cold Neglect:
 Yet there he'll pray, that the Unkind may prove
 Blest in her Choice; and vows his endless Love
 Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
 But from those Gifts which Heav'n has heap'd on her.

A N O T H E R.

HA D *Sacharissa* liv'd when Mortals made
 Choice of their Deities, this Sacred Shade
 Had held an Altar to her Pow'r, that gave
 The Peace and Glory which these Alleys have:
 Embroider'd so with Flowers she had stood,
 That it became a Garden of a Wood:
 Her Presence has such more than humane Grace,
 That it can civilize the rudest Place;
 And Beauty too, and Order can impart,
 Where Nature ne'er intended it, nor Art.
 The Plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
 No less than those of old did *Orpheus*' Lyre:
 If she sit down, with Tops all tow'rd her bow'd,
 They round about her into Arbors crowd;
 Or if she walk, in even Ranks they stand,
 Like some well marshal'd and obsequious Band.
Amphion so made Stones and Timber leap
 Into fair Figures, from a confus'd Heap:
 And in the Symmetry of her Parts is found
 A Pow'r, like that of Harmony in Sound.

Ye lofty Beeches, tell this matchless Dame,
 That if together ye fed all one Flame,
 It cou'd not equalize the hundredth part
 Of what her Eyes have kindled in my Heart.
 Go Boy, and carve this Passion on the Bark
 Of yonder Tree, which stands the sacred Mark
 Of noble *Sidney's* Birth; when such Benign,
 Such more than Mortal-making Stars did shine;
 That there they cannot but for ever prove
 The Monument and Pledge of humble Love:
 His humble Love, whose Hope shall ne'er rise high'r
 Than for a Pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of Leicester.

NOT that thy Trees at *Pens-hurst* groan,
 Oppressed with their timely Load,
 And seem to make their silent Moan,
 That their great Lord is now abroad:
 They to delight his Taste, or Eye,
 Would spend themselves in Fruit, and Dye,

Not that thy harmless Deer repine,
 And think themselves unjustly Slain,
 By any other Hand than thine,
 Whose Arrows they wou'd gladly stain:
 No, nor thy Friends, which hold too dear
 That Peace with *France*, which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great Cause,
 Which now exacts your Presence here,
 Wherein there meet the divers Laws
 Of Publick and Domestick Care.

For one bright Nymph our Youth contends,
And on your prudent Choice depends.

Not the bright Shield of *Thetis*' Son,
For which such stern Debate did rise,
That the great *Ajax Telamon*
Refus'd to live without the Prize,
Those *Achive* Peers did more engage,
Than she the Gallants of our Age.

The Beam of Beauty, which begun
To warm us so, when thou wert here,
Now scorches like the raging Sun
When *Sirius* does first appear.
O fix this Flame; and let Despair
Redeem the rest from endless Care!

To a very young Lady.

WH Y came I so untimely forth
Into a World, which wanting thee,
Cou'd entertain us with no Worth
Or shadow of Felicity?
That Time shou'd me so far remove
From that which I was born to Love!

Yet, fairest Blossom, do not flight
That Age which you may know so soon;
The Rosie Morn resigns her Light,
And milder Glory, to the Noon:
And then what Wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning Beauty warms us so?

Hope

Hope waits upon the flow'ry Prime,
 And Summer, though it be less gay,
 Yet is not look'd on as a time
 Of Declination or Decay.
 For, with a full Hand, that does bring
 All that was promis'd by the Spring.

S O N G.

SA Y lovely Dream, where cou'dst thou find
 Shadows to counterfeit that Face?
 Colours of this Glorious kind
 Come not from any Mortal Place.

In Heav'n it self thou sure wer't drest
 With that Angel-like Disguise;
 Thus deluded am I blest,
 And see my Joy with closed Eyes.

But ah ! This Image is too kind
 To be other than a Dream !
 Cruel Sacharissa's Mind
 Never put on that sweet Extream.

Fair Dream, if thou intend'st me Grace,
 Change that Heav'nly Face of thine;
 Paint despis'd Love in thy Face,
 And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, Wan, and Meagre let it look,
 With a Pity-moving Shape,
 Such as wander by the Brook
 Of *Lethe*, or from Graves escape.

Then to that Matchless Nymph appear,
 In whose Shape thou shinest so,
 Softly in her sleeping Ear,
 With humble Words express my Wo.

Perhaps from Greatness, State, and Pride,
 Thus surpris'd she may fall:
 Sleep does Disproportion hide,
 And, Death resembling, equals all.

S O N G.

BEhold the Brand of Beauty tost;
 See how the Motion does dilate the Flame:
 Delighted Love his Spoils does boast,
 And triumph in this Game.
 Fire to no Place confin'd,
 Is both our Wonder and our Fear,
 Moving the Mind,
 As Lightning hurled through the Air.

High Heav'n the Glory does encrease
 Of all her Shining Lamps, this artful way;
 The Sun in Figures, such as these,
 Joys with the Moon to play.
 To the sweet Strains they advance
 Which do result from their own Spheres;
 As this Nymph's Dance,
 Moves with the Numbers which she hears.

On the Discovery of a Lady's Painting.

Pygmalion's Fate ever is mine.

His Marble Love took Flesh and Blood;
All that I worshipp'd as Divine,
That Beauty, now 'tis understood,
Appears to have no more of Life
Than that whereof he fram'd his Wife.

As Women yet, who apprehend
Some sudden Cause of causeless Fear,
Although that seeming Cause take End,
And they behold no Danger near,
A Shaking thro' their Limbs they find,
Like Leaves saluted by the Wind:

So though the Beauty do appear
No Beauty, which amaz'd me so;
Yet from my Breast I cannot tear
The Passion which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my Fancy raise
The Print of that supposed Face.

A real Beauty, though too near,
The fond *Narcissus* did admire;
I doat on that which is no where,
The sign of Beauty feeds my Fire:
No Mortal Flame was e'er so cruel
As this, which thus survives the Fuel.

To a L A D Y, from whom he receiv'd a Silver Pen.

M A D A M,

INtending to have try'd
The Silver Favour which you gave,
In Ink the shining Point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the fable Wave:
When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppose you had deserv'd to take
From her fair Hand so fair a Boon;
Yet how deserv'd I to make
So ill a Change, who ever won
Immortal Praise for what I wrote,
Instructed by her Noble Thought?

I, that expressed her Commands
To mighty Lords, and Princely Dames,
Always most welcome to their Hands,
Proud that I wou'd record their Names,
Must now be taught an humble Stile,
Some meaner Beauty to beguile.

So I, the wronged Pen to please,
Make it my humble Thanks express
Unto your Ladyship, in these:
And now 'tis forced to confess,
That your great self did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more Noble, write,

On a Brede of divers Colours, woven by Four Ladies.

TWice twenty slender Virgins' Fingers twine
 This curious Web, where all their Fancies shine:
 As Nature them, so they this Shade have wrought,
 Soft as their Hands, and various as their Thought.
 Not *Juno's* Bird when, his fair Train display'd,
 He wooes the Female to his Painted Bed;
 No not the Bow which so adorns the Skies,
 So Glorious is, or boasts so many Dies.

*To my Lord of Northumberland, upon the
 Death of his Lady.*

TO this Great Loss a Sea of Tears is due;
 But the whole Debt not to be paid by you:
 Charge not your self with all, nor render vain,
 Those Show'rs the Eyes of us your Servants rain.
 Shall Grief contract the largeness of that Heart,
 In which, nor Fear nor Anger has a part?
 Virtue wou'd Blush, if Time shou'd boast (which dries,
 Her Sole Child dead, the tender Mother's Eyes)
 Your Mind's Relief, where Reason triumphs so
 Over all Passions, that they ne'er cou'd grow
 Beyond their Limits in your Noble Breast,
 To harm another, or impeach your Rest.
 This we obs rv'd, delighting to obey
 One who did never from his great self stray:
 Whose mild Example seemed to engage
 Th' obsequious Seas, and teach them not to Rage.

The brave *Æmilius*, his great Charge laid down,
 (The Force of *Rome*, and Fate of *Macedon*)
 In his lost Sons did feel the cruel Stroke
 Of changing Fortune; and thus highly spoke
 Before *Rome's* People: We did oft implore
 That if the Heav'ns had any Bad in Store
 For your *Æmilius*, they wou'd pour that Ill
 On his own House, and let you flourish still.
 You on the barren Seas, my Lord, have spent
 Whole Springs, and Summers to the Publick lent:
 Suspended all the Pleasures of your Life,
 And shorten'd the short Joy of such a Wife:
 For which your Country's more obliged, than
 For many Lives of old, less-happy, Men.
 You that have sacrific'd so great a part
 Of Youth and private Bliss, ought to impart
 Your Sorrow too, and give your Friends a Right
 As well in your Affliction, as Delight:
 Then with *Æmilian* Courage bear this Cross,
 Since publick Persons only publick Loss
 Ought to affect: And tho' her Form and Youth,
 Her Application to your Will and Truth,
 That noble Sweetness, and that humble State,
 All snatch'd away by such a hasty Fate,
 Might give Excuse to any common-Breast,
 With the huge Weight of so just Grief oppress'd;
 Yet let no Portion of your Life be stain'd
 With Passion, but your Character maintain'd
 To the last Act; it is enough her Stone
 May Honour'd be with Superscription
 Of the sole Lady, who had Pow'r to move
 The Great No *thumberland* to Grieve and Love.



To my LORD ADMIRAL, of his late Sicknes and
Recovery.

W Ith Joy like ours, the *Thracian* Youth invades
Orpheus returning from th' *Elysian* Shades,
 Embrace the *Hero*, and his Stay implore,
 Make it their publick Suit, he wou'd no more
 Desert them so, and for his Spouse's sake,
 His vanish'd Love, tempt the *Lethean* Lake:
 The Ladies too, the brightest of that Time,
 Ambitious all his lofty Bed to climb,
 Their doubtful Hopes with Expectation feed,
 Who shall the Fair *Eurydice* succeed:
Eurydice, for whom his num'rous Moan
 Makes list'ning Trees, and salvage Mountains groan:
 Thro' all the Air his sounding Strings dilate
 Sorrow, like that which touch'd our Hearts of late;
 Your pining Sicknes, and your restless Pain
 At once the Land affecting and the Main.
 VVhen the glad News that you were Admiral,
 Scarce thro' the Nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
 That our great *Charles*, whose VVisdom shines in you,
 VVou'd be perplexed how to chuse a new.
 So more than Private was the Joy and Grief;
 That at the worst, it gave our Souls relief:
 That in our Age such Sense of Virtue liv'd,
 They Joy'd so justly, and so justly Griev'd.
 Nature (her fairest Lights eclipsed,) seems
 Her self to suffer in those sharp Extremes:
 VVhile not from thine alone thy Blood retires,
 But from those Cheeks which all the VVorld admires.
 The Stem thus threaten'd, and the Sap in thee,
 Drop all the Branches of that noble Tree:
 Their Beauty, they and we our Loves suspend,
 Nought can our VVishes, save thy Health, intend.

As Lillies over-charg'd with Rain they bend
 Their beauteous Heads, and with high Heav'n contend;
 Fold thee within their snowy Arms, and cry
 He is too faultless and too young to dye.
 So like Immortals round about thee they
 Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
 Who wou'd not languish, by so fair a Train
 To be Lamented, and Restor'd again?
 Or thus withe'd what hasty Soul wou'd go,
 Though to be blest? O'er her *Adonis* so
 Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious Show'r
 Of her warm Tears cherish'd the springing Flow'r.

The next Support, fair hope of your great Name,
 And second Pillar of that Noble Frame,
 By loss of thee wou'd no Advantage have,
 But step by step pursue thee to the Grave.

And now relentless Fate, about to end
 The Line which backward does so far extend,
 That antique Stock which still the World supplies
 With bravest Spirits, and with brightest Eyes,
 Kind *Phabus* interposing, bid me say
 Such Sto ms no more shall shake that House, but they
 Like *Neptune*, and his Sea-born Neice, shall be
 The shining Glories of the Land and Sea:
 With Courage guard, and Beauty warm our Age,
 And Lovers fill with like Poetick Rage.

A la MALADE.

A H lovely *Amoret*, the Care
 Of all that know what's Good or Fair!
 Is Heav'n become our Rival too?
 Had the rich Gifts conferr'd on you,

So ample thence, the common end
Of giving Lovers, to pretend.

Hence to this pining Sickness (meant
To weary thee to a Consent
Of leaving us) no Pow'r is giv'n
Thy Beauties to impair, for Heav'n
Sollicits thee with such a Care,
As Roses from their Stalks we tear,
When we wou'd still preserve them new,
And fresh as on the Bush they grew.

With such a Grace you entertain,
And look with such Contempt on Pain,
That languishing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So Lightnings which in Storms appear,
Scorch more than when the Skies are clear.
And as pale Sickness does invade
Your frailer Part, the Breaches made
In that fair Lodging, still more clear
Make the bright Guest, your Soul, appear.
So Nymphs o'er pathless Mountains born,
Their light Robes by the Brambles torn
From their fair Limbs, exposing new
And unknown Beauties to the view
Of following Gods, increase their Flame,
And haste to catch the flying Game.

Of the QUEEN.

THE Lark that shuns on lofty Boughs to build
Her humble Nest, lies silent in the Field;
But if the promise of a Cloudless Day,
(*Aurora* smiling,) bids her rise and Play,

Then

Then strait she shews, 'twas not for want of Voice,
 Or Pow'r to climb, she made so low a Choice:
 Singing she mounts, her Airy Wings are stretcht
 Tow'rds Heav'n, as if from Heav'n her Note she fetcht.

So we retiring from the busie Throng,
 Use to restrain th' ambition of our Song;
 But since the Light, which now informs our Age,
 Breaks from the Court indulgent to her Rage,
 Thither my Muse, like bold *Prometheus*, flies,
 To light her Torch at *Gloriana's* Eyes.

Those Sov'reign Beams, which heal the wounded Soul,
 And all our Cares, but once beheld, controul!
 Here the poor Lover that has long endur'd
 Some proud Nymph's Scorn, of his fond Passion cur'd,
 Fares like the Man who first upon the Ground
 A Glow-worm spy'd, supposing he had found
 A moving Diamond, a breathing Stone,
 (For Life it had, and like those Jewels shone:)
 He held it dear, 'till by the springing Day,
 Inform'd, he threw the worthless Worm away,

She saves the Lover as we Gangrenes stay,
 By cutting Hope, like a lopt Limb, away:
 This makes her bleeding Patients to accuse
 High Heav'n, and these Expostulations use.
 Cou'd Nature then no private Woman grace
 (Whom we might dare to Love) with such a Face,
 Such a Complexion, and so radiant Eyes,
 Such lovely Motion, and such sharp Replies?
 Beyond our Reach, and yet within our Sight,
 What envious Pow'r has plac'd this glorious Light?

Thus, in a Starry Night, fond Children cry
 For the rich Spangles that adorn the Sky;
 Which tho' they shine for ever fixed there,
 With Light and Influence relieve us here.
 All her affections are to one inclin'd,
 Her Bounty and Compassion to Mankind:

To

To whom while she so far extends her Grace,
 She makes but good the Promise of her Face:
 For Mercy has (cou'd Mercy's self be seen)
 No sweeter Look than this propitious Queen;
 Such Guard and Comfort the Distressed find,
 From her large Pow'r, and from her larger Mind,
 That whom ill Fate wou'd ruin, it prefers;
 For all the Miserable are made her's.

So the fair Tree, whereon the Eagle builds,
 Poor Sheep from Tempests, and their Shepherds, shields:
 The Royal Bird possesses all the Boughs,
 But Shade and Shelter to the Flock allows.

Joy of our Age, and safety of the next,
 For which so oft thy fertile Womb is vex't:
 Nobly contented, for the Publick Good,
 To waste thy Spirits, and diffuse thy Blood:
 What vast hopes may these Islands entertain,
 Where Monarchs, thus descended, are to reign?
 Led by Commanders of so fair a Line,
 Our Seas no longer shall our Pow'r confine.

A brave Romance who wou'd exactly frame,
 First brings his Knight from some immortal Dame:
 And then a Weapon, and a flaming Shield,
 Bright as his Mother's Eyes, he makes them wield.
 None might the Mother of *Achilles* be,
 But the fair Pearl, and Glory of the Sea;
 The Man to whom great *Maro* gives such Fame,
 From the high Bed of Heav'nly *Venus* came;
 And our next *Charles*, (whom all the Stars design
 Like Wonders to accomplish) Springs from thine.

Upon the Death of my Lady R I C H.

MA Y those already curst *Essexian* Plains,
 Where hasty Death, and pining Sicknefs reigns,
 Prove

Prove as a Desert, and none there may stay,
 But Savage Beasts, or Men as wild as they.
 There the fair Light, which all our Island grac'd,
 Like *Hero's* Taper in the Window plac'd,
 Such Fate from the malignant Air did find,
 As that expos'd to the boist'rous Wind.
 Ah cruel Heav'n! to snatch so soon away
 Her, for whose Life had we had time to pray,
 With thousand Vows and Tears we shou'd have sought
 That sad Decree's suspension to have wrought.
 But we (alas!) no whisper of her Pain
 Heard, 'till 'twas Sin to wish her here again.
 That horrid Word at once like Lightning spread,
 Struck all our Ears, The Lady *Rich* is Dead.
 Heart-rending News, and dreadful to those few
 Who her resemble, and her Steps pursue:
 That Death shou'd License have to rage among
 The Fair, the Wise, the Virtuous, and the Young!

The *Paphian* Queen from that fierce Battle born,
 With gored Hand, and Veil so rudely torn,
 Like Terror did among th' Immortals breed,
 Taught by her Wound that Goddesses may bleed.
 All stand amazed, but beyond the rest
 Th' Heroick Dame whose happy Womb she blest,
 Mov'd with just Grief expostulates with Heav'n,
 Urging the Promise to th' Obsequious giv'n,
 Of longer Life; for ne'er was pious Soul
 More apt t' obey, more worthy to controul.
 A skillful Eye at once might read the Race
 Of *Caledonian* Monarchs in her Face.
 And sweet Humility; her Look and Mind,
 At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
 There dwelt the scorn of Vice, and Pity too,
 For those that did what she disdain'd to do:
 So gentle and severe, that what was bad
 At once her Hatred and her Pardon had.

Gracious to all but where her Love was due,
So Fast, so Faithful, Loyal, and so True,
That a bold Hand as soon might hope to force
The roulling Lights of Heav'n, as change her Course.

Some happy Angel that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here;
And when this Cloud of Sorrow's over-blown,
Thro' the wide World we'll make her Graces known;
So fresh the Wound is, and the Grief so vast,
That all our Art and Pow'r of Speech is waste.
Here Passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise
Eternal Monuments of louder Praise.

There our Delight, complying with her Frame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy Name,
Fair *Sacharissa*, and now only Fair!
To sacred Friendship we'll an Altar rear,
Such as the *Romans* did erect of old,
Where, on a Marble Pillar, shall be told,
The lovely Passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless Pair.
Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like, than your's to her fair Mind:
Save that you grac'd the sev'ral parts of Life,
A spotless Virgin and a faultless Wife.
Such was the sweet Converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her Associates now.

How false is Hope, and how regardless Fate,
That such a Love shou'd have so short a Date!
Lately I saw her, sighing, part from thee:
Alas that such the last Farewel shou'd be!)
So look'd *Astræa*, her Remove design'd,
On those distressed Friends she left behind.
Consent in Virtue knit your Hearts so fast,
That still the Knot, in spite of Death, does last:
For as your Tears and Sorrow-wounded Soul
Prove well that on your part this Bond is whole;

So all we know of what they do above,
 Is, that they Happy are, and that they Love.
 Let dark Oblivion and the hollow Grave
 Content themselves our frailer Thoughts to have:
 Well chosen Love is never taught to Die,
 But with our nobler Part invades the Sky.
 Then grieve no more, that one so heav'nly shap'd
 The crooked Hand of trembling Age escap'd.
 Rather since we beheld her not decay,
 But that she vanish'd so entire away:
 Her wondrous Beauty and her Goodness Merit,
 We shou'd suppose that some propitious Spirit
 In that Celestial Form frequented here,
 And is not Dead, but ceases to Appear.

To the Queen Mother of FRANCE, upon her Landing. In the Year 1683.

Great Queen of Europe, where thy Off-spring wears
 All the chief Crowns; where Princes are thy Heirs,
 As welcome thou to Sea-girt Britain's Shore,
 As erst *Latona* (who fair *Cynthia* bore)
 To *Delos* was. Here shines a Nymph as bright,
 By thee disclos'd, with like encrease of Light.

Why was our Joy in *Belgia* confin'd?
 Or why did you so much regard the Wind?
 Scarce cou'd the Ocean (tho' inrag'd) have tost
 Thy Sov'reign Bark, but where th' obsequious Coast
 Pays Tribute to thy Bed: *Rome's* conqu'ring Hand
 More vanquish'd Nations under her Command
 Never reduc'd; glad *Berecynthia* so
 Among her Deathless Progeny did go;
 A wreath of Tow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend Head,
 Mother of all that on *Ambrosia* fed.

Thy

Thy godlike Race must sway the Age to come,
As the *Olympus*, peopled with her Womb.

Wou'd those Commanders of Mankind obey
Their honour'd Parent all Pretences lay
Down at her Royal Feet, compose their Jarrs,
And on the growing *Turk* discharge these Wars :
The Christian Knights that sacred Tomb shou'd wrest
From Pagan Hands, and triumph o'er the *East*;
Our *England's* Prince and *Gallia's* Dauphin might
Like Young *Rinaldo*, and *Tancredo* Fight
In single Combate, by their Swords again
The proud *Argantes* and fierce *Soldan* slain;
Again, we might their valiant Deeds recite,
And with your *Thuscan* Muse exalt the Fight.

To the Mutable Fair.

HERE, *Celia* for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my Heart;
The Passion that I had for thee,
The Faith, the Love, the Constancy,
And, that I may successful prove,
Transform my self to what you love.

Fool that I was so much to prize
Those simple Virtues you despise;
Fool, that with such dull Arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove!
For you that are in Motion still,
Decline our Force, and mock our Skill;
Who like *Don Quixot* do advance
Against a Wind-mill our vain Lance.

Now will I wander thro' the Air,
Mount, make a stoop at ev'ry Fair,
And, with a Fancy unconfin'd
(As lawless as the Sea or Wind)

Pursue

Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various Thoughts comply.

The formal Stars do travel so,
As we their Names and Courses know,
And he that on their Changes looks,
Wou'd think them govern'd by our Books:
But never were the Clouds reduc'd
To any Art; the Motion us'd
By those free Vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd Sight
Despairs to find the Rules that guide
Those gilded Shadows as they slide:
And therefore of the spacious Air
Jove's Royal Comfort had the Care;
And by that Pow'r did once escape,
Declining bold *Ixion's* Rape,
She, with her own Resemblance, grac'd
A shining Cloud, which he embrac'd.

Such was that Image, so it smil'd
With seeming Kindness, which beguil'd
Your *Thirsis* lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting *Calia* caught.
'Twas snap'd like her, but for the Fair
He fill'd his Arms with yielding Air:

A Fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the Gods had like Success.
For in their Story, one, we see,
Pursues a Nymph, and takes a Tree:
A second with a Lover's haste,
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
But she that did a Virgin seem,
Posselt appears a wand'ring Stream:
For his supposed Love a third
Lays greedy hold upon a Bird;
And stands amaz'd to find his Dear
A wild Inhabitant of th' Air.

To these old Tales such Nymphs as you
Give Credit, and still make them new;
The Am'rous now like Wonders find,
In the swift Changes of your Mind.

But, *Cœlia*, if you apprehend
The Muse of your incensed Friend;
Nor wou'd that he record your Blame,
And make it Live; repeat the same,
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he swears he'll not complain;
For still to be deluded so,
Is all the Pleasure Lovers know,
Who, like good Faulkners, take delight,
Not in the Quarry, but the Flight.

Of SALLEE.

OF *Jason*, *Theseus*, and such Worthies old,
Light seem the Tales Antiquity has told.
Such Beasts and Monsters as their Force opprest,
Some Places only, and some Times, infest.
Sallee, that scorn'd all Pow'r and Laws of Men,
Goods with their Owners hurrying to their Den,
And future Ages threatening with a Rude
And Savage Race successively renew'd,
Their King despising with Rebellious Pride,
And Foes profest to all the World beside:
This Pest of Mankind gives our *Hero* Fame,
And thro' th' obliged World dilates his Name.

The Prophet once to cruel *Agag* said,
As thy fierce Sword has Mothers childless made,
So shall the Sword make thine; and with that word
He hew'd the Man in Pieces with his Sword.
Just *Charles* like measure has return'd to these,
Whose Pagan Hands had stain'd the troubled Seas;

D

With

With Ships they made the spoiled Merchant mourn,
 With Ships their City and themselves are torn.
 One Squadron of our winged Castles sent
 O'er-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
 For not content the Dangers to increase,
 And act the part of Tempests in the Seas,
 Like hungry Wolves, these Pirates from our Shore
 Whole Flocks of Sheep and ravish'd Cattle bore;
 Safely they might on other Nations prey,
 Fools to provoke the Sov'reign of the Sea:
 Mad *Cacus* so, whom like ill Fate perswades,
 The Herd of fair *Alcmena's* Seed invades;
 Who for Revenge, and Mortals glad Relief,
 Sackt the dark Cave, and crush'd that horrid Thief.

Morocco's Monarch, wondring at this Fact,
 Save that his Presence his Affairs exact,
 Had come in Person, to have seen and known
 The injur'd World's Revenger and his own.
 Hither he sends the Chief among his Peers,
 Who in his Bark proportion'd Presents bears,
 To the Renown'd for Piety and Force,
 Poor Captives manumiz'd, and matchless Horse.

P U E R P E R I U M.

YOU Gods that have the Pow'r
 To trouble, and compose
 All that's beneath your Pow'r,
 Calm Silence on the Seas, on Earth impose,

Fair *Venus*, in thy soft Arms
 The God of Rage confine,
 For thy Whispers are the Charms
 Which only can divert his fierce Design.

What tho' he frown, and to Tumult do incline,
 Thou the Flame
 Kindled in his Breast can'st tame,
 With that Snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddess give this thy sacred Island Rest,
 Make Heav'n smile,
 That no Storm disturb us, while
 Thy chief Care, our *Halcyon*, builds her Nest.

Great *Gloriana*, Fair *Gloriana*,
 Bright as high Heav'n is, and fertile as Earth,
 Whose Beauty relieves us,
 Whose Royal Bed gives us
 Both Glory and Peace,
 Our present Joy, and all our Hopes increase.

Of a Lady who writ in Praise of Mira.

WHILE she pretends to make the Graces known
 Of matchless *Mira*, she reveals her own;
 And when she wou'd another's Praise indite,
 Is by her Glass instructed how to write.

To One married to an old Man.

SINCE thou wou'dst needs, bewitch'd with some ill Charms
 Be bury'd in those monumental Arms:
 All we can wish, is, May that Earth lie light
 Upon thy tender Limbs, and so good Night.

To FLAVIA. SONG.

'T IS not your Beauty can engage
 My wary Heart:
 The Sun, in all his Pride and Rage,
 Has not that Art;
 And yet he Shines as Bright as you,
 If Brightness cou'd our Souls subdue.

'Tis not the pretty Things you say,
 Nor those you write,
 Which can make *Thirsis'* Heart your Prey;
 For that Delight,
 The Graces of a well-taught Mind,
 In some of our own Sex we find.

No *Flavia*, 'tis your Love I fear;
 Love's surest Darts,
 Those which so seldom fail him, are
 Headed with Hearts;
 Their very Shadows make us yield,
 Dissemble well, and win the Field.

The FALL.

SEE how the willing Earth gave way,
 To take th' Impression where she lay.
 See how the Mould, as loth to leave
 So sweet a Burden, still doth cleave
 Close to the Nymph's stain'd Garment; here
 The coming Spring wou'd first appear,
 And all this Place with Roses strow,
 If busie Feet wou'd let them grow:

Here

Here *Venus* smil'd, to see blind Chance
 It self, before her Son advance,
 And a fair Image to present
 Of what the Boy so long had meant:
 'Twas such a Chance as this made all
 The World into this Order fall:
 Thus the first Lovers, on the Clay
 Of which they were composed, lay;
 So in their Prime, with equal Grace,
 Met the first Patterns of our Race:
 Then blush not, Fair, or on him frown,
 Or wonder how you both came down;
 But touch him, and he'll tremble strait,
 How cou'd he then support your Weight?
 How cou'd the Youth, alas, but bend
 When his whole Heav'n upon him lean'd?
 It ought by him amiss were done,
 'Twas that he let you rise too soon.

Of SILVIA.

OUR Sighs are heard, just Heav'n declares
 The Sense it has of Lover's Cares:
 She that so far the rest out-shin'd,
Silvia the Fair, while she was kind,
 As if her Frowns impair'd her Brow,
 Seems only not unhandsome now:
 So when the Sky makes us endure
 A Storm, it self becomes obscure.
 Hence 'tis that I conceal my Flame,
 Hiding from *Flavia*'s self her Name,
 Lest she, provoking Heav'n, shou'd prove
 How it rewards neglected Love.
 Better a thousand such as I,
 Their Grief untold, shou'd pine and die,

Than her bright Morning, over-cast
With fullen Clouds, shou'd be defac'd.

The B U D D.

LAtely on yonder swelling Bush,
Big with many a coming Rose,
This early Budd began to blush,
And did but half it self disclose;
I pluck'd it, tho' no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis Blown.

Still as I did the Leaves inspire,
With such a Purple Light they shone,
As if they had been made of Fire,
And spreading so, wou'd flame anon:
All that was meant, by Air or Sun
To the young Flow'r, my Breath has done.

If our loose Breath so much can do,
What may the same inform's of Love,
Of purest Love and Musick too,
When *Flavia* it aspires to move:
When that, which lifeless Buds perswades
To wax more soft, her Youth invades.

Upon BEN. JOHNSON.

Mirror of Poets, Mirror of our Age!
Which her whole Face beholding on thy Stage,
Pleas'd and displeas'd with her own Faults, endures
A Remedy like those whom Musick cures:
Thou hast alone those various Inclinations
Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations:

So traced with thy All-assembling Pen,
 That whate'er Custom has impos'd on Men,
 Or ill-got Habit, which deforms them so,
 That scarce a Brother can his Brother know,
 Is represented to the wond'ring Eyes
 Of all that see or read thy Comedies:
 Whoever in those Glasses looks, may find
 The Spots return'd, or Graces of his Mind:
 And by the help of so Divine an Art
 At leisure view and dress his nobler Part.
Narcissus cozen'd by that flatt'ring Well,
 Which nothing cou'd but of his Beauty tell,
 Had here, discov'ring the deform'd Estate
 Of his fond Mind, preserv'd himself with Hate;
 But Virtue too, as well as Vice, is clad
 In Flesh and Blood so well, that *Plato* had
 Beheld, what his high Fancy once embrac'd,
 Virtue with Colours, Speech, and Motion grac'd.
 The sundry Postures of thy copious Muse
 Who wou'd express, a thousand Tongues must use:
 Whose Fate's no less peculiar than thy Art,
 For as thou cou'dst all Characters impart,
 So none cou'd render thine, who still escap'd
 Like *Proteus* in Variety of Shapes:
 Who was, nor this, nor that, but all we find,
 And all we can imagine in Mankind.

To Mr. George Sands, on his Translation of some
 Parts of the B I B L E.

HOW bold a Work attempts that Pen,
 Which wou'd enrich our vulgar Tongue
 With the high Raptures of those Men,
 Who here with the same Spirit sung,

80 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

Wherewith they now assist the Choir
Of Angels, who their Songs admire?

Whatever these inspired Souls
Were urged to express, did shake
The aged Deep, and both the Poles;
Their num'rous Thunder cou'd awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heav'n consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say, sacred Bard, what cou'd bestow
Courage on thee, to soar so high?
Tell me, brave Friend, what help'd thee so
To shake off all Mortality?
To light this Torch, thou hast climb'd high'r
Than he who stole Celestial Fire.

Chloris and Hylas. Made to a Saraban.

C H L O R I S.

Hylas, oh Hylas, why sit we mute,
Now that each Bird saluteth the Spring?
Wind up the slacken'd Strings of thy Lute,
Never can'st thou want Matter to sing.
For Love thy Breast doth fill with such a Fire,
That whatsoe'er is Fair moves thy Desire.

H Y L A S.

Sweetest you know, the sweetest of Things,
Of various Flow'rs the Bees do compose,
Yet no particular Taste it brings
Of Violet, Woodbine, Pink or Rose:
So Love the Result is of all the Graces
Which flow from a thousand several Faces.

C H L O-

C H L O R I S.

Hylas, the Birds which chant in this Grove,
 Cou'd we but know the Language they use,
 They wou'd instruct us better in Love,
 And reprehend thy inconstant Muse:
 For Love their Breasts does fill with such a Fire,
 That what they once do chuse, bounds their Desire.

H Y L A S.

Chloris, this Change the Birds do approve,
 Which the warm Season higher does bring;
 Time from your self does further remove
 You, than the Winter from the gay Spring.
 She that like Light'ning shin'd while her Face lasted,
 The Oak now resembles which Light'ning hath blasted.

Under a Lady's Picture.

SUCH *Helen* was; and who can blame the Boy
 That in so bright a Flame consum'd his Troy?
 But had like Virtue shin'd in that fair *Greek*,
 The am'rous Shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
 Or hope for Pity, but with silent Moan,
 And better Fate, had perished alone.

*In answer of Sir JOHN SUCKLING's Verses,
 against Fruition.*

C O N.

STAY here, fond Youth, and ask no more, be wise;
 Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise.

P R O.

And by your Knowledge we shou'd be bereft
 Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

C O N.

*The Virtuous Joys thou hast, thou woud'st shou'd still
Last in their Pride; and wou'dst not take it Ill
If rudely from sweet Dreams, and for a Toy,
Thou'rt wak'd? He wakes himself that does enjoy.*

P R O.

How can the Joy or Hope which you allow
Be stiled Virtuous, and the End not so?
Talk in your Sleep, and Shadows still admire.
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real Fire,
But to sleep better; for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this *Nepenthe*, rocks himself asleep.

C O N.

*Fruition adds no new Wealth, but destroys,
And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloy:
Who thinks he shou'd be happier made for that,
As reas'nably might hope he might grow Fat
By Eating to a Surfeit; this once past,
What relishes? Even Kisses lose their Taste.*

P R O.

Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy,
But shall we starve, 'cause Surfeitings destroy?
And if Fruition did the Taste impair
Of Kisses, why shou'd yonder happy Pair,
Whose Joys just *Hymen* warrants all the Night,
Consume the Day too in this less Delight?

C O N.

*Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know
The homeliest thing that Mankind does, is so.
The World is of a large Extent we see,
And must be Peopled, Children there must be,
So must Bread too but since there are enough
Born to that Drudgery, what need we plough?*

P R O.

I need not Plough, since what the stooping Hind
Gets off my pregnant Land, must all be mine:

But

But in this nobler Tillage 'tis not so;
 For when *Anchises* did fair *Venus* know,
 What Int'rest had poor *Vulcan* in the Boy,
 Famous *Æneas*, or the present Joy?

C O N.

*Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been;
 Are like Romances read, or Scenes once seen:
 Fruition dulls, or spoils the Play much more
 Than if one read, or knew, the Plot before.*

P R O.

Plays and Romances read, and seen, do fall
 In our Opinions; yet not seen at all
 Whom wou'd they please? To an Heroick Tale
 Wou'd you not listen, lest it shou'd grow stale?

C O N.

*'Tis Expectation makes the Blessing dear,
 Heav'n were not Heav'n, if we knew what it were.*

P R O.

If 'twere not Heav'n if we knew what it were,
 Twou'd not be Heav'n to those that now are there.

C O N.

*And as in Prospects we are there pleas'd most,
 Where something keeps the Eye from being lost,
 And leaves us room to guess; so here Restraint
 Holds up Delight, that with Excess wou'd faint.*

P R O.

Restraint preserves the Pleasure we have got,
 But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not.
 In goodly Prospects, who contracts the Space,
 Or takes not all the Beauty of the Place?
 We wish remov'd what standeth in our Light,
 And Nature blame for limiting our Sight,
 Where you stand wisely winking, that the View
 Of the fair Prospect may be always new.

C O N.

C O N.

*They who know all the Wealth they have, are Poor:
He's only Rich that cannot tell his Store.*

P R O.

Not he that knows the Wealth he has, is Poor,
But he that dares not touch, or use his Store.

*To a Friend, of the different Success of their
Loves.*

THrice happy Pair, of whom we cannot know
Which first began to love, or loves most now!
Fair Course of Passion where two Lovers start,
And run together, Heart still yoked with Heart!
Successful Youth whom Love has taught the way,
To be victorious in the first Essay!
Sure Love's an Art best practised at first,
And where'th' experienced still prosper worst;
I, with a different Fate, pursu'd in vain
The haughty *Celia*, 'till my just Disdain
Of her Neglect, above that Passion born,
Did Pride to Pride oppose, and Scorn to Scorn;
Now she relents, and all too late to move
A Heart directed to a nobler Love:
The Scales are turn'd, her Kindness weighs no more
Now, than my Vows and Service did before.
So in some well-wrought Hangings you may see
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Gracians* flee;
Here the fierce *Mars* his Courage so inspires,
That with bold Hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires;
But there from Heav'n the blue-ey'd Virgin falls,
And frightened *Troy* retires within her Walls.
They that are foremost in that bloody Race
Turn Head anon, and give the Conqu'rors Chase;

So like the Chances are of Love and War,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are;
In Love the Victors from the Vanquish'd fly,
They Fly that Wound, and they Pursue that Die.

An Apology for having Lov'd before.

THEY that never had the use
Of the Grape's surprizing Juice,
To the first delicious Cup
All their Reason render up:
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to Love inclin'd,
Sway'd by Chance, not Choice or Art:
To the first that's Fair or Kind,
Make a Present of their Heart:
'Tis not she that first we love,
But whom Dying we approve.

To Man that was i'th' Evening made,
Stars gave the first Delight;
Admiring in the gloomy Shade,
Those little Drops of Light.

Then at *Aurora*, whose fair Hand
Remov'd them from the Skies,
He gazing tow'rd the *East* did stand,
She entertain'd his Eyes.
But when the bright Sun did appear,
All those he did despise,
His Wonder was determin'd there,
And cou'd no higher rise;

He neither might, nor wish'd to know
 A more refulgent Light:
 For that (as mine your Beauties now)
 Imploy'd his utmost Sight.

To ZELINDA.

Fairest Piece of well-form'd Earth,
 Urge not thus your haughty Birth:
 The Pow'r which you have o'er us, lyes
 Not in your Race, but in your Eyes.
 None but a Prince! Alas, that Voice
 Confines you to a narrow Choice!
 Shou'd you no Honey vow to taste,
 But what the Master-Bees have plac'd
 In Compass of their Cells how small
 A Portion to your Share wou'd fall?
 Nor all appear among those few,
 Worthy the Stock from whence they grew:
 The Sap which at the Root is bred
 In Trees, thro' all the Boughs is spread;
 But Virtues which in Parents shine,
 Make not like Progress thro' the Line,
 'Tis not from whom, but where we live,
 The Place does oft those Graces give:
 Great *Julius*, on the Mountains bred,
 A Flock perhaps, or Herd, had led;
 He that the World subdu'd, had been
 But the best Wrestler on the Green.
 'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
 The hidden Seeds of Native Worth;
 They blow those Sparks, and make them rise
 Into such Flames as touch the Skies.
 To the old *Heroes* hence was giv'n
 A Pedigree which reach'd to Heav'n;

Of mortal Seed they were not held,
 Which other Mortals so excell'd:
 And Beauty too in such Excess
 As your's, *Zelinda*, claims no less.
 Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
 Henceforth to be of Princes born.
 I can describe the shady Grove
 Where your lov'd Mother slept with *Jove*,
 And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
 Caught with her Spouse's Shape and Name.
 Thy matchless Form will Credit bring
 To all the Wonders I shall sing.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's Plays.

FLETCHER, to thee we do not only owe
 All our good Plays, but all those other too;
 Thy Wit repeated, does support the Stage,
 Credits the last, and entertains this Age:
 No Worthies form'd by any Muse but thine
 Cou'd purchase Robes, to make themselves so fine.
 What brave Commander is not proud, to see
 Thy brave *Melantius* in his Gallantry?
 Our greatest Ladies love to see their Scorn
 Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn;
 Th' impatient Widow, e'er the Year be done,
 Sees thy *Aspasia* weeping in her Gown.

I never yet the Tragick Strain assay'd,
 Deter'd by that inimitable Maid.
 And when I venture at the Comick Stile,
 Thy *Scornful Lady* seems to mock my Toil,

Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and marr'd
 Our Sport in Plays, by rend'ring it too hard;
 So when a sort of lusty Shepherds throw,
 The Bar by turns, and none the rest out-go

So far, but that the best are meas'ring Casts,
 Their Emulation, and their Pastime lasts;
 But if some Brawny Yeoman of the Guard
 Step in, and tofs the Axle-Tree a Yard,
 Or more, beyond the furthest Mark, the rest
 Despairing stand, their Sport is at the best.

To CHLORIS.

CHLORIS, since first our Calm of Peace
 Was frighted hence, this good we find,
 Your Favours with your Fears encrease,
 And growing Mischiefs make you kind.

So the fair Tree, which still preserves
 Her Fruit and State, while no Wind blows,
 In Storms from that Uprightness swerves,
 And the glad Earth about her strows,
 With Treasure from her yielding Boughs.

To Mrs. BRAUGHTON, *Servant to*
 SACHARISSA.

FAIR Fellow-Servant, may your gentle Ear
 Prove more propitious to my slighted Care,
 Than the bright Dame's we serve; for her Relief
 (Vext with the long Expressions of my Grief)
 Receive these Complaints; nor will her high Disdain
 Forbid my humble Muse to court her Train.
 Thy skillful Hand contributes to our Woe,
 And whets those Arrows which confound us so:
 A thousand *Cupids* in those Curls do sit,
 Those curious Nets thy slender Fingers knit:

The

The Graces put not more exactly on
Th' Attire of *Venus*, when the Ball she won,
Than that young Beauty by thy Care is drest,
When all our Youth prefers her to the rest.

You the soft Season know, when best her Mind
May be to Pity or to Love inclin'd;
In some well-chosen Hour supply his Fear,
Whose hopeless Love durst never tempt the Ear
Of that Stern Goddess: (You her Priest) declare
What Off'rings may propitiate the Fair,
Rich Orient Pearl, bright Stones that ne'er decay,
Or polish'd Lines which longer last than they.

For if I thought she took Delight in those,
To where the chearful Morn does first disclose,
(The shady Night removing with her Beams)
Wing'd with bold Love, I'd fly to fetch such Gems.
But since her Eyes, her Teeth, her Lips excel
All that is found in Mines or Fishe's Shell;
Her nobler Part as far exceeding these,
None but Immortal Gifts her Mind shou'd please:
The shining Jewels *Greece* and *Troy* bestow'd
On *Sparta's* Queen, her lovely Neck did load,
And snowy Wrists; but when the Town was burn'd,
Those fading Glories were to Ashes turn'd;
Her Beauty too had perish'd, and her Fame,
Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the Flame.

*To Sir William D' Avenant, upon his two First
Books of Gondibert, Written in France, before
his Voyage to America.*

THUS the wise Nightingale, that leaves her home,
Her native Wood, when Storms and Winter come.
Pursuing constantly the chearful Spring,
To Foreign Groves does her old Musick bring.

The

The drooping *Hebrew's* banish'd Harps unstrung
 At *Babylon*, upon the Willows hung;
 Your's sounds aloud, and tells us you excel
 No less in Courage, than in Singing well;
 While unconcern'd you let your Country know,
 They have impoverish'd themselves, not you;
 Who with the Muse's help can mock those Fates
 Which threaten Kingdoms, and disorder States.
 So *Ovid*, when from *Cesar's* Rage he fled,
 The *Roman* Muse to *Pontus* with him led;
 Where he so sung, that we, thro' Pity's Glass,
 See *Nero* milder than *Augustus* was.
 Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be
 Th' indulgent Censure of Posterity.
 To banish those who with such Art can Sing,
 Is a rude Crime which its own Curse doth bring:
 Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,
 Nor how to Love their present Youth be taught.
 This to thy self. Now to thy matchless Book,
 Wherein those few that can with Judgment look,
 May find old Love in pure fresh Language told,
 Like new-stampt Coin made out of Angel-gold.
 Such Truth in Love as th' antique World did know,
 In such a Stile as Courts may boast of now.
 Which no bold Tales of Gods or Monsters swell,
 But human Passions, such as with us dwell.
 Man is thy Theme, his Virtue or his Rage
 Drawn to the Life in each elab'rate Page,
Mars and *Bellona* are not named here;
 But such a *Gondibert* as both might fear.
Venus had here, and *Hebe* been out-shin'd,
 By thy bright *Birthea*, and thy *Rhodolind*.
 Such is thy happy Skill, and such the odds
 Betwixt thy Worthies and the *Grecian* Gods:
 Whose Deities in vain had here come down,
 Where mortal Beauty wears the Sov'raign Crown;

Such

Such as of Flesh compos'd, by Flesh and Blood;
Though not resisted, may be understood.

*To my Worthy Friend Mr. WASE, the
Translator of GRATIUS.*

THUS, by the Musick, we may know
When noble Wits a Hunting go,
Through Groves that on *Parnassus* grow.

The Muses all the Chase adorn,
My Friend on *Pegasus* is born,
And Young *Apollo* winds the Horn.

Having old *Gratius* in the Wind,
No pack of Criticks e'er cou'd find,
Or he know more of his own Mind.

Here Huntsmen with Delight may read
How to chuse Dogs for Scent or Speed,
And how to change or mend the Breed.

What Arms to use, or Nets to frame,
Wild Beasts to combat, or to tame,
With all the Myst'ries of that Game.

But, worthy Friend, the Face of War
In ancient Times, doth differ far
From what our fiery Battels are.

Nor is it like (since Powder known)
That Man, so cruel to his own,
Shou'd spare the Race of Beasts alone.

No Quarter now, but with the Gun,
Men wait in Trees from Sun to Sun,
And all is in a Moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Shou'd be no Comment but a Text,
To tell how modern Beasts are vext.

Thus wou'd I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse, to court the Age
With somewhat of your proper Rage.

Since none does more to *Phæbus* owe,
Or in more Languages can show
Those Arts, which you so early know.

To my Lady MORTON on New years-day,
1650. *at the Louvre in Paris.*

M A D A M,

NE W-years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind;
Still as they pass they court and smile on you,
And make your Beauty, as themselves, seem new:
To the fair *Villars* we *Dalkeith* prefer,
And fairest *Morton* now as much to her:
So, like the Sun's Advance, your Titles show,
Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow.

But thus to style you Fair, your Sex's Praise,
Gives you but Myrtle, who may challenge Bays:
From armed Foes to bring a Royal Prize,
Shews your brave Heart victorious, as your Eyes:
If *Judith* marching with the Gen'ral's Head,
Can give us Passion when her Story's read,

What

What may the Living do, which brought away
Tho' a less Bloody, yet a nobler Prey?
Who from our flaming *Troy*, with a bold Hand
Snatch'd her fair Charge, the Princess, like a Brand,
A Brand preserv'd to warm some Prince's Heart,
And make whole Kingdoms take her Brother's Part.

So *Venus*, from prevailing *Greeks*, did throwd
The Hope of *Rome*, and sav'd him in a Cloud.
This gallant Act may cancel all our Rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this Age.
Dark Shades become the Protrait of our Time,
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime.
Let him that draws it hide the rest in Night,
This Portion only may endure the Light,
Where the kind Nymph changing her faultless Shape
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape,
When thro' the Guards, the River and the Sea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit and Courage, made their way.
As the brave Eagle does with Sorrow see
The Forest wasted, and that lofty Tree
Which holds her Nest about to be o'erthrown,
Before the Feathers of her Young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her Wings away:
So fled the Dame, and o'er the Ocean bore
Her Princely Burthen to the *Gallick* Shore.
Born in the Storms of War, this Royal Fair,
(Produc'd like Lightning in tempestuous Air,)
Tho' now she flies her Native Isle, less kind,
Less safe for her, than either Sea or Wind,
Shall, when the Blossom of her Beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the *British* Throne,
Where Peace shall smile, and no Dispute arise,
But which Rules most, his Scepter, or her Eyes,

To a Fair Lady playing with a Snake.

STrange, that such Horror and such Grace
 Shou'd dwell together in one Place,
 A Fury's Arm, an Angel's Face!

'Tis Innocence, and Youth, which makes
 In *Chloris*' Fancy such Mistakes,
 To start at Love, and play with Snakes.

By this and by her Coldness barr'd,
 Her Servants have a Task too hard,
 The Tyrant has a double Guard.

Thrice happy Snake, that in her Sleeve
 May boldly creep, we dare not give
 Our Thoughts so unconfin'd a leave:

Contented in a Nest of Snow
 He lies, as he his Bliss did know,
 And to the Wood no more wou'd go.

Take heed, fair *Eve*, you do not make
 Another Tempter of this Snake;
 A Marble one so warm'd wou'd speak.

*The NIGHT-PIECE, or a Picture drawn
 in the Dark.*

Darkness, which fairest Nymphs disarm,
 Defends us ill from *Mira*'s Charms;
Mira can lay her Beauty by,
 Take no Advantage of the Eye,

Quit all that *Lely's* Art can take,
And yet a thousand Captives make.

Her Speech is grac'd with sweeter Sound,
Than in another's Song is found,
And all her well-plac'd Words are Darts,
Which need no Light to reach our Hearts.

As the bright Stars and Milky Way,
Show'd by the Night, are hid by Day,
So we, in that accomplish'd Mind,
Helpt by the Night, new Graces find,
Which by the Splendor of her View,
Dazl'd before we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of Day, nor think it Dark ;
Her shining Image is a Light
Fixt in our Hearts, and conquers Night.

Like Jewels to Advantage set,
Her Beauty by the Shade does get ;
There, Blushes, Frowns, and cold Disdain,
All, that our Passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent Mind
Presents the fair *Idea* kind.

Yet friended by the Night, we dare,
Only in Whispers, tell our Care ;
He that on her his bold Hand lays
With *Cupid's* pointed Arrows plays ;
They, with a touch, they are so keen,
Wound us unshot, and She unseen ;

All near Approaches threaten Death,
We may be shipwrackt by her Breath.
Love favour'd once, with that sweet Gale,
Doubles his Haste, and fills his Sail,
'Till he arrive, where she must prove
The Haven, or the Rock of Love.
So we th' *Arabian* Coast do know
At distance, when the Spices blow,

By the rich Odour taught to steer,
Tho' neither Day nor Stars appear.

*To Mr. HENRY LAWES, who had then
newly set a Song of mine in the Year 1635.*

VErse makes *Heroick* Virtue live,
But you can Life to Verses give.
As when in open Air we blow,
The Breath (tho' strain'd) sounds flat and low:
But if a Trumpet take the Blast,
It lifts it high, and makes it last;
So in your Airs our Numbers drest
Make a shrill Sally from the Breast
Of Nymphs, who Singing what we penn'd,
Our Passions to themselves commend,
While Love, victorious with thy Art,
Governs at once their Voice and Heart.
You, by the help of Tune and Time,
Can make that Song which was but Rhime.
Noy pleading, no Man doubts the Cause,
Or questions Verses set by *Lawes*.
As a Church-window, thick with Paint,
Lets in a Light but dim and faint;
So others, with Division, hide
The Light of Sense, the Poet's Pride;
But you alone may truly boast
That not a Syllable is lost;
The Writer's, and the Setter's Skill
At once the ravish'd Ears do fill.
Let those which only warble long,
And gargle in their Throats a Song,
Content themselves with *UT, RE, MI,*
Let Words and Sense be set by thee.

A Panegyrick to my Lord Protector, of the present Greatness and joint Interest of his Highness and this Nation.

In the YEAR 1654.

WHile with a strong, and yet a gentle Hand
You bridle Faction, and our Hearts command,
Protect us from our selves, and from the Foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign,
And own no Liberty, but where they may
Without Controul upon their Fellows prey.

Above the Waves as *Neptune* shew'd his Face
To chide the Winds, and save the *Trojan* Race;
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of Ambition tossing us repress.

Your drooping Country, torn with Civil Hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a Glorious State;
The Seat of Empire, where the *Irish* come,
And the unwilling *Scotch*, to fetch their Doom.

The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet,
With bending Sails, each Vessel of our Fleet.
Your Pow'r extends as far as Winds can blow,
Or swelling Sails upon the Globe may go.

Heav'n, that hath plac'd this Island to give Law,
To balance *Europe*, and her States to awe,
In this Conjunction doth on *Britain* smile;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle.

Whether this Portion of the World were rent
By the rude Ocean from the Continent,
Or thus created, it was sure design'd
To be the sacred Refuge of Mankind.

Hither th' Oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and Succour at your Court;
And then your Highness, not for our's alone,
But for the World's Protector shall be known.

Fame swifter than your winged Navy flies
Thro' ev'ry Land that near the Ocean lies,
Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News
To all that Piracy and Rapine use.

With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest,
Might hope to lift her Head above the rest:
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the Seas, and you?

Lords of the World's great Waste, the Ocean, we
Whole Forests send to reign upon the Sea,
And ev'ry Coast may trouble or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this Prerogative,
That none can at our happy Seats arrive;
While we descend at Pleasure to invade
The Bad with Vengeance, and the Good to aid.

Our little World, the Image of the Great,
Like that, amidst the boundless Ocean set,
Of her own Growth hath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare, as Tribute from the Waves.

As *Ægypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
But to the *Nile* owes more than to the Sky;
So what our Earth and what our Heav'n denies,
Our ever-constant Friend, the Sea, supplies.

The Taste of hot *Arabia's* Spice we know,
Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow;
Without the Worm, in *Persian* Silks we shine,
And without Planting drink of ev'ry Vine.

To dig for Wealth we weary not our Limbs;
Gold (tho' the heaviest Metal) hither swims:
Ours is the Harvest where the *Indians* mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own Soil breeds;
Stout are our Men, and warlike are our Steeds;
Rome (tho' her Eagle thro' the World had flown)
Cou'd never make this Island all her own.

Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too,
France-conqu'ring *Henry* flourish'd, and now you;
For whom we staid, as did the *Grecian* State
'Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.

When for more Worlds the *Macedonian* cry'd,
He wist not *Thetys* in her Lap did hide
Another yet, a World reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old Troops to Battel lead
Against th' unwarlike *Persian*, and the *Mede*;
Whose hasty Flight did from a bloodless Field,
More Spoils than Honour to the Victor yield.

A Race unconquer'd, by their Clime made bold,
 The *Caledonians* arm'd with Want and Cold,
 Have, by a Fate indulgent to your Fame,
 Been from all Ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old *Roman* Wall so ill confin'd,
 With a new Chain of Garrisons you bind:
 Here foreign Gold no more shall make them come,
 Our *English* Iron holds them fast at home.

They that henceforth must be content to know
 No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow,
 May blame the Sun, but must extol your Grace,
 Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by Conquest, happily o'erthrown,
 Falling they rise, to be with us made one:
 So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
 Their vanquish'd Foes free Citizens of *Rome*.

Like Favour find the *Irish*, with like Fate,
 Advanc'd to be a Portion of our State:
 While by your Valour, and your bounteous Mind,
 Nations, divided by the Sea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your Friendship, is content:
 To be our Out-guard on the Continent:
 She from her Fellow-Provinces wou'd go,
 Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.

In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuse
 (Preventing Posts) the Terror and the News;
 Our neighbour Princes trembled at their Roar:
 But our Conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your

Your never-failing Sword made War to cease,
And now you heal us with the Acts of Peace :
Our Minds with Bounty and with Awe engage,
Invite Affection, and restrain our Rage.

Less Pleasure take brave Minds in Battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone :
Tygers have Courage, and the rugged Bear,
But Man alone can whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing; and to punish, loth;
You strike with one Hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that prostrate lye, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or Error had our Age mis-led,
And o'er this Nation such Confusion spread;
The only Cure which cou'd from Heav'n come down,
Was so much Pow'r and Piety in one.

One whose Extraction's from an ancient Line,
Gives Hope again that well-born Men may shine:
The meanest in your Nature mild and good,
The Noble rest secured in your Blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in Peace
A Mind proportion'd to such Things as these;
How such a Ruling Sp'rit you cou'd restrain,
And practise first over your self to reign.

Your private Life did a just Pattern give
How Fathers, Husbands, pious Sons shou'd live;
Born to command, your princely Virtues slept
Like humble *David's*, while the Flock he kept.

But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
Your flaming Courage, and your matchless Worth
Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce Contention gave a prosp'rous End.

Still as you rise, the State, exalted too,
Finds no Distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the World's great Scene, when without Noise
The rising Sun Night's vulgar Lights destroys.

Had you, some Ages past, this Race of Glory
Run, with Amazement we shou'd read your Story;
But living Virtue, all Atchievements past,
Meets Envy still to grapple with at last.

This *Cesar* found, and that ungrateful Age,
With losing him, went back to Blood and Rage.
Mistaken *Brutus* thought to break their Yoke,
But cut the Bond of Union with that Stroke.

That Sun once set, a thousand meaner Stars
Gave a dim Light to Violence and Wars,
To such a Tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty Arm prevent the Fall.

If *Rome's* great Senate could not wield that Sword
Which of the Conquer'd World had made them Lord,
What Hope had ours, while yet their Pow'r was new,
To rule victorious Armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their Foes,
Cou'd Order teach, and their high Sp'rits compose:
To ev'ry Duty cou'd their Minds engage,
Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.

So when a Lion shakes his dreadful Mane,
And angry grows; if he that first took pain
To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the next World, to find Repose, at last
It self into *Augustus*' Arms did cast:
So *England* now doth, with like Toil oppress,
Her weary Head upon your Bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such Notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace;
Your Battels they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight;

Tell of Towns storm'd, of Armies overcome,
Of mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won,
How, while you thunder'd, Clouds of Dust did choak
Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoke.

Illustrious Acts high Raptures do infuse,
And ev'ry Conqueror creates a Muse;
Here in low Strains your milder Deeds we sing,
But there, my Lord, we'll Bays and Olive bring.

To crown your Head: while you in Triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd Nations, and the Sea beside:
While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
Like *Joseph*'s Sheaves, pay Reverence, and bow.

To his worthy Friend Master Evelin, upon his
Translation of Lucretius.

In the Year 1656.

Lucretius, with a Stork-like Fate,
Born and translated in a State,

Comes to proclaim, in *English* Verse,
No Monarch rules the Universe:
But Chance and Atomes make *this All*
In Order Democratical,
Where Bodies freely run their Course,
Without Design, or Fate, or Force.
And this in such a Strain he sings,
As if his Muse, with Angel's Wings,
Had soar'd beyond our outmost Sphere,
And other Worlds discover'd there;
For his immortal, boundless Wit,
To Nature does no Bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd those Bars
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas, and Stars,
By which they were before suppos'd,
By narrow Wits, to be inclos'd,
'Till his free Muse threw down the Pale,
And did at once dispark 'em all.
So vast this Argument did seem,
That the wise Author did esteem
The *Roman* Language, which was spread
O'er the whole World in Triumph led,
A Tongue too narrow to unfold
The Wonders which he wou'd have told.
This speaks thy Glory, Noble Friend,
And *British* Language does commend;
For here *Lucretius* whole we find,
His Words, his Musick, and his Mind;
Thy Art has to our Country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid translated, *Virgil* too,
Shew'd long since what our Tongue cou'd do;
Nor *Lucan* we, nor *Horace* spar'd,
Only *Lucretius* was too hard.
Lucretius like a Fort did stand
Untouch'd, 'till your victorious Hand

Did from his Head this Garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear:
A Garland made of such new Bays,
And fought in such untrodden Ways,
As no Man's Temples e'er did crown,
Save this great Author's, and your own.

*Of a WAR with SPAIN, and FIGHT at Sea,
by General MONTAGUE. In the Year 1656.*

NOW for some Ages had the Pride of *Spain*
Made the Sun shine on half the World in vain:
While she bid War to all that durst supply
The Place of those her Cruelty made dye;
Of Nature's Bounty Men forbore to taste,
And the best Portion of the Earth lay waste.

From the new World her Silver and her Gold
Came, like a Tempest, to confound the Old;
Feeding with these the brib'd Electors' Hopes,
Alone she gave us Emperors and Popes;
With these accomplishing her vast Designs,
Europe was shaken with her *Indian* Min's.

When *Britain*, looking with a just Disdain
Upon this gilded Majesty of *Spain*,
And knowing well that Empire must decline,
Whose chief Support and Sinews are of Coin,
Our Nation's solid Virtue did oppose,
To the rich Troublers of the World's Repose.

And now some Months, incamping on the Main,
Our Naval Army had besieged *Spain*,
They that the whole World's Monarchy design'd,
Are to their Ports by our bold Fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a Rival on the Sea.

Others may use the Ocean as their Road,
Only the *English* make it their Abode,
Whose ready Sails with ev'ry Wind can fly,
And make a Cov'nant with th' unconstant Sky;
Our Oaks secure, as if they there took Root,
We tread on Billows with a steady Foot.

Mean while the *Spaniards* in *America*
Near to the Line the Sun approaching saw,
And hop'd their *European* Coasts to find
Clear'd from our Ships by the Autumnal Wind:
Their huge capacious Galleons, stuff'd with Plate,
The lab'ring Winds drive slowly tow'rd's their Fate.

Before St. *Lucar* they their Guns discharge,
To tell their Joy, or to invite a Barge:
This heard some Ships of ours (tho' out of view)
And swift as Eagles to the Quarry flew:
So heedless Lambs, which for their Mothers bleat,
Wake hungry Lions, and become their Meat.

Arriv'd, they soon begin that Tragick Play;
And with their smoaky Cannons banish Day,
Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confusion meet,
And in their sable Arms embrace the Fleet:
Thro' yielding Planks the angry Bullets fly,
And of one Wound hundreds together die:
Born under different Stars, one Fate they have,
The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave.
Bold were the Men which on the Ocean first
Spread their new Sails, when Shipwrack was the worst;
More Danger now from Man alone we find
Than from the Rocks, the Billows, or the Wind;
They that had sail'd from near th' Antartick Pole,
Their Treasure late, and all their Vessels whole,
In sight of their dear Country ruin'd be,
Without the Guilt of either Rock or Sea.
What they wou'd spare, our fiercer Art destroys,
Surpassing Storms in Terror and in Noise.

Once

Once *Jove* from *Ida* did both Hosts survey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder, part the Fray;
Here Heav'n in vain that kind Retreat shou'd sound,
The louder Cannon had the Thunder drown'd.
Some we made Prize, while others burnt and rent
With their rich Lading, to the Bottom went;
Down sink at once (so Fortune with us sports)
The Pay of Armies, and the Pride of Courts.
Vain Man! whose Rage buries as low that Store,
As Avarice had digg'd for it before;
What Earth in her dark Bowels cou'd not keep
From greedy Hands, lies safer in the Deep,
Where *Thetis* kindly does from Mortals hide
Those Seeds of Luxury, Debate, and Pride,
And now into her Lap the richest Prize
Fell, with the Noblest of our Enemies;
The Marquis, glad to see the Fire destroy
Wealth, that prevailing Foes were to enjoy,
Out from his flaming Ship his Children sent,
To perish in a milder Element;
Then laid him by his burning Lady's Side,
And, since he cou'd not save her, with her dy'd.
Spices and Gums about them melting try,
And, *Phoenix*-like, in the rich Nest they die;
Alive in Flames of equal Love they burn'd,
And now together are to Ashes turn'd;
Ashes more worth than all their Funeral cost,
Than the huge Treasure which was with them lost;
These dying Lovers, and their floating Sons,
Suspend the Fight, and silence all our Guns:
Beauty and Youth, about to perish, finds
Such noble Pity in brave *English* Minds,
That the rich Spoil forgot, their Valour's Prize,
All labour now to save their Enemies.
How frail our Passions! How soon-changed are
Our Wrath and Fury to a friendly Care?

They

They that but now for Honour and for Plate
 Made the Sea blush with Blood, resign their Hate,
 And their young Foes endeav'ring to retrieve,
 With greater Hazard than they fought, they dive.

With these returns victorious *Montague*,
 With Lawrels in his Hand, and half *Peru*.
 Let the brave *Generals* divide that Bough,
 Our great *Protector* hath such Wreaths enough.
 His conqu'ring Head has no more Room for Bays:
 Then let it be, as the glad Nation prays,
 Let the rich Ore forthwith be melted down,
 And the State fix'd by making him a Crown.

*On the PICTURE of a fair Youth taken after
 he was dead.*

AS gather'd Flowers, while their Wounds are new,
 Look gay and fresh, as on the Stalk they grew;
 Torn from the Root that nourish'd 'em, a while,
 Not taking Notice of their Fate, they smile;
 And in the Hand, which rudely pluck'd 'em, show
 Fairer than those that to their Autumn grow:
 So Love and Beauty still that Visage grace,
 Death cannot fright 'em from their wonted Place.
 Alive, the Hand of crooked Age had marr'd
 Those lovely Features, which cold Death has spar'd.
 No wonder then he sped in Love so well,
 When his high Passion he had Breath to tell,
 When that accomplish'd Soul, in this fair Frame,
 No Business had but to persuade that Dame:
 Whose mutual Love advanc'd the Youth so high,
 That, but to Heav'n, he cou'd no higher fly.

EPIGRAM upon the GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR Guard upon the Royal Sid :
 On the Reverse, our Beauty's Pride:
 Here we discern, the Frown and Smile,
 The Force and Glory of our Isle:
 In the rich Medal, both so like
 Immortals stand, it seems Antique,
 Carv'd by some Master, when the bold
 Greeks made their Jove descend in Gold,
 And Danae wond'ring at that Show'r,
 Which falling, storm'd her Brazen Tow'r:
 Britannia there, the Fort in vain
 Had batter'd been with Golden Rain;
 Thunder it self had fail'd to pass:
 Virtue's a stronger Guard than Brass.

To Mr. KILLEGREW, upon his altering his Play
 PANDORA, from a Tragedy into a Comedy,
 because not approv'd on the Stage.

SIR, you shou'd rather teach our Age the way
 Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your Play:
 You had oblig'd us by employing Wit,
 Not to reform *Pandora*, but the Pit.
 For as the Nightingale, without the Throng
 Of other Birds, alone attends her Song;
 While the loud Daw, his Throat displaying, draws
 The whole Assembly of his fellow-Daws:
 So must the Writer, whose Productions should
 Take with the Vulgar, be of Vulgar Mould:

Whilst

Whilst nobler Fancies make a Flight too high
For common View, and lessen as they fly.

Of a TREE cut in PAPER.

FAIR Hand, that can on Virgin Paper write,
Yet from the stain of Ink preserve it White,
Whose Travel o'er that Silver Field does show,
Like Tracks of Leverets in Morning Snow;
Love's Image thus in purest Minds is wrought,
Without a Spot or Blemish to the Thought;
Strange that your Fingers shou'd the Pencil foil
Without the help of Colours, or of Oil:
For tho' a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake,
Whose Breath salutes your new-created Grove
Like Southern Winds, and makes it gently move:
Orpheus cou'd make the Forests dance, but you
Can make the Motion and the Forest too,

To a LADY, from whom he received the foregoing Copy, which for many Years had been lost.

NOTHING lies hid from Radiant Eyes,
All they subdue become their Spies:
Secrets, as choicest Jewels, are
Presented to oblige the Fair;
No wonder then, that a lost Thought
Shou'd there be found, where Souls are caught.

The Picture of fair *Venus*, that,
For which, Men say, the Goddess fate,

Was

Was lost, 'till *Lely* from your Look
Again that Glorious Image took.

If Virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair Mind new Copies write:
All things, but one, you can restore,
The Heart you get returns no more.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast [as safely-vain]
Their Works shall with the World remain:
Both bound together, live, or die,
The Verses and the Prophecy.

But who can hope his Lines shou'd long
Last, in a daily changing Tongue?
While they are new, Envy prevails,
And as that dies, our Language fails.

When Architects have done their Part,
The Matter may betray their Art;
Time, if we use ill chosen Stone,
Soon brings a well-built Palace down.

Poets that lasting Marble seek,
Must crave in *Latin*, or in *Greek*;
We write in Sand, our Language grows
And like our Tide ours overflows.

Chaucer his Sense can only boast,
The Glory of his Number's lost;
Years have defac'd his matchless Strain,
And yet he did not Sing in vain.

The Beauties which adorn'd that Age,
 The shining Subjects of his Rage,
 Hoping they shou'd Immortal prove,
 Rewarded with Success his Love.

This was the gen'rous Poet's scope,
 And all an *English* Pen can hope,
 To make the Fair approve his Flame,
 That can so far extend their Fame.

Verse thus design'd has no ill Fate,
 If it arrive but at the Date
 Of fading Beauty, if it prove
 But as long-liv'd as present Love.

*Some Verses of an imperfect Copy, design'd for a
 Friend on his Translation of OVID's Fasti.*

ROME's Holy-days you tell, as if a Guest
 With the old *Romans* you were wont to feast.

Numa's Religion, by themselves believ'd,
 Excels the true, only in Shew receiv'd.
 They made the Nations round about 'em bow,
 With their Dictator staken from the Plough:
 Such Pow'r has Justice, Faith, and Honesty:
 The World was conquer'd by Morality.

Seeming Devotion does but gild a Knave,
 That's neither Faithful, Honest, Just, nor Brave:
 But where Religion does with Virtue join,
 It makes a Hero like an Angel shine.

*Part of the Fourth Book of VIRGIL Translated
in the Year 1657.*

Beginning

———*Talesque miserrima fletus*
Fertque refertque soror ———

And ending with

Adnixi torquent spumas & carula verrunt.

ALL this her weeping Sister does repeat
To the stern Man, whom nothing cou'd intreat;
Lost were her Pray'rs, and fruitless were her Tears,
Fate and great *Jove* had stopt his gentle Ears.
As when loud Winds a well-grown Oak wou'd rend
Up by the Roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling Trunk, and with a boist'rous Sound
Scatter his Leaves, and strew them on the Ground;
He fixed stands, as deep his Root doth lie
Down to the Centre, as his Top is high.
No less on ev'ry side the Hero prest,
Feels Love and Pity shake his noble Breast,
And down his Cheeks tho' fruitless Tears do roul,
Unmov'd remains the Purpose of his Soul.
Then *Dido*, urged with approaching Fate,
Begins the Light of cruel Heav'n to hate;
Her Resolution to dispatch and die
Confirm'd by many a horrid Prodigy.
The Water consecrate for Sacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed Eyes,
The Wine to putrid Blood converted flows,
Which from her, none, not her own Sister, knows.
Besides, there stood, as sacred to her Lord,
A marble Temple which she much ador'd,

With

With snowy Fleeces and fresh Garlands crown'd;
 Hence ev'ry Night proceeds a dreadful Sound.
 Her Husband's Voice invites her to his Tomb,
 And dismal Owls preface the Ills to come,
 Besides, the Prophecies of Wizards old
 Increas'd her Terror, and her Fall foretold.
 Scorn'd and deserted to her self she seems,
 And finds *Æneas* cruel in her Dreams.

So, to mad *Pentheus*, double *Thebes* appears,
 And Furies howl in his distemper'd Ears.
Orestes so, with like Distraction tost,
 Is made to fly his Mother's angry Ghost.
 Now Grief and Fury to their Height arrive,
 Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
 Her grieved Sister, with a chearful Grace,
 (Hope well-dissembled shining in her Face)
 She thus deceives. Dear Sister, let us prove
 The Cure I have invented for my Love.
 Beyond the Land of *Æthiopia* lies
 The Place where *Atlas* does support the Skies;
 Hence came an old Magician, that did keep
 Th' *Hesperian* Fruit, and made the Dragon sleep;
 Her potent Charms do troubled Souls relieve,
 And where she lists, makes calmest Minds to grieve;
 The Course of Rivers, and of Heav'n can stop,
 And call Trees down from th' airy Mountain's Top.

Witness ye Gods, and thou my dearest Part,
 How loth I am to tempt this guilty Art!
 Erect a Pile, and on it let us place
 That Bed where I my Ruin did embrace;
 With all the Reliques of our impious Guest,
 Arms, Spoils, and Presents, let the Pile be drest,
 (The knowing-Woman thus prescribes) that we
 May raze the Man out of our Memory:
 Thus speaks the Queen but hides the fatal End
 For which she doth those sacred Rites pretend.

Nor

Nor worse Effects of Grief her Sister thought
Wou'd follow, than *Sychæus*' Murder wrought,
Therefore obeys her; and now heaped high
The cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do lie,
Hung all with Wreaths and flow'ry Garlands round;
So by her felt was her own Fun'ral crown'd:
Upon the Top, the *Trojan*'s Image lies,
And his sharp Sword wherewith anon she dies.
They by the Altar stand, while with loose Hair
The Magick Prophetess begins her Pray'r,
On *Chaos*, *Erebus*, and all the Gods,
Which in th' Infernal Shades have their Abodes,
She loudly calls, besprinkling all the Room
With Drops, suppos'd from *Lethe*'s Lake to come.
She seeks the Knot which on the Forehead grows
Of new-foal'd Colts, and Herbs by Moonlight mows.
A Cake of Leaven in her pious Hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands,
One tender Foot was bare, the other shod,
Her Robe ungirt, invoking ev'ry God,
And ev'ry Pow'r, if any be above
Which takes Regard of ill-requited Love.
Now was the Time when weary Mortals steep
Their careful Temples in the Dew of Sleep:
On Seas, on Earth, and all that in 'em dwell,
A Death-like Quiet, and deep Silence fell,
But not on *Dido*; whole untamed Mind
Refus'd to be by sacred Night confin'd:
A double Passion in her Breast does move,
Love, and fierce Anger for neglected Love.
Thus she afflicts her Soul, What shall I do?
With Fate inverted shall I humbly woo?
And some proud Prince, in wild *Nimidia* born,
Pray, to accept me and forget my Scorn?
Or shall I with th' ungrateful *Trojan* go,
Quit all my State, and wait upon my Foe?

Is not enough, by sad Experience, known
 The perjur'd Race of false *Laomedon*?
 With my *Sidonians* shall I give them Chase?
 Bands hardly forced from their Native Place!
 No, Die, and let this Sword thy Fury tame,
 Nought but thy Blood can quench this guilty Flame.

Ah, Sister! vanquish'd with thy Passion, thou
 Betray'dst me first, dispensing with my Vow!
 Had I been constant to *Sycheus* still,
 And single liv'd, I had not known this Ill.

Such Thoughts torment the Queen's enraged Breast,
 While the *Dardanian* does securely rest
 In his tall Ship, for sudden Flight prepar'd,
 To whom once more the Son of *Jove* appear'd;
 Thus seems to speak the youthful Deity,
 Voice, Hair, and Colour, all like *Mercury*.

Fair *Venus*-seed, canst thou indulge thy Sleep,
 Nor better Guard in such great Danger keep?
 Mad, by Neglect to loose so fair a Wind!
 If here thy Ships the Purple Morning find,
 Thou shalt behold this hostile Harbour shine
 With a new Fleet, and Fires to ruin thine;
 She meditates Revenge, resolv'd to dye;
 Weigh Anchor quickly, and her Fury fly.
 This said, the God in Shades of Night retir'd.

Amaz'd *Æneas* with the warning fir'd,
 Shakes off dull Sleep and rousing up his Men,
 Behold! The Gods command our Flight again;
 Fall to your Oars, and all your Canvas spread:
 What God so'er that thus vouchsaf'ft to lead,
 We follow gladly, and thy Will obey,
 Assist us still smoothing our happy Way,
 And make the rest propitious. With that Word
 He cuts the Cable with his shining Sword;
 Thro' all the Navy doth like Ardor reign,
 They quit the Shore, and run into the Main;

Plac'd

Plac'd on their Banks, the lusty *Trojans* sweep
Neptune's smooth Face, and cleave the yielding Deep.

To CHLORIS.

Chloris, what's Eminent we know,
 Must for some Cause be valu'd so;
 Things without use, tho' they be good,
 Are not by us so understood.
 The early Rose, made to display
 Her Blushes to the Youthful *May*,
 Doth yield her Sweets, since he is fair,
 And courts her with a gentle Air.
 Our Stars do shew their Excellence,
 Not by their Light, but Influence;
 When brighter Comets, since still known
 Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
 So your admired Beauty still
 Is, by Effects, made Good or Ill.

An EPIGRAM on a Painted Lady with ill
 Teeth.

Were Men so dull they cou'd not see
 That *Lyce* painted; shou'd they flee
 Like simple Birds into a Net
 So grossly woven and ill set;
 Her own Teeth wou'd undo the Knot,
 And let all go that she had got.
 Those Teeth fair *Lyce* must not show,
 If she wou'd bite: Her Lovers, though
 Like Birds they stoop at seeming Grapes,
 Are disabus'd, when first she gapes;
 The rotten Bones discover'd there,
 Show'tis a painted Sepulcher.

Translated out of Spanish.

THO' we may seem importunate,
 While your Compassion we implore;
 They whom you make too Fortunate,
 May with Presumption vex you more.

Translated out of French.

FAde Flowers, fade, Nature will have it so;
 'Tis but what we must in our Autumn do:
 And as your Leaves lye quiet on the Ground,
 The Loss alone by those that lov'd them found;
 So in the Grave shall we as quiet lye,
 Miss'd by some few that lov'd our Company.
 But some so like to Thorns and Nettles live,
 That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

*Upon the Death of the Lord Protector. In the
 Year 1658.*

WE must resign! Heav'n his great Soul does claim
 In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame:
 His dying Groans, his last Breath, shake our Isle;
 And Trees uncut fall for his Fun'ral Pile:
 About his Palace their broad Roots are tost
 Into the Air; So *Romulus* was lost.
 New *Rome* in such a Tempest miss'd her King;
 And from obeying, fell to worshipping.
 On *Oeta's* Top thus *Herculus* lay dead,
 With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread;
 Those his last Fury from the Mountain rent:
 Our dying Hero, from the Continent

Ravag'd

Ravag'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* rest.
As his last Legacy to *Britain* left.

The Ocean, which so long our Hopes confin'd,
Cou'd give no Limits to his vaster Mind:
Our Bound's Enlargement was his latest Toil;
Nor hath he left us Pris'ners to our Isle,
Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.

From Civil Broils he did us disengage;
Found nobler Objects for our Martial Rage:
And, with wise Conduct, to his Country show'd,
The ancient way of Conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then, if we no Tears allow
To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too!
Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to see
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.
Nature her self took Notice of his Death,
And, sighing, swell'd the Sea with such a Breath;
That to remotest Shores her Billows rowl'd,
Th' approaching Fate of their great Ruler told.

Epitaph on Sir George Speke.

Under this Stone lies Virtue, Youth,
Unblemish'd Probity, and Truth:
Just unto all Relations known,
A worthy Patriot, pious Son;
Whom neighb'ring Towns so often sent,
To give their Sense in Parliament;
With Lives and Fortunes trusting one,
Who so discreetly us'd his own:
Sober he was, Wise, Temperate;
Contented with an old Estate,
Which no foul Ay'rice did increase,
Nor wanton Luxury make less.

While

While yet but Young, his Father dy'd,
 And left him to an happy Guide:
 Not *Lemuel's* Mother with more Care
 Did counsel or instruct her Heir;
 Or teach, with more Success, her Son,
 The Vices of the Time to shun.

An Heirefs she; while yet alive,
 All that was her's to him did give:
 And he just Gratitude did show
 To one that had oblig'd him so;
 Nothing too much for her he thought;
 By whom he was so bred and taught;
 So early made that Path to tread,
 Which did his Youth to Honour lead.

His short Life did a Pattern give,
 How Neighbours, Husbands, Friends shou'd live.

The Virtues of a private Life
 Exceed the glorious Noise and Strife
 Of Battels won; in those we find
 The solid Int'rest of Mankind.

Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
 Tho' Young, like Fruit that's ripe, he fell.

E P I T A P H.

HERE lies *Charles Cándish*: Let the Marble Stone,
 That hides his Ashes, make his Virtue known.
 Beauty and Valour did his short Life grace,
 The Grief and Glory of his Noble Race:
 Early abroad he did the World survey,
 As if he knew he had not long to stay;
 Saw what Great *Alexander* in the East,
 And mighty *Julius* conquer'd in the West;
 Then with a Mind, as great as theirs, he came
 To find at home Occasion for his Fame;

Where

Where dark Confusion did the Nations hide,
 And where the Juster was the weaker Side,
 Two Loyal Brothers took their Sov'reign's Part,
 Employ'd their Wealth, their Courage, and their Art:
 The Elder did whole Regiments afford,
 The Younger brought his Conduct and his Sword.
 Born to Command, a Leader he begun,
 And on the Rebels lasting Honour won:
 The Horse, instructed by their Gen'ral's Worth,
 Still made the King Victorious in the North:
 Where *Cândish* fought the Royalists prevail'd,
 Neither his Courage nor his Judgment fail'd;
 The Current of his Vict'ries found no stop,
 'Till *Cromwel* came, his Party's chiefest Prop;
 Equal Success had set these Champions high,
 And both resolv'd to conquer, or to die:
 Virtue with Rage, Fury with Valour strove;
 But that must fall which is decreed Above!
Cromwel, with odds of Number, and of Fate,
 Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State;
 Which the sad Issue of the War declar'd,
 And made his Task, to ruin both, less hard:
 So when the Bank neglected is o'erthrown,
 The boundless Torrent does the Country drown.
 Thus fell the Young, the Lovely, and the Brave;
 Strow Bays and Flowers on his honour'd Grave.

Epitaph on the Lady SIDLEY.

HERE lyes the learned *Savil*'s Heir,
 So early Wife, and lasting Fair;
 That none, except her Years they told,
 Thought her a Child, or thought her Old.
 All that her Father knew or got,
 His Art, his Wealth, fell to her Lot:

F

And

And she so well improv'd that Stock,
 Both of his Knowledge and his Flock;
 That Wit and Fortune reconcil'd,
 In her, upon each other smil'd;
 While she, to ev'ry well-taught Mind,
 Was so propitiously inclin'd,
 And gave such Title to her Score,
 That none, but th' Ignorant, were Poor.
 The Muses daily found Supplies
 Both from her Hands, and from her Eyes:
 Her Bounty did at once engage,
 And matchless Beauty warm their Rage.
 Such was this Dame in calmer Days,
 Her Nation's Ornament and Praise;
 But, when a Storm disturb'd our Rest,
 The Port of Refuge of th' Opprest.
 This made her Fortune understood,
 And look'd on as some publick Good;
 So that, her Person and her State
 Exempted from the common Fate,
 In all our Civil Fury she
 Stood, like a sacred Temple, free.
 May here her Monument stand so,
 To credit this rude Age; and show
 To future Times, that even we
 Some Patterns did of Virtue see:
 And one sublime Examp'le had
 Of Good, among so many Bad.

EPITAPH, Unfinish'd.

Great Soul! for whom Death will no longer stay,
 But sends in haste to snatch our Bliss away.
 O Cruel Death! To those you take, more kind,
 Than to the wretched Mortals left behind!

Here

Here Beauty, Youth, and noble Virtue shin'd,
Free from the Clouds of Pride that shade the Mind,
Inspired Verse may on this Marble live,
But can no Honour to thy Ashes give.

*To the KING, upon His MAJESTY's Happy Re-
turn, in the Year 1660.*

TH E rising Sun complies with our weak Sight,
First gilds the Clouds, then shews his Globe of Light
At such a Distance from our Eyes, as though
He knew what Harm his hasty Beams wou'd do.

But your full MAJESTY at once breaks forth
In the Meridian of your Reign; your Worth,
Your Youth, and all the Splendor of your State,
Wrapt up, 'till now, in Clouds of adverse Fate,
With such a Flood of Light invade our Eyes,
And our spread Hearts with so great Joy surprize,
That, if your Grace incline that we shou'd live,
You must not, SIR, too hastily forgive:
Our Guilt preserves us from th' Excess of Joy,
Which scatters Spirits, and wou'd Life destroy.

All are obnoxious, and this faulty Land,
Like fainting *Hester*, does before you stand,
Watching your Scepter; the revolted Sea
Trembles, to think she did your Foes obey.

Great *Britain*, like blind *Polypheme*, of late
In a wild Rage, became the Scorn and Hate
Of her proud Neighbours, who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own Force, wou'd sink:
But you are come, and all their Hopes are vain,
This Giant Isle has got her Eye again;
Now she might spare the Ocean, and oppose
Your Conduct to the fiercest of her Foes:

Naked, the Graces guard'd you from all
 Dangers abroad, and now your Thunder shall.
 Princes, that saw you, different Passions prove,
 For now they dread the Object of their Love;
 Nor without Envy can behold his Height,
 Whose Conversation was their late Delight.
 So *Semele*, contented with the Rape
 Of *Jove*, disguised in a Mortal Shape,
 When she beheld his Hands with Lightning fill'd,
 And his bright Rays, was with Amazement kill'd.

And tho' it be our Sorrow, and our Crime,
 To have accepted Life so long a time
 Without you here, yet does this Absence gain
 No small Advantage to your present Reign:
 For, having view'd the Persons and the Things,
 The Council, State, and Strength, of *Europe's* Kings,
 You know your Work; Ambition to restrain,
 And set them Bounds, as Heav'n does to the Main:
 We have you now with ruling Wisdom fraught,
 Not such as Books, but such as Practice taught.
 So the least Sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
 Is the whole Night, for our Concern, imploy'd:
 He ripens Spices, Fruit, and precious Gum,
 Which from remotest Regions hither come.

This Seat of yours, from th' other World remov'd,
 Had *Archimedes* known, he might have prov'd
 His Engine's force; fixt here, your Pow'r and Skill
 Make the World's Motion wait upon your Will.

Much-suffering Monarch, the first *English* born,
 That has the Crown of these three Nations worn!
 How has your Patience, with the barb'rous Rage
 Of your own Soil, contended half an Age?
 Till (your try'd Virtue, and your sacred Word,
 At last preventing your unwilling Sword)
 Armies and Fleets, which kept you out so long,
 Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redrest his Wrong:

When

When strait the People, by no Force compell'd,
Nor longer from their Inclination held,
Break forth at once, like Powder set on Fire,
And with a noble Rage their K I N G require.

So th' injur'd Sea, which from her wonted Course,
To gain some Acres, Avarice did force,
If the new Banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old Channel stay,
Raging, the late-got Land she overflows,
And all that's built upon't to Ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for Grace, and expiate their Sin:
All Winds blow fair, that did the World imbroid,
Your Vipers Treacle yield, and Scorpions Oil.

If then such Praise the *Macedonian* got,
For having rudely cut the *Gordian* Knot;
What Glory's due to him, that cou'd divide
Such ravell'd Int'rests, has the Knot unty'd,
And without Stroke so smooth a Passage made,
Where Craft and Malice such Obstructions laid?

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all,
To his high Hand, which threw the untoucht Wall
Of self-demolish'd *Jericho* so low,
His Angel 'twas that did before you go,
Tam'd savage Hearts, and made Affections yield,
Like Ears of Corn when Wind salutes the Field.

Thus Patience crown'd, like *Job's*, your Trouble ends,
Having your Foes to pardon, and your Friends:
For, tho' your Courage were so firm a Rock,
What private Virtue cou'd endure the Shock?
Like your great Master, you the Storm withstood,
And pity'd those who Love with Frailty shew'd.

Rude *Indians*, tort'ring all the Royal Race,
Him with the Throne and dear-bought Scepter grace,
That suffers best, What Region cou'd be found,
Where your Heroick Head had not been crown'd?

The next Experience of your mighty Mind,
Is, how you combat Fortune now she's kind;
And this way too you are Victorious found,
She flatters with the same Success she frown'd;
While to your self severe, to others kind,
With Pow'r unbounded, and a Will confin'd,
Of this vast Empire you possess the Care,
The softer Parts fall to the People's Share:
Safety and equal Government are Things
Which Subjects make as happy as their Kings.

Faith, Law, and Piety, that banish'd Train,
Justice and Truth, with you return again:
The City's Trade, and Country's easie Life
Once more shall flourish, without Fraud or Strife.
Your Reign no less assures the Ploughman's Peace,
Than the warm Sun advances his Encrease:
And does the Shepherds as securely keep
From all their Fears, as they preserve their Sheep.

But above all, the Muse-inspired Train
Triumph, and raise their drooping Heads again;
Kind Heav'n at once has in your Person sent
Their Sacred Judge, their Guard, and Argument.

*Nec magis expressi vultus per aeneae signa
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
Clarorum apparent——*

*On Saint James's Park, as lately improv'd by
His Majesty.*

OF the first Paradise there's nothing found,
Plants set by Heav'n are vanish'd, and the Ground;
Yet the Description lasts: who knows the Fate
Of Lines that shall this Paradise relate?

Instead of Rivers rowling by the Side
Of *Eden's* Garden, here flows in the Tide;
The Sea, which always sery'd his Empire, now
Pays Tribute to our Prince's Pleasure too.
Of famous Cities we the Founders know;
But Rivers, old as Seas to which they go,
Are Nature's Bounty; 'tis of more Renown
To make a River, than to build a Town.

For future Shade, young Trees upon the Banks
Of the new Stream appear in even Ranks:
The Voice of *Orpheus*, or *Amphion's* Hand,
In better Order cou'd not make them stand:
May they encrease as fast, and spread his Boughs,
As the high Fame of their great Owner grows!
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark Shadows cast, and as his Palace tall!
Methinks I see the Love that shall be made,
The Lovers walking in that am'rous Shade,
The Gallants dancing by the River side,
They bath in Summer, and in Winter slide.
Methinks I hear the Musick in the Boats,
And the loud Eccho which returns the Notes,
While over-head a Flock of new-sprung Fowl
Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul:
Dark'ning the Sky they hover o'er, and shroud
The wanton Sailors with a feather'd Cloud:
Beneath, a Shoal of silver Fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded Barges sides;
The Ladies angling in the Crystal Lake,
Feast on the Waters with the Prey they take;
At once victorious with their Lines and Eyes,
They make the Fishes and the Men their Prize;
A thousand *Cupids* on the Billows ride,
And Sea-Nymphs enter with the swelling Tide;
From *Thetis* sent as Spies to make Report,
And tell the VVonders of her Sov'reign's Court,

All that can living feed the greedy Eye,
 Or dead the Palate, here you may descry,
 The choicest Things that furnish'd *Noah's Ark*,
 Or *Peter's Sheet*, inhabiting this Park:
 All with a Border of rich Fruit-Trees crown'd,
 Whose loaded Branches hide the lofty Mound.
 Such various Ways the spacious Alleys lead,
 My doubtful Muse knows not what Path to tread,
 Yonder the Harvest of cold Months laid up,
 Gives a fresh Coolness to the Royal Cup,
 There Ice, like Crystal, firm and never lost,
 Tempers hot *July* with *December's Frost*;
 Winter's dark Prison, whence he cannot fly,
 Tho' the warm Spring, his Enemy, draws nigh:
 Strange! What Extremes shou'd thus preserve the Snow,
 High on the *Alps*, or in deep Caves below.

Here a well-polish'd Mall gives us the Joy
 To see our Prince his matchless Force employ;
 His manly Posture, and his graceful Mien,
 Vigour and youth in all his Motions seen,
 His Shape so lovely, and his Limbs so strong,
 Confirm our Hopes we shall obey him long:
 No sooner has he touch'd the flying Ball,
 But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
 And such a Fury from his Arm 't has got,
 As from a smoking Culverin 'twere shot.

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
 A living Gallery of aged Trees;
 Bold Sons of Earth, that thrust their Arms so high,
 As if once more they wou'd invade the Sky.
 In such green Palaces the first Kings reign'd,
 Slept in their Shades, and Angels entertain'd:
 With such old Counsellors they did advise,
 And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise;
 Free from th' Impediments of Light and Noise
 Man thus retir'd, his nobler Thoughts employs:

Here

Here *Charles* contrives the ord'ring of his States,
Here he resolves his neighb'ring Princes' Fates:
What Nation shall have Peace, where War be made,
Determin'd is in this orac'lous Shade:
The World, from *India* to the frozen *North*,
Concern'd in what this Solitude brings forth,
His Fancy Objects from this View receives,
The Prospect Thought and Contemplation gives:
That Seat of Empire here salutes his Eye,
To which three Kingdoms do themselves apply,
The Structure by a Prelate rais'd, *Whitehall*,
Built with the Fortune of *Rome's* Capitol;
Both disproportion'd to the present State
Of their proud Founders, were approv'd by Fate.
From hence he does that antique Pile behold,
Where Royal Heads receive the sacred Gold;
It gives them Crowns, and does their Ashes keep;
There made like Gods, like Mortals there they sleep;
Making the Circle of their Reign compleat,
Those Suns of Empire, where they rise they set.
When others tell, this standing did presage
The Crown shou'd triumph over popular Rage:
Hard by that House where all our Ills were shap'd,
Th' auspicious Temple stood, and yet escap'd.
So Snow on *Ætna* does unmelted lye,
Whence rowling Flames and scatter'd Cinders fly;
The distant Country in the Ruin shares,
What falls from Heav'n the burning Mountain spares.
Next that capacious Hall, he sees the Room
Where the whole Nation does for Justice come;
Under whose large Roof flourishes the Gown,
And Judges grave, on high Tribunals frown.
Here like the People's Pastor he does go,
His Flock subjected to his View below;
On which reflecting in his mighty Mind,
No private Passion does Indulgence find:

The Pleasures of his Youth suspended are,
 And made a Sacrifice to publick Care.
 Here, free from Court-compliances, he walks,
 And with himself his best Adviser, talks;
 How peaceful Olive may his Temples shade,
 For mending Laws, and for restoring Trade;
 Or how his Brows may be with Laurel charg'd,
 For Nations conquer'd, and our Bounds enlarg'd:
 Of ancient Prudence here he ruminates,
 Of rising Kingdoms, and of falling States;
 What ruling Arts gave Great *Augustus* Fame,
 And how *Alcides* purchas'd such a Name,
 His Eyes upon his Native Palace bent
 Close by, suggest a greater Argument.
 His Thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
 On what the World may from that Star expect:
 Which at his Birth appear'd, to let us see
 Day for his sake cou'd with the Night agree;
 A Prince on whom such different Lights did smile,
 Born, the divided World to reconcile:
 Whatever Heav'n, or high extracted Blood
 Cou'd promise or foretel, he will make good;
 Reform these Nations, and improve them more,
 Than this fair Park from what it was before.

*Of her Royal Highness, Mother to the Prince of
 Orange, and of her Portraict written by the
 late Dutchess of York while She liv'd with her.*

Heroick Nymph! in Tempests the Support,
 In Peace the Glory, of the *British* Court,
 Into whose Arms the Church, the State, and all
 That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.
 Ages to come, that shall your Bounty hear,
 Will think you Mistress of the *Indies* were:

Tho' freighter Bounds your Fortune did confine,
 In your large Heart was found a wealthy Mine;
 Like the blest Oil, the Widow's lasting Feast,
 Your Treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
 While some your Beauty, some your Bounty sing,
 Your Native Isle does with your Praises ring:
 But above all, a Nymph of your own Train,
 Gives us your Character in such a Strain,
 As none but she, who in that Court did dwell,
 Cou'd know such Worth, or Worth describe so well.
 So while we Mortals here at Heav'n do guess,
 And more our Weakness than the Place express,
 Some Angel, a Domestick there, comes down,
 And tells the Wonders he hath seen and known.

Upon her MAJESTY's New Buildings at
 SOMERSET-HOUSE.

Great Queen, that dost our Island bless
 With Princes and with Palaces;
 Treated so ill, chas'd from your Throne,
 Returning, you adorn the Town,
 And, with a brave Revenge, do show
 Their Glory went, and came, with you,
 While Peace from hence, and you were gone;
 Your Houses in that Storm o'erthrown,
 Those Wounds which Civil Rage did give,
 At once you pardon and relieve.

Constant to *England* in your Love,
 As Birds are to their wonted Grove,
 Tho' by rude Hands their Nests are spoil'd,
 There, the next Spring, again they build.

Accusing some malignant Star,
 Not *Britain*, for that fatal War;

Your

Your Kindness banishes your Fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here.

But what new Mine this Work supplies?
Can such a Pile from Ruin rise?
This like the first Creation shows,
As if at your Command it rose.

Frugality, and Bounty too,
Those diff'ring Virtues, meet in you;
From a confin'd well-manag'd Store,
You both employ, and feed the Poor.

Let Foreign Princes vainly boast
The rude Effects of Pride and Cost.
Of vaster Fabricks, to which they
Contribute nothing, but the Pay;

This, by the Queen her self design'd,
Gives us a Pattern of her Mind.

The State and Order does proclaim
The *Genius* of that Royal Dame:
Each Part with just Proportion grac'd,
And all to such Advantage plac'd,
That the fair View her Window yields,
The Town, the River, and the Fields,
Entring, beneath us we descry,
And wonder how we came so high.

She needs no weary Steps ascend,
All seems before her Feet to bend;
And here, as she was born, she lies
High, without taking Pains to rise.

*To his Worthy Friend Sir THOMAS HIGGONS,
upon his Translation of the Venetian Triumph.*

THE winged Lion's not so fierce in Fight
As Lib'ri's Hand presents him to our Sight;

Nor wou'd his Pencil make him half so fierce,
 Or roar so loud as *Businello's* Verse:
 But your Translation does all three excel,
 The Fight, the Piece, and lofty *Businel*.
 As their small Gallies may not hold Compare
 With our tall Ships, whose Sails employ more Air,
 So doesth' *Italian* to your Genius vail,
 Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler Gale.
 Thus while your Muse spreads the *Venetian* Story,
 You make all *Europe* emulate her Glory:
 You makethem blush, weak *Venus* shou'd defend
 The Cause of Heav'n, while they for Words contend.
 Shed Christian Blood, and populous Cities rase,
 Because they'r taught to use some diff'rent Phrase.
 If, list'ning to your Charms, we cou'd our Jars
 Compose, and on the *Turk* discharge these Wars;
 Our *British* Arms the sacred Tomb might wrest
 From *Pagan* Hands, and triumph o'er the East:
 And then you might our own high Deeds recite,
 And with great *Tasso* celebrate the Fight.

EPITAPH to be Written under the Latin
Inscription upon the Tomb of the Only Son of the
 Lord ANDOVER.

TIS fit the *English* Reader shou'd be told,
 In our own Language what this Tomb does hold:
 'Tis not a noble Corps alone does lie
 Under this Stone but a whole Family;
 His Parents pious Care, their Name, their Joy,
 And all their Hope, liesbury'd with this Boy;
 This lovely Youth, for whom we all made Moan,
 That knew his Worth as he had been our own.

Had there been Space, and Years enough allow'd,
 His Courage, Wit, and Breeding to have show'd,

We had not found in all the num'rous Roll
Of his fam'd Ancestors, a greater Soul:
His early Virtues to that ancient Stock
Gave as much Honour, as from thence he took.

Like Buds appearing ere the Frosts are past,
To become Man he made such fatal hast,
And to Perfection labour'd so to climb,
Preventing slow Experience and Time,
That 'tis no wonder Death our Hopes beguil'd;
He's seldom Old, that will not be a Child.

*Instructions to a Painter for the drawing of the Po-
sture and Progres of His MAJESTY's Forces at
Sea, under the Command of His HIGHNESS-
ROYAL: Together with the Battel and Victory
obtain'd over the Dutch, June 3, 1665.*

First draw the Sea, that Portion which between
The greater World, and this of our's is seen:
Here place the *British*, there the *Holland* Fleet,
Vast floating Armies, both prepar'd to meet.

Draw the whole World, expecting who shou'd Reign,
After this Combat, o'er the conquer'd Main;
Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unusual Star
Declare th' Importance of th' approaching War.

Make the Sea shine with Gallantry, and all
The *English* Youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke, whose early Deeds abroad,
Such Rage in Fight, and Art in Conduct show'd;
His bright Sword now a dearer Int'rest draws,
His Brother's Glory, and his Country's Cause.

Let thy bold Pencil, Hope and Courage spread
Thro' the whole Navy, by that Hero led;

Make

Make all appear, where such a Prince is by,
Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to Die.

With his Extraction, and his glorious Mind,
Make the proud Sails swell, more than with the Wind:
Preventing Cannon, make his louder Fame
Check the *Batavians*, and their Fury tame:
So hungry Wolves, tho' greedy of their Prey,
Stop, when they find a Lion in their way.
Make him bestride the Ocean, and Mankind
Ask his Consent, to use the Sea and Wind:
While his tall Ships in the barr'd Channel stand,
He grasps the *Indies* in his armed Hand.

Paint an East-wind, and make it blow away
Th' Excuse of *Holland* for their Navy's Stay;
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to shun,
Thro' the cold North and rocky Regions run,
To find the Coast where Morning first appears;
By the dark Pole the wary *Belgian* steers,
Confessing now, he dreads the *English* more,
Than all the Dangers of a frozen Shore;
While from our Arms, Security to find,
They fly so far, they leave the Day behind.

Describe their Fleet abandoning the Sea,
And all their Merchants left a wealthy Prey;
Our first Success in War make *Bacchus* crown,
And half the Vintage of the Year our own.

The *Dutch* their Vine, and all their Brandy, lose;
Disarm'd of that from which their Courage grows:
While the glad *English*, to relieve their Toil,
In Healths to their great Leader drink the Spoil.

His high Command to *Africk's* Coast extend,
And make the *Moors* before the *English* bend;
Those barb'rous Pirates willingly receive
Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give.
Deserted by the *Dutch*, let Nations know,
We can our own, and their great Business do;

Falſe Friends chaſtiſe, and common Foes reſtrain,
Which, worſe than Tempeſts, did infeſt the Main.
Within thoſe *Streights* make *Holland's Smyrna* Fleet
With a ſmall Squadron of the *Engliſh* meet;
Like Falcons theſe, thoſe like a num'rous Flock
Of Fowl, which ſcatter to avoid the Shock.

There paint Confuſion in a various Shape,
Some ſink, ſome yield, and flying ſome eſcape:
Europe and *Africa* from either Shoar
Spectators are, and hear our Cannon roar;
While the divided World in this agree,
Men that fight ſo deſerve to rule the Sea.

But, nearer home, thy Pencil uſe once more,
And place our Navy by the *Holland* Shore;
The World they compaſs'd, while they fought with *Spain*,
But here already they reſign the Main.

Thoſe greedy Mariners, out of whoſe way
Diffuſive Nature cou'd no Region lay,
At home preſerv'd, from Rocks and Tempeſts lie,
Compell'd, like others, in their Beds to die.

Their ſingle Towns th' *Iberian* Armies preſt,
We all their Provinces at once inveſt,
And in a Month ruin their Traffick more,
Than that long War cou'd in an Age before.

But who can always on the Billows lie?
The watry Wilderneſs yields no Supply;
Spreading our Sails, to *Harwich* we reſort,
And meet the Beauties of the *Britiſh* Court;
Th' Illuſtrious Dutcheſs and her Glorious Train,
Like *Thetis* with her Nymphs, adorn the Main;
The gazing Sea-gods, ſince the *Paphian* Queen
Sprung from among them, no ſuch Sight had ſeen;
Charm'd with the Graces of a Troop ſo fair,
Thoſe deathleſs Pow'rs for us themſelves declare.
Reſolv'd the Aid of *Neptune's* Court to bring,
And help the Nation where ſuch Beauties ſpring;

The

The Soldier here his wasted Store supplies,
And takes new valour from the Ladies Eyes:
Mean while, like Bees when stormy Winter's gone,
The *Dutch* (as if the Sea were all their own)
Desert their Ports, and falling in their Way,
Our *Hamburgh* Merchants are become their Prey;
Thus flourish they, before th'approaching Fight,
As dying Tapers give a blazing Light.

To check their Pride, our Fleet half victual'd goes,
Enough to serve us 'till we reach our Foes,
Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The Action worthy of our Arms we hold;
A greater Force than that which here we find,
Ne'er press'd the Ocean, nor employ'd the Wind.
Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome Night,
Th' impatient *English* scarce attend the Light.

But now the Morning, Heav'n severely clear,
To the fierce Work indulgent does appear;
And *Phœbus* lifts above the Waves his Light,
That he might see, and thus record the Fight.
As when loud Winds from different Quarters rush,
Vast Clouds incount'ring, one another crush;
VVith swelling Sails, so from their sev'ral Coasts,
Join the *Batavian* and the *British* Hosts.

For a less Prize, with less Concern and Rage,
The *Roman* Fleets at *Actium* did Engage;
They for the Empire of the VWorld they knew,
These for the Old contend, and for the New.

At the first Shock, with Blood and Powder stain'd,
Nor Heav'n, nor Sea, their former Face retain'd:
Fury and Art produce Effects so strange,
They trouble Nature, and her Visage change.
VVhere burning Ships the banish'd Sun supply,
And no Light shines but that by which Men die,
There *YORK* appears; so prodigal is he
Of Royal Blood, as Ancient as the Sea,

VVhich

VWhich down to him so many Ages told,
Has thro' the Veins of mighty Monarchs roll'd.

The great *Achilles* march'd not to the Field,
'Till *Vulcan* that impenetrable Shield
And Arms had wrought yet there no Bullets flew,
But Shafts and Darts with the weak *Phrygians* threw.

Our bolder Hero on the Deck does stand
Expos'd, the Bulwark of his Native Land,
Defensive Arms laid by as useless here,
VWhere massy Balls the neighb'ring Rocks do tear;
Some Pow'r unseen those Princes does protect,
Who for their Country thus themselves neglect.

Against *Him* first *Opdam* his Squadrons leads,
Proud of his late Success against the *Swedes*,
Made by that Action, and his high Command,
Worthy to perish by a Prince's Hand,

The tall *Batavian* in a vast Ship rides,
Bearing an Army in her hollow Sides;
Yet not inclin'd the *English* Ship to board,
More on his Guns relies than on his Sword,
From whence a fatal Voily we receiv'd,
It miss'd the Duke, but his Great Heart is griev'd;
Three worthy Persons from his Side it tore,
And dy'd his Garment with their scatter'd Gore.

Happy! to whom this glorious Death arrives,
More to be valu'd than a thousand Lives!
On such a Theatre, as this, to Die,
For such a Cause, and such a Witness by!
Who wou'd not thus a Sacrifice be made.
To have his Blood on such an Altar laid?

The rest about him struck with Horror stood,
To see their Leader cover'd o'er with Blood:
So trembled *Jacob*, when he thought the Stains
Of his Son's Coat had issued from his Veins.

He feels no Wound, but in his troubled Thought;
Before for Honour, now Revenge, he fought:

His Friends in Pieces torn, the bitter News
Not brought by Fame, with his own Eyes he views;
His Mind at once reflecting on their Youth,
Their Worth, their Love, their Valour, and their Truth.
The Joys of Court, their Mothers and their Wives,
To follow him, abandon'd, and their Lives:

He storms and shoots; but flying Bullets now,
To execute his Rage, appear too slow;
They miss, or sweep but common Souls away;
For such a Loss, *Opdam* his Life must pay:
Encouraging his Men, he gives the Word,
With fierce Intent that hated Ship to Board,
And make the guilty *Dutch*, with his own Arm,
Wait on his Friends, while yet their Blood is warm.

His winged Vessel like an Eagle shows,
When thro' the Clouds to truss a Swan she goes:
The *Belgian* Ship unmov'd, like some huge Rock
Inhabiting the Sea, expects the Shock.

From both the Fleets Mens Eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the Business of the Day:
Bullets their Flight, and Guns their Noise suspend,
The silent Ocean does th' Event attend,
Which Leader shall the doubtful Vict'ry bless,
And give an Earnest of the War's Success;
When Heav'n it self, for *England* to declare,
Turns Ship, and Men, and Tackle into Air,

Their new Commander from his Charge is tost,
Which that young *Prince* had so unjustly lost,
Whose great Progenitors, with better Fate,
And better Conduct, sway'd their Infant State.

His Flight tow'rd's Heav'n th' aspiring *Belgian* took,
But fell like *Phaeton* with Thunder strook;
From vaster Hopes, than his, he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the *British* Admiral:
From her Broadfides a ruder Flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery Chariot of the Sun:

That

That bears the radiant Ensign of the Day,
And she the Flag that governs in the Sea.

The Duke ill pleas'd that Fire shou'd thus prevent
The Work which for his brighter Sword he meant,
Anger still burning in his valiant Breast,
Goes to compleat Revenge upon the rest.
So on the guardless Herd, their Keeper slain,
Rushes a Tyger in the *Lybian* Plain.

The *Dutch* accusom'd to the raging Sea,
And in black Storms the Frowns of Heav'n to see,
Never met Tempest which more urg'd their Fears,
Than that which in the Prince's Look appears.
Fierce, Goodly, Young, *Mars* he resembles, when
Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious Men,
Such as with foul Ingratitude have paid
Both those that led, and those that gave them Aid.

Where he goes on, disposing of their Fate,
Terror and Death on his loud Cannon wait.
With which he pleads his Brother's Cause so well,
He shakes the Throne to which he does appeal.

The Sea with Spoils his angry Bullets strow,
Widows and Orphans making as they go ;
Before his Ship, Fragments of Vessels torn,
Flags, Arms, and *Belgian* Carcasses are born,
And his despairing Foes, to Flight inclin'd,
Spread all their Canvas to invite the Wind:
So the rude *Boreas*, where he lists to blow,
Makes Clouds above, and Billows fly below ;
Beating the Shoar, and with a boist'rous Rage,
Does Heav'n at once, and Earth, and Sea engage.
The *Dutch*, elsewhere, did thro' the watry Field
Perform enough to have made others yield ;
But *English* Courage, growing as they fight,
In Danger, Noise, and Slaughter takes Delight ;
Their bloody Task, unweari'd still, they ply,
Only restrain'd by Death, or Victory.

Iron and Lead, from Earth's dark Entrails torn,
Like Show'rs of Hail from either Side are born;
So high the Rage of wretched Mortals goes,
Hurling their Mother's Bowels at their Foes.
Ingenious to their Ruin, ev'ry Age
Improves the Arts and Instruments of Rage;
Death-hast'ning Ills Nature enough has sent,
And yet Men still a thousand more invent.

But *Bacchus* now, which led the *Belgians* on
So fierce at first, to favour us begun:
Brandy and Wine, their wonted Friends, at length
Render them uselefs, and betray their Strength.

So Corn in Fields, and in the Garden Flow'rs,
Revive, and raise themselves with mod'rate Show'rs;
But over-charg'd with never-ceasing Rain,
Become too moist, and bend their Heads again.

Their reeling Ships on one another fall,
Without a Foe enough to ruin all:
Of this Disorder, and the fav'ring Wind,
The watchful *English* such Advantage find,
Ships fraught with Fire among the Heap they throw,
And up the so intangled *Belgians* blow;
The Flame invades the Powder-Rooms, and then
Their Guns shoot Bullets, and their Vessels Men:
The scorcht *Batavians* on the Billows float,
Sent from their own to pass in *Charon's* Boat.

And now our Royal Admiral, Success,
With all the Marks of Victory, does blefs;
The burning Ships, the taken, and the slain
Proclaim his Triumph o'er the conquer'd Main.

Nearer to *Holland* as their hasty Flight
Carries the Noise and Tumult of the Fight,
His Cannons roar, Forerunner of his Fame,
Makes their *Hague* tremble, and their *Amsterdam*:
The *British* Thunder does their Houses rock,
And the Duke seems at ev'ry Door to knock.

His dreadful Streamer, like a Comet's Hair,
Threatning Destruction, hastens their Despair,
Makes them deplore their scatter'd Fleet as lost,
And fear our present Landing on their Coast.

The trembling *Dutch* th' approaching Prince behold,
As Sheep a Lion leaping tow'rd's their Fold;
Those Piles which serve them to repel the Main,
They think too weak his Fury to restrain.
What Wonders may not *English* Valour work,
Led by th' Example of Victorious *YORK*?
Or what Defence against him can they make,
Who at such Distance does their Country shake?
His fatal Hand their Bulwarks will o'erthrow,
And let in both the Ocean and the Foe.

Thus cry the People; and their Land to keep,
Allow our Title to command the Deep;
Blaming their State's ill Conduct, to provoke
Those Arms which freed them from the *Spanish* Yoke.

Painter, excuse me, if I have a while
Forgot thy Art, and us'd another Stile;
For tho' you draw arm'd Heroes as they sit,
The Task in Battel does the Muses fit;
They in the dark Confusion of a Fight
Discover all, instruct us how to write,
And Light and Honour to brave Actions yield,
Hid in the Smoak and Tumult of the Field.

Ages to come shall know that Leader's Toil,
And his Great Name on whom the Muses smile;
Their Dictates here let thy fam'd Pencil trace,
And this Relation with thy Colours grace.

Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met,
And our Great Monarch, high above them set;
Like Young *Augustus* let his Image be,
Triumphing for that Victory at Sea,
Where *Egypt's* Queen, and *Eastern* Kings o'erthrown,
Made the Possession of the World his own.

Last,

Last, draw the Commons at his Royal Feet,
Pouring out Treasure to supply his Fleet;
They vow with Lives and Fortunes to maintain
Their King's eternal Title to the Main,
And with a Present to the Duke approve
His Valour, Conduct, and his Country's Love.

To the KING.

Great Sir, disdain not in this Piece to stand,
Supream Commander both of Sea and Land:
Those which inhabit the Celestial Bow'r,
Painters express with Emblems of their Pow'r;
The Club *Alcides*, *Phœbus* has his Bow,
Jove has his Thunder, and your Navy you.

But your great Providence no Colours here
Can represent, nor Pencil draw that Care
Which keeps you waking, to secure our Peace,
The Nation's Glory, and our Trade's Increase;
You for these Ends whole Days in Council sit,
And the Diversions of your Youth forget.

Small were the Worth of Valour and of Force,
If your high Wisdom govern'd not their Course;
You as the Soul, as the first Mover you,
Vigour and Life on ev'ry Part bestow:
How to build Ships, and dreadful Ord'nance cast,
Instruct the Artists, and reward their Hast.
So *Jove* himself, when *Typhon* Heav'n does brave,
Descends to visit *Vulcan's* smoaky Cave,
Teaching the brawny *Cyclops* how to frame
His Thunder, mixt with Terror, Wrath, and Flame,
Had the old *Greeks* discover'd your Abode,
Crete had not been the Cradle of their God,
On that small Island they had look'd with Scorn,
And in *Great Britain* thought the Thund'rer born.

To QUEEN CATHERINE, upon Her Majesty's Birth-Day, after Her Happy Recovery from a Dangerous Sickness.

FArewel the Year, which threaten'd so
 The fairest Light the World can show;
 Welcome the New, whose ev'ry Day,
 Restoring what was snatch'd away
 By pining Sickness from the Fair,
 That matchless Beauty does repair,
 So fast, that the approaching Spring,
 Which does to flow'ry Meadows bring
 What the rude Winter from them tore,
 Shall give her all she had before.
 But we recover not so fast
 The Sense of such a Danger past;
 We that esteem'd you sent from Heav'n,
 A Pattern to this Island giv'n,
 To shew us what the Bless'd do there,
 And what alive they practis'd here;
 When that which we Immortal thought,
 We saw so near Destruction brought,
 Felt all which you did then endure,
 And tremble yet, as not secure:
 So tho' the Sun Victorious be,
 And from a dark Eclipse set free,
 The Influence which we fondly fear,
 Afflicts our Thoughts the foll'wing Year.

But that which may relieve our Care
 Is, that you have a Help so near
 For all the Evil you can prove,
 The Kindness of your Royal Love:
 He that was never known to mourn,
 So many Kingdoms from him torn;

His

His Tears reserv'd for you, more dear,
 More priz'd than all those Kingdoms were:
 For when no healing Art prevail'd,
 When Cordials and Elixirs fail'd,
 On your pale Cheek he dropt the Show'r,
 Reviv'd you like a dying Flow'r.

*Nunc itaque & versus & cetera ludicra pono,
 Quid verum, atque decens, curo, & rogó, & omnis in
 hoc sum.*

PROLOGUE for the Lady Actors.

A Maze us not with that Majestick Frown,
 But lay aside the Greatness of your Crown;
 And for that Look, which does your People awe,
 When in your Throne and Robes you give 'em Law,
 Lay it by here, and give a gentler Smile,
 Such as we see great Jove's in Picture, while
 He listens to Apollo's charming Lyre,
 Or judges of the Song he does inspire.
 Comedians on the Stage shew all their Skill,
 And after do as Love and Fortune will.
 We are less careful, hid in this Disguise;
 In our own Cloaths more serious, and more wise.
 Modest at home, upon the Stage more bold,
 We seem warm Lovers, tho' our Breasts be cold.
 A Fault committed here deserves no Scorn,
 If we act well the Parts to which we're born.

Sung by Mrs. Knight, to Her Majesty Queen Catherine, on Her Birth-Day.

THIS happy Day two Lights are seen,
 A Glorious Saint, a Matchless Queen;

Both nam'd alike, both Crown'd appear,
The Saint above, th' *Infanta* here.
May all those Years which *Catharine*
The Martyr did for Heav'n resign,
Be added to the Line
Of your blest Life among us here.
For all the Pains that She did feel,
And all the Torments of her Wheel,
May you as many Pleasures share:
May Heav'n itself content
With *Catharine* the Saint.
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With Eyes as bright as now,
This welcome Day behold.



THE
M A I D'S
TRAGEDY
ALTER'D.

THE

M A I D

TRAGEDY

ALTERED



P R O L O G U E.

*S*carce shon'd we have the Boldness to pretend
So long renown'd a Tragedy to mend;
Had not already some deserv'd your Praise
With like Attempt. Of all our elder Plays,
This and Philaster have the loudest Fame:
Great are their Faults, and glorious is their Flame.
In both our English Genius is exprest;
Lofty and bold, but negligently drest.

Above our Neighbours our Conceptions are:
But faultless Writing is th' effect of Care.
Our Lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haste;
Polish'd like Marble, wou'd like Marble last.
But as the present, so the last Age writ;
In both we find like Negligence and Wit.
Were we but less indulgent to our Faults,
And Patience had to cultivate our Thoughts,
Our Muse wou'd flourish; and a nobler Rage
Wou'd honour this, than did the Græcian Stage.

Thus says our Author, not content to see
That Others write as carelessly as He.
Tho' he pretends not to make things compleat;
Yet, to please you, he'd have the Poets sweat.

In this old Play, what's new, we have exprest
In rhiming Verse, distinguish'd from the rest;
That, as the Rhosne its hasty Way does make,
Not mingling Waters, thro' Geneva's Lake:
So, having here the diff'rent Stiles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.

PROLOGUE.

*If we less rudely shall the Knot unty,
Soften the Rigour of the Tragedy;
And yet preserve each Person's Character:
Then to the Other, This you may prefer.
'Tis left to you: The Boxes and the Pits
Are Sov'reign Judges of this sort of Wit.
In other things the knowing Artist may
Judge better than the People; but a Play,
Made for Delight, and for no other use,
If you approve it not, has no Excuse.*



THE



T H E
Maid's Tragedy Alter'd.

Enter Evadne, with a Page of Honour.

E V A D N E.

A Myxtor lost, it were as vain a thing,
As 'tis prodigious, to betray the King.
Compell'd by Threats, to take that bloody Oath,
And the Act ill, I am absolv'd by both.
This Island left, with Pity I'll look down
On the King's Love, and fierce *Melantius*' Frown.
These will to both my Resolution bring:
Page, give *Melantius* that, this to the King.

[Exit Page with the Letters

Under how hard a Fate are Women born !
 Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn !
 If we want Beauty, we of Love despair ;
 And are besieg'd like Frontier Towns, if fair.
 The Pow'r of Princes Armies overthrows :
 What can our Sex against such Force oppose ?
 Love and Ambition have an equal Share
 In their vast Treasures ; and it costs as dear
 To ruin us, as Nations to subdue :
 But we are faulty, tho' all this be true.
 For Towns are starv'd, or batter'd, ere they yield ;
 But we, perswaded, rather than compell'd,
 For things superfluous neglect our Fame,
 And weakly render up our selves to Shame.

Oh ! that I had my Innocence again,
 My untouch'd Honour : But I wish in vain.
 The Fleece, that has been by the Dyer stain'd,
 Never again its native Whiteness gain'd.
 Th' unblemish'd may pretend to Virtue's Crown :
 'Tis Beauty now must perfect my Renown :
 With that I govern'd him that rules this Isle ;
 'Tis that which makes me triumph in the Spoil,
 The Wealth I bear from this exhausted Court,
 Which here my Bark stands ready to transport.
 In narrow *Rhodes* I'll be no longer pent ;
 But act my Part upon the Continent :
Asiatick Kings shall see my Beauty's Prize,
 My shining Jewels, and my brighter Eyes,
 Princes that fly, their Scepters left behind,
 Contempt or Pity, where they travel, find :
 The Ensigns of our Pow'r about we bear ;
 And ev'ry Land pays Tribute to the Fair.
 So shines the Sun, tho' hence remov'd, as clear
 When his Beams warm th' Antipodes, as here.

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter Melantius, with a Letter in his Hand.

She's gone to perish, if the Gods be just;
The Sea's not vast enough to quench her Lust.
The standing Regiments, the Fort, the Town,
All but this wicked Sister, are our own.
Oh! that I cou'd but have surpris'd the Wretch,
E'er she that watry Element did reach.
Twice false *Evadne*, spightfully forsworn!
That fatal Beast like this I wou'd have torn.

[Tears the Paper with Fury.]

But this Design admits of no delay;
And our Revenge must find some speedy way.
I'll sound *Lucippus*, he has always paid
Respect to my Deserts: Cou'd he be made
To join with us, we might preserve the State;
And take Revenge, without our Country's Fate.
He loves his Brother; but a present Crown
Cannot but tempt a Prince so near the Throne.
He's full of Honour: tho' he like it not,
If once he swear, he'll not reveal the Plot.

[Exit.]

Enter the King alone.

Melantius false! it cannot be: And yet,
When I remember how I merit it,
He is presented to my guilty Mind
Less to his Duty, than Revenge, inclin'd.
'Tis not my Nature to suspect my Friends,
Or think they can have black malicious Ends:
'Tis doing Wrong creates such Doubts as these,
Renders us jealous, and destroys our Peace.
Happy the Innocent, whose equal Thoughts
Are free from Anguish, as they are from Faults.

Enter a Page with a Letter.

Page. 'Tis from *Evadne*, Sir.

[Exit.]

King. Why shou'd she use
Her Pen to me? 'tis some important News!

Reads the Letter.

From on Board my Yatch.

[Strangely dated.]

WHich is now bearing me away from the Rage of my offended Brothers: I wish you were as safe from their Revenge. They aim at your Life, and made me swear to take it. They have got the Fort, and are assured of the Inclinations, both of the Soldiers and Citizens. My first Prayer is to the Gods, for your Preservation: my next to your Majesty, that if they return to their Duty, you wou'd afford them your Grace.

'Tis no feign'd Tale *Callianax* has told;
The great *Melantius* is as false as bold.
The Crown we hazard, when at home we stay,
And teach our Forces others to obey.
Conduct of Armies is a Prince's Art;
And when a Subject acts that Royal Part,
As he in Glory rises, we grow less.
While our Arms prosper, ruin'd by Success:
For in a Court what can so dreadful be,
As one more glorious than our selves to see!

Enter Melantius and Lucippus.

Such is the General: ——— To *Lucippus*' Ear
What 'tis he trusts, I'll step aside and hear.

Luc. How am I caught with an unwary Oath,
Not to reveal the Secret, which I loath!
To stain my Conscience with my Brother's Blood,
To be a King! No, not to be a God.
He that with Patience can such Treason hear,
Tho' he consent not, has a guilty Ear.

Unto

Unto thy self pronounce the Name of *King*;
That Word will keep thee from so foul a thing.

Mel. Sir, your fond Care and Kindness comes too late,
To save your Brother, or prevent my Hate;
The People mutiny, the Fort is mine,
And all the Soldiers to my Will incline:
Of his own Servants he has lost the Heart,
And in the Court I have the nobler Part.
Unto your self pronounce the Name of *King*;
That Word will tell you 'tis no trivial thing
That you are offer'd: Do not storm and frown
At my Endeavours to preserve the Crown;
Wear it your self: Occasion will not stay;
'Tis lost, unless you take it while you may.
Tumult and Ruin will o'erwhelm the State;
And you'll be guilty of your Country's Fate.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Some form'd Design against the King is
Let's try how far our Reason may perswade. [laid;
To him.] The Crown you value so, my Brother bears
Upon his Head, and with it all the Cares;
While I enjoy th'advantage of his State,
And all the Crown can give, except the Weight:
Long may he reign, that is so far above
All Vice, all Passions, but Excels of Love:
And can th' Effects of Love appear so strange,
That into Beasts our greatest Gods cou'd change?

Mel. The deathless Gods, when they commit a Rape,
Disguis'd a while, again resume their Shape:
But Princes once turn'd into Beasts, remain
For ever so: and shou'd, like Beasts, be slain.

Luc. Tho' more in Years, you have a Mistress still;
And for that Fault wou'd you your Sov'raign kill?
Love is the Frailty of Heroic Minds;
And, where great Virtues are, our Pardon finds.
Brutes may be chaste; Pidgeons, Swans and Doves,
Are more confin'd, than we are, in their Loves.

Justice and Bounty, in a Prince, are things
That Subjects make as happy as their Kings.
Will you contract the Guilt of Royal Blood?
And rob your Country of her chiefest Good?

Mel. Of one, whose Lust his Family has stain'd
By whose good Conduct he securely reign'd.

Luc. Of one, whose Choice first made your Valour known,
And with whose Armies you have got Renown.
'Tis all the Gratitude Subjects can shew,
To bear with Patience what their Princes do.

Mel. Yet *Brutus* did not let proud *Tarquin*'scape.

Luc. The Prince his Son was guilty of a Rape.
For Joys extorted with a violent Hand,
Revenge is just, and may with Honour stand.
But shou'd a Prince, because he does comply
With one that's Fair, and not unwilling, die?
Or is it fit the People shou'd be taught

Your Sister's Frailty, with my Brother's Fault?

Mel. Let her be known unchast; so it be said,
That he that durst perswade her to't is dead.

Luc. The King has wrong'd you: Is it just that you
Mischief to me and the whole Nation do?

Mel. Rather than not accomplish my Revenge,
Just, or unjust, I would the World unhinge.

Luc. Yet of all Virtues, Justice is the best:
Valour without it, is a common Pest,
Pirates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grac'd,
Shew us how ill that Virtue may be plac'd.

'Tis our Complexion makes us chast or brave;
Justice from Reason, and from Heav'n, we have:
All other Virtues dwell but in the Blood,
That in the Soul, and gives the Name of Good.
Justice, the Queen of Virtues, you despise,
And only rude and savage Valour prize.

To your Revenge you think the King, and all
That Sacred is, a Sacrifice shou'd fall:

The Town beruin'd, and this Isle laid waste,
Only because your Sister is not chaste.
Can you expect, that she shou'd be so sage
To rule her Blood, and you not rule your Rage?
Both foul Distempers are; but your's the worse,
Lels Pleasure has, and brings the greater Curse.

Mel. In idle *Rhodes* Philosophers are bred,
And you, young Prince, are in their Morals read,
Nor is it hard for one that feels no Wrong,
For patient Duty to employ his Tongue.
Oppression makes Men mad, and from their Breast
All Reason does, and sense of Duty, wrest.
The Gods are fate, when under Wrongs we groan,
Only because we cannot reach their Throne.
Shall Princes then, that are but Gods of Clay,
Think they may safely with our Honour play?
Reward a Soldier's Merit with a Stain.
To his whole Race, and yet securely reign?
Farewel! I know so brave a Prince will scorn
To tell the Secret unto which he's sworn.

Luc. [*aside*] I promis'd Secrecy, but did not say,
I wou'd look tamely on.——*Melantius*, stay:
You have my Promise, and my hasty Word
Restrains my Tongue, but ties not up my Sword.
Of other Virtues tho' you are bereft
By your wild Rage, I know your Valour's left.
Swear not to touch my Brother, or with Speed
Behind the Castle-wall let's meet. *Mel.* Agreed.

[*Exit Lucippus.*]

Mel. His well-known Virtue, and his constant Love
To his bad Brother, may the People move:
I'll take th' occasion, which he gives, to bring
Him to his Death, and then destroy the King.

[*Exit Melantius.*]

Enter

Enter the King as discovering himself.

King. Oh! what an Happiness is it to find
A Friend of our own Blood, a Brother kind!
A Prince so good, so just, so void of Fear,
Is of more value than the Crown I wear,
The Kingdom offer'd, if he wou'd engage,
He has refus'd with a becoming Rage.
For such a Brother, toth' immortal Gods
More Thanks I owe, than for the Crown of *Rhodes*.
Happy this Isle, with such a Hero blest!
What Virtue dwells not in his Loyal Breast?

Enter Strato.

Stra. Sir, we are lost; *Melantius* has the Fort,
And the Town rises to assault the Court,
Where they will find the strongest part their own:
If you'll preserve your self, you must be gone.
I have a Garden opens to the Sea,
From whence I can your Majesty convey
To some near Friend.

[*King.* There with your Shallop stay.
The Game's not lost; I have one Card to play.
Suffer not *Diphilus* to leave the Court,
But bid him presently to me resort. [Ex. *Strato.*
Had not this Challenge stopt th' impendent Fate,
We must have perish'd with the ruin'd State.
Forts, Soldiers, Citizens, of all bereft,
There's nothing but our private Valour left:
If he survive, I have not long to reign;
But he that's injur'd, shou'd be fairly slain:
The People for their Darling wou'd repine,
If he shou'd fall by any Hand but mine.
Less wise than valiant, the vain Man is gone
To fight a Duel, when his Work was done.
Shou'd I command my Guards to find him, where
He meets my Brother, and destroy him there,

All hope of Peace, wou'd be for ever lost;
 And the wild Rabble wou'd adore his Ghost.
 Dead, than alive, he wou'd do greater harm,
 And the whole Island, to revenge him, arm.
 So popular, so mighty have I made
 This fighting Man, while I liv'd in the Shade:
 But 'twas a double Fault, to raise him so,
 And then Dishonour on his House to throw
 Ill-govern'd Passions in a Prince's Breast,
 Hazard his private, and the publick Rest.
 Slaves to our Passions we become, and then
 It grows impossible to govern Men.
 But Errors, not to be recall'd, do find
 Their best Redress from presence of the Mind.
 Courage our greatest Failings does supply,
 And makes all good, or handsomely we dye.
 Life is a thing of common use, by Heav'n
 As well to Insects as to Princes giv'n,
 But, for the Crown, 'tis a more sacred thing:
 I'll dying lose it, or I'll live a King.

Enter Diphilus.

Come, *Diphilus*, we must together walk,
 And of a matter of Importancetalk.

Diph. [aside.] What Fate is this! Had he stay'd half an
 Hour,
 The rising Town had freed me from his Pow'r. [Exit.]

SCENE changes into a Field: Into which enter *Lucippus*,
 and *Melantius*, with Swords drawn.

Mel. Be yet advis'd, th' injurious King forsake;
 Death, or a Scepter, from *Melantius* take.

Luc. Pethou advis'd, thy black Design forsake;
 Death, or this Counsel, from *Lucippus* take.

Mel. Youth and vain Confidence thy Life betray:
 Thro' Armies this has made *Melantius*' way.

Luc.

Luc. Drawn for your Prince, that Sword cou'd Wonders
 The better Cause makes mine the sharper now. [do;
 Thy brutal Anger doesthe Gods defy;
 Kings are their Care: Resume thy Loyalty;
 Or from thy guilty Head I'll pluck the Bays,
 And all thy Triumphs shall become my Praise.

Mel. That shall be quickly try'd.

Enter the King with Diphilus.

King. With Sword in Hand
 Like a goo'd Brother, by your Brother stand.

Diph. Glad that your Pleasure lies this noble way,
 I never did more willingly obey.

King. Thy Life, *Melantius*, I am come to take,
 Of which foul Treason does a Forfeit make.
 To do thee Honour, I will shed that Blood,
 Which the just Laws, if I were faultless, shou'd.

Mel. 'Tis bravely urg'd, Sir; but, their Guards away,
 Kings have but small Advantage of the Law.

King. Having infring'd the Law, I wave my Right
 As King, and thus submit my self to fight.
 Why did not you your own fierce Hand employ,
 As I do mine, and tell the Reason why?
 A Subject shou'd be heard before he's slain;
 And does less Right belong to us that Reign?

Mel. If, as unjust, I cou'd have thought you brave,
 This way I chosen had Revenge to have.
 A way so noble, that I must confess
 Already I begin to hate you less.
 So unexpected, and so brave a thing,
 Makes me remember that you are a King.
 And I cou'd rather be contented, since
 He challeng'd first, to combat with that Prince;
 That so, a Brother for a Sister chang'd,
 We may be of your wanton Pride reveng'd.

King. 'Twas I that wrong'd you, you my Life have fought;
 No Duel ever was more justly fought.

We

We both have Reason for our fatal Wrath;
Nor is it fit the World shou'd hold us both.

Lucippus to the King apart.

Me for what nobler use can you reserve,
Than thus the Crown from Danger to preserve?
Members expose themselves, to save the Head:
This way he shall be satisfy'd, or dead.

Melantius to his Brother apart.

Tho' foul Injustice Majesty did stain,
This noble Carriage makes it bright again.
When Kings with Courage act, something divine,
That calls for Rev'ence, does about them shine.

Diph. Were we born Princes, we cou'd not expect,
For an Affront receiv'd, greater Respect.
They that with sharpest Injuries are stung,
If fairly fought withal, forget the Wrong.
A thousand Pities, such a Royal Pair
Shou'd run this hazard, for a wanton Fair!

Mel. Let us fight so, as to avoid th' Extream
Either of fearing, or of killing them.

Lucippus apart to his Brother.

Sir, you shou'd wield a Scepter, not a Sword;
Not with your Weapon kill, but with your Word.
The Gods by others execute their Will.

King. Yet Heav'n does oft with its own Thunder kill:
And when Necessity and Right command,
A Sword is Thunder in a Sov'raign's Hand.
Let us dispatch, lest any find us here,
Before we fight; or they grow less severe.

[Here they all Fight.]

Lucippus to the King.

Hold, Sir, they only guard, and still give Place.
To them. Fight us as Enemies, or ask for Grace.

Mel. I never thought I cou'd Expedient see,
On this side Death, to right our Family.

The

The Royal Sword thus drawn, has cur'd a Wound
 For which no other Salve cou'd have been found.
 Your Brothers now in Arms our selves we boast,
 A Satisfaction for a Sister lost.

The Blood of Kings expos'd, washes a Stain
 Cleaner, than thousands of the Vulgar slain.
 You have our Pardon, Sir: and humbly now,
 As Subjects ought, we beg the same of you.

[Here they both kneel.]

Pardon our guilty Rage; which here takes end,
 For a lost Sister, and a ruin'd Friend.

Luc. Let your great Heart a gracious Motion feel:
 Is't not enough, you see *Melantius* kneel?
 I'll be a Pledge for both; they shall be true
 As heretofore; and you shall trust 'em too.
 His Loyal Arm shall still support the State,
 And you no more provoke so just a Hate.

King. Rise, brave *Melantius*, I thy Pardon sign,
 With as much Joy as I am proud of mine.
 Rise, valiant *Diphilus*; I hope you'll both
 Forget my Fault, as I shall your just Wrath.

Diph. Valour reveal'd in Princes does redeem
 The greatest Faults, and crowns them with Esteem.
 Use us with Honour, and we are your Slaves,
 To bleed for you, when least Occasion craves.

King. With Honour and with Trust this Land shall know,
 After my Brother, none so great as you.

Enter the King's Guards.

Mel. If these approach us, Sir, by your Command,
 Take back your Pardon, on our Guard we stand.

The King steps between 'em.

King. What over-diligence has brought you here?

Guard. Such as you'll pardon when the News you hear.

Amyntor is retir'd, *Aspasia* gone;

And a strange Humour does possess the Town:

They

They arm apace, Sir, and aloud declare
Things which we dare not whisper in your Ear.
The Council met, your Guards to find you sent,
And know your Pleasure in this Exigent.
This honour'd Person you might justly fear,
Were he not Loyal, and amongst us here;
They say his Merit's ill return'd, and cry,
With great *Melantius* they will live and die.

Mel. Sir, not your Pow'r, but Virtue, made me bow;
For all he tells you, I did kneeling know.
Tho' now the faithful'st of your Subjects, we
Have been the Cause of all this Mutiny.
Go comfort, Sir, *Amyn*, while we run
To stop the Rage of this revolting Town;
And let them know the Happiness they have
In such a Royal Pair, so just, so brave.
Lend me your Guards, that if Perswasion fail,
Force may against the Mutinous prevail.

King. [*to the Guards.*] Go, and obey, with as exact a Care
All his Commands, as if our self were there.
[*Aside.*] He that depends upon another, must
Ob'ige his Honour with a boundless Trust.

[*Exeunt King and Lucippus.*]

Mel. How frail is Man! how quickly changed are
Our Wrath and Fury to a Loyal Care!
This drawn but now against my Sov'raign's Breast,
Before'tis sheath'd, shall give him Peace and Rest.

[*Exeunt Brothers and Guards.*]

The SCENE changes into a Forest.

Enter Aspasia.

Asp. They say wild Beasts inhabit here;
But Grief and Wrong secure my Fear.
Compar'd to him that does refuse,
A Tyger's kind, for he pursues.

To

To be forsaken's worfe than torn;
And Death a leffer Ill than Scorn.
No Forest, Cave, or Savage Den
Holds more pernicious Beasts than Men.
Vows, Oaths, and Contracts they devise,
And tell us, they are Sacred Ties;
And so they are in our Esteem;
But empty Names, despis'd by them.
Women with study'd Arts they vex:
Ye Gods, destroy that impious Sex!
And if there must be some t'invoke
Your Pow'rs, and make your Altars smoke;
Come down your selves, and in their Place
Get a more Just and Nobler Race:
Such as the old World did adorn,
When Hero's like your selves were born.
But this I wish not for *Aspasia's* sake:
For she no God wou'd for *Amyntor* take.
The Heart, which is our Passion's Seat,
Whether we will or no, does beat:
And yet we may suppress our Breath:
This lets us see that Life and Death
Are in our Pow'r; but Love and Hate,
Depend not on our Will, but Fate.
My Love was lawful, when't was born;
Their Marriage makes it merit Scorn.
Evadne's Husband 'tis a Fault
To love, a Blemish to my Thought!
Yet twisted with my Life; and I,
That cannot faultless live, will die.
Oh! that some hungry Beast wou'd come,
And make himself *Aspasia's* Tomb!
If none accept me for a Prey.
Death must be found some other way.
In colder Regions Men compose
Poison with Art; but here it grows,

Not long since, walking in the Field,
My Nurse and I, we there beheld
A goodly Fruit ; which tempting me;
I wou'd have pluck'd; but, trembling, she,
Whoever eat those Berries, cry'd,
In less than half an Hour dy'd.
Some God direct me to that Bough,
On which those useful Berries grow!

[Exit.

Enter Amyntor alone.

Amyntor. Repentance, which became *Evadne* so,
Wou'd no less handsome in *Amyntor* show.
She ask'd me Pardon; but *Aspasia*, I,
Injur'd alike, suffer to pine and die.
'Tis said, that she this dang'rous Forest haunts,
And in sad Accents utters her Complaints.
If overtaken, ere she perish, I
Will gain her Pardon, or before her die.
Not ev'ry Lady does from Virtue fall;
Th' injurious King does not possess them all,
Well I deserv'd *Evadne's* Scorn to prove,
That to Ambition sacrific'd my Love.
Fools that consult their Avarice or Pride!
To chuse a Wife, Love is our noblest Guide.

[Exit.

Enter Aspasia alone, with a Bough full of fair Berries.

Aspasia. This happy Bough shall give Relief,
Not to my Hunger, but my Grief.
The Birds know how to chuse their Fare,
To peck this Fruit they all forbear.
Those chearful Singers know not why
They shou'd make any haste to dye:
And yet they couple—Can they know
What 'tis to Love, and not know Sorrow too?
'Tis Man alone that willing dyes;
Beasts are less wretched, or less wise.
How lovely these ill Berries shew!
And so did false *Amyntor* too.

Heav'n

Heav'n wou'd ensnare us! who can 'scape
 When fatal things have such a Shape?
 Nothing in vain the Gods create,
 This Bough was made to hast'n Fate.
 'Twas in Compassion of our Woe,
 That Nature first made Poisons grow;
 For hopeless Wretches, such as I,
 Kindly providing Means to dye.
 As Mothers do their Children keep,
 So Nature feeds, and makes us sleep:
 The indispos'd she does invite
 To go to Bed, before 'tis Night,
 Death always is to come, or past:
 If it be ill, it cannot last.
 Sure 'tis a thing was never known;
 For when that's present, we are gone.
 'Tis an imaginary Line,
 Which does our Being here confine.
 Dead we shall be, as when unborn;
 And then I knew nor Love, nor Scorn.
 But say we are to live elsewhere,
 What has the Innocent to fear?
 Can I be treated worse than here?
 Justice from hence long since is gone,
 And reigns where I shall be anon.

Enter Amyntor.

Am. 'Tis she; those fatal Berries shew
 The Mischief she's about to do.
 Women are govern'd by a stubborn Fate:
 Their Love's insuperable, as their Hate.
 No Merit their Aversion can remove;
 Nor ill Requital can efface their Love.

Asp. Like Slaves redeem'd, Death sets us free
 From Passion, and from Injury.
 The Living, chain'd to Fortune's Wheel,
 In Triumph led, her Changes feel:

And

And Conquerors keep Poisons by,
Prepar'd for her Inconstancy.
Bays against Thunder might defend their Brow:
But against Love and Fortune here's the Bough.

*[Here she puts some of the Berries to her Mouth;
Amyntor strikes the Berries out of her Hand, and
snatches the Bough.]*

Am. Rash Maid, forbear; and lay those Berries by,
Or give them him that has deserv'd to dye.

Asp. What double Cruelty is this? Wou'd you,
That made me wretched, keep me always so?

Evadne has you: let *Aspasia* have
The common Refuge of a quiet Grave;
If you have Kindness left, there see me laid:
To bury decently the injur'd Maid,
Is all the Favour that you can bestow,
Or I receive—Pray render me my Bough.

Am. No less than you, was your *Amyntor* wrong'd;
The false *Evadne* to the King belong'd.
You had my Promise, and my Bed is free;
I may be your's, if you can pardon me.

Asp. Your Vows to her were in the Temple made;
The sacred Altar witness'd what you said.

Am. The Pow'rs above are to no place confin'd,
But ev'ry where hear Promises that bind.
The Heav'n, the Air, the Earth, and boundless Sea,
Make but one Temple for the Deity:
That was a Witness to my former Vow;
None can *Amyntor* justly claim, but you.
Who gives himself away the second time,
Creates no Title, but commits a Crime.

Asp. I cou'd have dy'd but once; but this believ'd,
I may, alas! be more than once deceiv'd.
Death was the Port, which I almost did gain,
Shall I once more be tost into the Main?

By what new Gods, *Amyntor*, will you swear?

Am. By the same Gods, that have been so severe;
By the same Gods, the Justice of whose Wrath
Punish'd th' Infraction of my former Faith.

May ev'ry Lady an *Evadne* prove,
That shall divert me from *Aspasia's* Love!

Asp. If ever you shou'd prove unconstant now,
I shall remember where those Berries grow.

Am. My Love was always constant; but the King,
Melantius's Friendship, and that fatal thing
Ambition, me on proud *Evadne* threw;
And made me cruel to my self, and you:
But if you still distrust my Faith, I vow
Here in your Presence I'll devour the Bough.

Asp. snatching the Bough from him:
Rash Man, forbear! but for some Unbelief,
My Joy had been as fatal as my Grief:
The sudden News of unexpected Bliss,
Would yet have made a Tragedy of this.
Secure of my *Amyntor*, still I fear
Evadne's mighty Friend, the King.

Am. He's here.

Enter the King, and his Brother, to them.

King, turning to his Brother:

How shall I look upon that noble Youth,
So full of Patience, Loyalty, and Truth?
The fair *Aspasia* I have injur'd too,
The guilty Author of their double Woe.
My Passion's gone, and Reason in her Throne,
Amaz'd I see the Mischiefs I have done.
After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid,
The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made.

Am. Men wrong'd by Kings impute it to their Fate,
And Royal Kindness never comes too late:
So when Heav'n frowns, we think our Anger vain;
Joyful and thankful when it smiles again.

Taking

Taking Aspasia by the Hand.

This Knot you broke, be pleas'd again to bind,
And we shall both forget you were unkind.

King. May you be happy, and your Sorrows past,
Set off those Joys I wish may ever last,

Giving the Letter:

Read this, *Amyntor*.

Am. *Evadne* fled! *Aspasia*, now
You'll have no more Occasion for your Bough.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. *Melantius*, Sir, has let the People know,
How just you are, and how he's grac'd by you.
The Town's appeas'd, and all the Air does ring
With Repetitions of *Long live the King*.

Luc. Sir, let us to the Sacred Temple go,
That you are safe our Joys and Thanks to show.

King. Of all we offer to the Pow'rs above,
The sweetest Incense is fraternal Love:
Like the rich Clouds that rise from melted Gums,
It spreads it self, and the whole Isle perfumes.
This sacred Union has preserv'd the State:
And from all Tempest shall secure our Fate:
Like a well-twisted Cable, holding fast
The anchor'd Vessel in the loudest Blast.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the KING.

THE fierce Melantius was content, you see,
The King shou'd live: Be not more fierce than he;
Too long indulgent to so rude a Time,
When Love was held so capital a Crime,
That a Crown'd Head cou'd no Compassion find,
But dy'd, because the Killer had been kind.
Nor is't less strange such mighty Wits as those
Shou'd use a Style in Tragedy, like Prose.
Well sounding Verse, where Princes tread the Stage,
Shou'd speak their Virtue, or describe their Rage.
By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that Sound, as well as Sense, perswades:
And Verses are the potent Charms we use,
Heroick Thoughts and Virtue to infuse.
When next we act this Tragedy again,
Unless you like the Change, we shall be slain.
The innocent Aspasia's Life or Death,
Amyntor's too, depends upon your Breath.
Excess of Love was heretofore the Cause;
Now if we die, 'tis want of your Applause.



MR. Waller, in his first Thoughts of Altering this Play,
pitch'd upon a Design of making Evadne go among
the Vestals. But considering, that the Persons in this Play
are suppos'd to be Heathens, who never admitted any but
pure Virgins among their Vestals, he chang'd his Design.
Nevertheless, before he did so, he had writ the following
Verses.

Evadne. A Vestal vow'd, with Pity I look down
On the King's Love, and fierce Melantius' Frown.

But

*But here's the Sacred Place, where we may have,
Before we dye, an honourable Grave.
The Dead, and they that live retired here,
Obtain like Pardon from the most severe.*

[Knocks at a Door.]

Enter Governess.

Gov. *The Great Evadne visiting our Cell!*

Ev. *'Tis not to visit you; but here to dwell.
Can you find Room for one so bad as I,
That humbly begs she may among you dye?*

Gov. *You that so early can correct your Thoughts;
May hope for Pardon for your greatest Faults.
Happy is she that from the World retires,
And carries with her what the World admires.
Thrice happy she, whose young Thoughts fixt above,
While she is Lovely does to Heav'n make Love.
I need not urge your Promise, e'er you find
An Entrance here, to leave the World behind?*

Ev. *My guilty Love Devotion shall succeed;
Love such as mine was, tho' a dang'rous Weed,
Shews, the rich Soil on which it grew so high,
May yield as fair a Crop of Piety,
But of all Passions, I Ambition find
Hardest to banish from a glorious Mind:
Yet Heav'n our Object made, Ambition may,
As well as Love, be turn'd a nobler way:
Still I ascend; it is a Step above
A Prince's Favour, to belong to Jove.*

[They go in, and the Door shuts.]

Enter Melantius with a Letter.

*Among the Vestals! she'll corrupt them all,
And teach them from their Sacred Vow to fall.*



*To the Dutches of Orleans, when She was taking
Leave of the Court at Dover.*

In the Year 1670.

THAT Sun of Beauty did among us rise,
England first saw the Light of your fair Eyes:
 In *English* too your early Wit was shown;
 Favour that Language which was then your own;
 When, tho' a Child, thro' Guards you made your way,
 What Fleet or Army cou'd an Angel stay?
 Thrice happy *Britain*! if she cou'd retain
 Whom she first bred within her ambient Main.
 Our late-burnt *London*, in Apparel new,
 Shook off her Ashes to have treated you;
 But we must see our Glory snatch'd away,
 And with warm Tears increase the guilty Sea:
 No Wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,
 We must be wrackt, and our dear Treasure lose.
 Sighs will not let us half our Sorrows tell:
 Fair, Lovely, Great, and Best of Nymphs! Farewel.

To a Friend of the Author's, a Person of Honour;
 who lately writ a Religious Book, Entituled,
 Historical Applications, and Occasional Me-
 ditations upon several Subjects. In the Year
 1670.*

BOLD is the Man that dares engage
 For Piety, in such an Age.
 Who can presume to find a Guard
 From Scorn, when Heav'n's so little spar'd? Divines

* Supposed to be the Lord Berkley of Berkley.

Divines are pardon'd, they defend
 Altars on which their Lives depend;
 But the Prophane impatient are,
 When Nobler Pens make this their Care.
 For why shou'd these let in a Beam
 Of Divine Light, to trouble them,
 And call in doubt their pleasing Thought,
 That none believes what we are taught?
 High Birth and Fortune warrant give,
 That such Men write what they believe;
 And feeling first what they indite,
 New Credit give to ancient Light.
 Amongst these few, our Author brings
 His well-known Pedigree from Kings.
 This Book, the Image of his Mind,
 Will make his Name not hard to find.
 I wish the Throng of *Great* and *Good*
 Made it less eas'ly understood.

*Written on a Card that Her MAJESTY tore
 at Ombre.*

THE Cards you tear in Value rise,
 So do the Wounded by your Eyes:
 Who to Celestial Things aspire,
 Are by that Passion rais'd the higher.

*To the DUTCHESS, when he presented this Book
 to Her Royal Highness.*

M A D A M,

I Here present you with the Rage,
 And with the Beauties, of a former Age;

Wishing you may with as great Pleasure, view
This, as we take in Gazing upon you.

Thus we writ then; your brighter Eyes inspire
A nobler Flame, and raise our *Genius* higher:
While we your Wit and early Knowledge fear,
To our Productions we become severe:
Your matchless Beauty gives our Fancy Wing;
Your Judgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
Polish'd, like Marble, shall like Marble last;
And make you through as many Ages shine,
As *Tasso* has the Heroes of your Line.

Tho' other Names our wary Writers use,
You are the Subject of the *British* Muse;
Dilating Mischief to your self unknown,
Men write, and die, of Wounds they dare not own.
So the bright Sun burns all our Glafs away,
While it means nothing but to give us Day.

*These VERSES were writ in the Tasso of Her
Royal Highness.*

T *Assò* knew how the fairer Sex to grace,
But in no One durst all Perfection place:
In her alone, that owns this Book, is seen,
Clorinda's Spirit, and her lofty Mein:
Sophronia's Piety, *Erminia's* Truth,
Armida's Charms, her Beauty, and her Youth.

Our Princess here, as in a Glafs, do's dress
Her well taught Mind, and ev'ry Grace express,
More to our Wonder, than *Rinaldo* fought;
The Hero's Race excels the Poet's Thought.

EPILOGUE, *Design'd upon the first Alteration of the Maid's Tragedy ; when the King only was left alive.*

A *Spas* a bleeding on the Stage does lye,
To shew you still 'tis the *Maid's Tragedy*.
The fierce *Melantius*, &c. (as before, to
——the Killer had been kind.

This better-natur'd Poet had repriev'd
Gentle *Amyntor* too, had he believ'd
The fairer Sex his Pardon cou'd approve,
Who to Ambition sacrific'd his Love.
Aspasia he had spar'd ; but for her Wound,
Neglected Love, there cou'd no Salve be found.
When next we act this Tragedy again,
Unless you like the Change, I must be slain.
Excess of Love was heretofore the Cause ;
Now if I dye, 'tis want of your Applause.

On the *STATUE* of King CHARLES the
First, at Charing-Cross.

In the Year 1674.

That the First *Charles* does here in Triumph ride,
See his Son Reign where he a Martyr Dy'd ;
And People pay that Rev'rence, as they pass,
Which then he wanted, to the sacred Brass ;
Is not th' Effect of Gratitude alone,
To which we owe the Statue and the Stone :
But Heav'n this lasting Monument has wrought,
That Mortals may Eternally be taught,
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain ;
And Kings so kill'd rise Conquerors again,

This Truth the Royal Image does proclaim,
Loud as the Trumpet of surviving Fame.

*Upon our late Loss of the Duke of Cambridge,
Born in November, 1677. and Died the De-
cember following.*

THE failing Blossoms which a young Plant bears,
Engage our Hope for the succeeding Years:
And Hope is all which Art or Nature brings,
At the first Tryal, to accomplish things.
Mankind was first created an Essay;
That ruder Draught the Deluge wash'd away.
How many Ages pass'd, what Blood and Toil,
Before we made one Kingdom of this Isle?
How long in vain had Nature striv'd to frame
A perfect Princess, e'er her Highness came?
For Joys so great we must with Patience wait,
'Tis the set Price of Happiness compleat.
As a First-Fruit, Heav'n claim'd that lovely Boy;
The next shall Live, and be the Nation's Joy.

*Of the Lady MARY, Princess of Orange.
In the Year 1677.*

AS once the Lion Honey gave,
Out of the Strong such Sweetness came;
A Royal Hero, no less brave,
Produc'd this sweet, this lovely Dame.

To Her, the Prince that did oppose
Such mighty Armies in the Field,
And *Holland* from prevailing Foes
Cou'd so well free, himself does yield.

Not

Not *Belgia's* Fleet (his high Command)
Which triumphs where the Sun does rise,
Nor all the Force he leads by Land,
Could guard him from her Conqu'ring Eyes.

Orange, with Youth, Experience has,
In Action young, in Council old:
Orange is what *Augustus* was,
Brave, Wary, Provident and Bold.

On that fair Tree which bears his Name,
Blossoms and Fruit at once are found;
In him we all admire the same,
His flow'ry Youth with Wisdom crown'd.

Empire and Freedom reconcil'd
In *Holland* are, by Great *Nassau*;
Like those he sprung from, Just and Mild;
To willing People he gives Law.

Thrice Happy Pair! so near Ally'd,
In Royal Blood, and Virtue too;
Now Love has you together ty'd,
May none this Triple Knot undo.

The Church shall be the happy Place,
Where Streams which from the same Source run,
Tho' divers Lands awhile they grace,
Unite again, and are made one.

A thousand Thanks the Nation owes
To him that does protect us all;
For while he thus his Neice bestows,
About our Isle he builds a Wall;

A Wall like that which *Athens* had,
 By th' Oracle's Advice, of Wood :
 Had their's been such as *Charles* has made,
 That mighty State 'till now had stood.

*Upon the Earl of Roscommon's Translation of
 Horace de Arte Poetica : And of the Use of
 Poetry. In the Year 1680.*

ROME was not better by her *Horace* taught,
 Than we are here to comprehend his Thought ;
 The Poet writ to noble *Piso* there,
 A Noble *Piso* does instruct us here,
 Gives us a Pattern in his flowing Style,
 And with rich Precepts does oblige our Isle,
Britain, whose *Genius* is in Verse express'd
 Bold and sublime, but negligently drest.

Horace will our superfluous Branches prune,
 Give us new Rules, and set our Harp in tune ;
 Direct us how to back the winged Horse,
 Favour his Flight, and moderate his Force.
 Tho' Poets may of Inspiration boast ;
 Their Rage, ill-govern'd, in the Clouds is lost :
 He that proportion'd Wonders can disclose,
 At once his Fancy and his Judgment shows.
 Chast moral Writing we may learn from hence ;
 Neglect of which no Wit can recompence :
 The Fountain which from *Helicon* proceeds,
 That sacred Stream, shou'd never water Weeds ;
 Nor make the Crop of Thorns and Thistles grow,
 Which Envy, or perverted Nature, sow.

Well sounding Verses are the Charm we use,
 Heroick Thoughts, and Virtue, to infuse ;
 Things of deep Sense we may in Prose unfold ;
 But they move more in lofty Numbers told ;

By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
 We learn that Sound, as well as Sense, perswades.
 The Muses' Friend, unto himself severe,
 With silent Pity looks on all that Err:
 But where a Brave, a Publick Action shines,
 That he rewards with his Immortal Lines:
 Whether it be in Council, or in Fight,
 His Country's Honour is his chief Delight:
 Praise of great Acts he scatters as a Seed,
 Which may the like in coming Ages breed.

Here taught the Fate of Verses, always priz'd
 With Admiration, or as much despis'd;
 Men will be less indulgent to their Faults,
 And Patience have to cultivate their Thoughts:
 (Poets lose half the Praise they shou'd have got,
 Cou'd it be known what they discreetly blot:)
 Finding new Words, that to the ravish'd Ear
 May like the Language of the Gods appear;
 Such as, of old, wise Bards employ'd, to make
 Unpolish'd Men their wild Retreats forsake;
 Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming Brutes,
 And raising Cities, with their charming Lutes;
 For rudest Minds with Harmony were caught,
 And civil Life was by the Muses taught.
 So wand'ring Bees wou'd perish in the Air,
 Did not a Sound, proportion'd to their Ear,
 Appease their Rage, invite them to the Hive,
 Unite their Force, and teach them how to thrive,
 To rob the Flow'rs, and to forbear the Spoil;
 Preserv'd in Winter by the Summer's Toil,
 They give us Food, which may with Nectar vie,
 And Wax, that does the absent Sun supply.



Of Her Majesty Queen CATHERINE, on New-Years Day, 1683.

WHAT Revolutions in the World have been,
How are we chang'd, since we first saw the Queen?
She, likethe Sun, does still the same appear,
Bright as She was at her Arrival here:
Time has Commission Mortals to impair,
But Things Celestial is oblig'd to spare.

May ev'ry *New-Year* find her still the same,
In Health and Beauty, as She hither came;
When Lords and Commons with united Voice,
Th' *Infanta* nam'd, approv'd the Royal Choice!
First of our Queens, whom not the King alone,
But the whole Nation, lifted to the Throne!

With like Consent, and like Desert, was crown'd
The Glorious Prince, that does the *Turk* confound.
Victorious both; his Conduct wins the Day,
And her Example chaces Vice away,
Tho' louder Fame attend the Martial Rage;
'Tis greater Glory to reform the Age.

Of TEA, commended by her Majesty.

Venus her Myrtle, *Phœbus* has his Bays;
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
The best of Queens, and best of Herbs, we owe
To that bold Nation, which the Way did show
To the fair Region, where the Sun does rise;
Whose rich Productions we so justly prize.
The Muse's Friend, Tea, does our Fancy aid;
Repress those Vapours which the Head invade;
And keeps that Palace of the Soul serene,
Fit on her Birth-day to salute the Queen.

The Triple Combat.

WHEN thro' the World fair *Mazarin* had run,
Bright as her Fellow-Traveller, the Sun;
Hither at length the *Roman* Eagle flies,
As the last Triumph of her conqu'ring Eyes,
As Heir to *Julius*, she may pretend
A second time to make this Island bend.
But *Portsmouth*, springing from the Ancient Race
Of *Britains*, which the *Saxon* here did chase,
As they Great *Cesar* did oppose, makes Head,
And does against this new Invader lead.
That goodly Nymph, the Taller of the two,
Careless and fearless of the Field does go.
Becoming Blushes on the other wait,
And her young Look excuses want of Height:
Beauty gives Courage; for she knows the Day
Must not be won the *Amazonian* way.
Legions of *Cupids* to the Battel come,
For little *Britain* these, and those for *Rome*.
Drest to Advantage, this Illustrious Pair
Arriv'd, for Combat in the List appear.
What may the Fates design! For never yet
From distant Regions two such Beauties met.
Venus had been an equal Friend to both,
And Vict'ry to declare her self seems loath;
Over the Camp with doubtful Wings she flies;
'Till *Chloris* shining in the Field she spies.
The lovely *Chloris* well attended came,
A thousand Graces waited on the Dame:
Her matchless Form made all the *English* glad,
And Foreign Beauties less Assurance had.
Yet, like the Three on *Ida's* Top, they all
Pretend alike, contesting for the Ball:

Which

Which to determine, Love himself declin'd,
 Lest the Neglected shou'd become less kind.
 Such killing Looks; so thick the Arrows fly;
 That 'tis unsafe to be a Stander by!
 Poets approaching to describe the Fight,
 Are by their Wounds instructed how to write.
 They with less hazard might look on, and draw,
 The ruder Combats in *Alsatia*;
 And, with that Foil of Violence and Rage,
 Set off the Splendor of our Golden Age:
 Where Love gives Law, Beauty the Scepter sways,
 And, uncompell'd, the happy World obeys.

*Of an Elegy made by Mrs. Wharton on the Earl
 of Rochester.*

THUS mourn the Muses, on the Herse
 Not strow'ing Tears, but lasting Verse;
 Which so preserve the Hero's Name,
 They make him live again in Fame.
Chloris, in Lines so like his own;
 Gives him so just and high Renown;
 That she th' afflicted World relieves,
 And shews, that still in her he lives.
 Her Wit as Graceful, Great and Good,
 Ally'd in Genius, as in Blood,
 His Loss supplies; now all our Fears
 Are, that the Nymph shou'd melt in Tears.
 Then, fairest *Chloris*, Comfort take,
 For his, your own, and for our Sake;
 Lest his fair Soul, that lives in you,
 Shou'd from the World for ever go.

*On the Duke of Monmouth's Expedition into
Scotland, in the Summer Solstice.*

In the Year 1678.

SWIFT as *Jove's* Messenger the winged God,
With Sword as Potent as his charming Rod,
He flew to execute the King's Command,
And in a Moment reach'd that *Northern* Land,
Where Day contending with approaching Night,
Assists the Hero with continu'd Light.

On Foes surpriz'd, and by no Night conceal'd,
He might have rush'd; but noble pity held
His Hand awhile, and to their Choice gave Space,
Which they wou'd prove, his Valour, or his Grace.
This not well heard, his Cannon louder spoke,
And then, like Lightning, thro' that Cloud he broke.
His Fame, his Conduct, and that Martial Look,
The guilty *Scotch* with such a Terror strook;
That to his Courage they resign the Field,
Who to his Bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that so little Loyal Blood it cost,
He grieves so many *Britains* shou'd be lost;
Taking more Pains, when he beheld them yield;
To save the Flyers, than to win the Field:
And at the Court his Int'rest does employ,
That none, who 'scap'd his fatal Sword, shou'd die.

And now these rash bold Men their Error find,
Not trusting one beyond his Promise kind;
One whose great Mind, so bountiful and brave,
Had learnt the Art to conquer, and to save.

In vulgar Breasts no royal Virtues dwell,
Such Deeds as these his high Extraction tell;
And give a secret Joy to him that Reigns,
To see his Blood triumph in *Monmouth's* Veins:

To see a Leader, whom he got and chose,
Firm to his Friends, and fatal to his Foes.

But seeing Envy, like the Sun, does beat,
With scorching Rays, on all that's high and great:
This, ill-requited *Monmouth*, is the Bough
The Muses send to shade thy Conqu'ring Brow.
Lampoons, like Squibs, may make a present Blaze;
But Time and Thunder pay Respect to Bays.
Achilles' Arms dazle our present View,
Kept by the Muse as Radiant and as New,
As from the Forge of *Vulcan* first they came;
Thousands of Years are past, and they the same;
Such Care she takes, to pay Desert with Fame:
Than which, no Monarch, for his Crown's Defence,
Knows how to give a nobler Recompence.

*Of the late Invasion and Defeat of the Turks,
&c. In the Year 1683.*

THE Modern *Nimrod*, with a safe Delight
Pursuing Beasts, that save themselves by Flight,
Grown proud, and weary of his wonted Game,
Wou'd Christians chase, and sacrifice to Fame.

A Prince, with Eunuchs and the softer Sex
Shut up so long, wou'd Warlike Nations vex;
Provoke the *German*, and, neglecting Heav'n,
Forget the Truce for which his Oath was giv'n.

His Grand Visier, presuming to invest
The chief Imperial City of the West;
With the first Charge compell'd in haste to rise,
His Treasure, Tents, and Cannon, left a Prize,
The Standard lost, and Janizaries slain,
Render the Hopes he gave his Master vain.

The flying *Turks*, that bring the Tidings home,
Renew the Mem'ry of his Father's Doom,

And

And his Guards murmur, that so often brings
Down from the Throne their unsuccessful Kings.

The trembling *Sultan's* forc'd to expiate
His own ill Conduct, by another's Fate:

The *Grand Visier*, a Tyrant, tho' a Slave,
A fair Example to his Master gave;

He *Bassas* Heads, to save his own, made fly,
And now, the *Sultan* to preserve, must die.

The fatal Bow-string was not in his Thought,
When, breaking Truce, he so unjustly fought;
Made the World tremble with a num'rous Host,
And of undoubted Victory did boast.

Strangled he lies! Yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the Mighty, and instruct the Proud;
That of the Great, neglecting to be Just,
Heav'n in a Moment makes an heap of Dust.

The *Turks* follow, why shou'd the Christians lose
Such an Advantage of their Barb'rous Foes?
Neglect their present Ruin to compleat,
Before another *Solyman* they get?

Too late they wou'd with Shame, repenting, dread
That num'rous Herd, by such a Lion led.
He *Rhodes* and *Buda* from the Christians tore,
Which timely Union might again restore.

But, sparing *Turks*, as if with Rage possess'd,
The Christians perish, by themselves oppress'd;
Cities and Provinces so dearly won,
That the Victorious People are undone!

What Angel shall descend, to reconcile
The Christian States, and end their guilty Toil?
A Prince more fit, from Heav'n we cannot ask,
Than *Britain's* King, for such a glorious Task:
His dreadful Navy, and his lovely Mind,
Give him the Fear and Favour of Mankind.
His Warrant does the Christian Faith defend;
On that relying, all their Quarrels end:

The Peace is sign'd, and *Britain* does obtain,
 What *Rome* had sought from her fierce Sons in vain.

In Battles won, Fortune a Part doth claim,
 And Soldiers have their Portion in the Fame:
 In this successful Union we find
 Only the Triumph of a worthy Mind;
 'Tis all accomplish'd by his Royal Word,
 Without unsheathing the destructive Sword;
 Without a Tax upon his Subjects laid,
 Their Peace disturb'd, their Plenty, or their Trade:
 And what can they to such a Prince deny,
 With whose Desires the greatest Kings comply?

The Arts of Peace are not to him unknown,
 This happy Way he march'd into the Throne;
 And we owe more to Heav'n than to the Sword,
 The wish'd return of so benign a Lord.

Charles, by old *Greece*, with a new Freedom grac'd,
 Above her antique Heroes shall be plac'd,
 What *Theseus* did, or *Theban Hercules*,
 Holds no Compare with this victorious Peace,
 Which, o'er the *Turks*, shall greater Honour gain,
 Than all their Giants and their Monsters slain.
 Those are bold Tales, in fabulous Ages told;
 This Glorious Act the Living do behold.

A Presage of the Ruin of the Turkish Empire, presented to his Majesty King JAMES II. on his Birth-Day.

SINCE *James* the Second grac'd the *British* Throne,
 Truce well observ'd has been, infring'd by none;
 Christians to him their present Union owe,
 And late Success against the common Foe:
 While neighb'ring Princes, loath to urge their Fate,
 Court his Assistance, and suspend their Hate.

So angry Bulls the Combat do forbear,
When from the Wood a Lion does appear.

This happy Day Peace to our Island sent,
As now he gives it to the Continent.
A Prince more fit for such a glorious Task,
Than *England's* King, from Heav'n we cannot ask:
He Great and Good proportion'd to the Work,
Their ill-drawn Swords shall turn against the *Turk*.

Such Kings, like Stars with Influence unconfin'd,
Shine with Aspect propitious to Mankind;
Favour the Innocent, repress the Bold,
And, while they flourish, make an Age of Gold.

Bred in the Camp, fam'd for his Valour Young,
At Sea successful, vigorous and strong!
His Fleet, his Army, and his mighty Mind,
Esteem and Rev'rence thro' the World do find.
A Prince, with such Advantages as these,
Where he persuades not, may command a Peace.
Britain declaring for the juster Side,
The most Ambitious will forget their Pride;
They that complain will their Endeavours cease,
Advis'd by him, incline to present Peace;
Join to the *Turks* Destruction, and then bring
All their Pretences to so just a King.

If the successful Troublers of Mankind,
With Laurel crown'd, so great Applause do find;
Shall the next World less Honour yield to those
That stop their Progress, and their Rage oppose?
Next to that Pow'r which does the Ocean awe,
Is, to set Bounds, and give Ambition Law.

The *British* Monarch shall the Glory have,
That famous *Greece* remains no longer Slave;
That Source of Art and cultivated Thought,
Which they to *Rome*, and *Romans* hither brought.

The banish'd Muses shall no longer mourn;
But may with Liberty to *Greece* return:

Tho'

Tho' Slaves, (like Birds that sing not in a Cage)
 They lost their *Genius* and Poetick Rage;
Homers again, and *Pindars* may be found,
 And his great Actions with their Numbers crown'd.
 The *Turk's* vast Empire does united stand:
 Christians divided under the Command
 Of jarring Princes, wou'd be soon undone,
 Did not this *Hero* make their Int'rest one;
 Peace to embrace, Ruin the common Foe,
 Exalt the Cross, and lay the Croissant low.
 Thus may the Gospel to the rising Sun
 Bespread, and flourish where it first begun:
 And this great Day, so justly honour'd here,
 Known to the East, and celebrated there.

*Hæc Ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime Regum:
 Ausus & ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem.*

Virg.

Of DIVINE LOVE.

In SIX CANTO'S.

- I. **A**SSERTING the Authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is reveal'd.
- II. The Preference and Love of God to Man in the Creation.
- III. The same Love more amply declar'd in our Redemption.
- IV. How necessary this Love is to reform Mankind, and how excellent in it self.
- V. Shewing how happy the World wou'd be, if this Love were Universally Embrac'd.
- VI. Of preserving this Love in our Memory, and how useful the Contemplation thereof is.

CANTO

CANTO I.

THE Grecian Muse has all their Gods surviv'd,
 Nor *Jove* at us, nor *Phœbus*, is arriv'd;
 Frail Deities, which first the Poets made,
 And then invoc'd, to give their Fancies aid!
 Yet if they still divert us with their Rage,
 What may be hop'd for in a better Age;
 When not from *Helicon's* imagin'd Spring,
 But sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing?
 This with the Fabrick of the World begun,
 Elder than Light, and shall out-last the Sun.

Before this Oracle (like *Dagon*) all
 The false Pretenders, *Delpkos*, *Hammon*, fall:
 Long since despis'd, and silent, they afford
 Honour and Triumph to th' Eternal Word.

As late Philosophy our Globe has grac'd,
 And rowling Earth among the Planets plac'd;
 So has this Book intitl'd us to Heav'n,
 And Rules to guide us to that Mansion giv'n:
 Tells the Conditions, how our Peace was made,
 And is our Pledge for the great Author's Aid.
 His Power in Nature's ample Book we find;
 But the less Volume does express his Mind.

This Light unknown, bold *Epicurus* taught,
 That his blest Gods vouchsafe us not a Thought;
 But unconcern'd, let all below them slide,
 As Fortune does, or human Wisdom, guide.

Religion thus remov'd, the sacred Yoke
 And Band of all Society is broke:
 What Use of Oaths, of Promise, or of Test,
 Where Men regard no God but Interest?
 What endless War wou'd jealous Nations tear,
 If none above did Witness what they swear?

Sad Fate of Unbelievers, (and yet just)
 Among themselves to find so little Trust;
 Were Scripture silent, Nature wou'd proclaim,
 Without a God, our Falshood and our Shame.
 To know our Thoughts the Object of his Eyes,
 Is the first Step tow'rd's being Good, or Wise;
 For tho' with Judgment we on things reflect,
 Our Will determines, not our Intellect:
 Slaves to their Passion, Reason Men employ
 Only to compass what they wou'd enjoy;
 His Fear, to guard us from our selves, we need,
 And sacred Writ our Reason does exceed.

For tho' Heav'n shews the Glory of the Lord,
 Yet something shines more Glorious in his Word;
 His Mercy this (which all his Works excells)
 His tender Kindness, and Compassion, tells
 While we, inform'd by that Celestial Book,
 Into the Bowels of our Maker look.
 Love there reveal'd, which never shall have end,
 Nor had beginning, shall our Song commend;
 Describe it self, and warm us with that Flame,
 Which first from Heav'n, to make us happy, came.

C A N T O II.

THE Fear of Hell, or aiming to be blest,
 Savour too much of private Interest;
 This mov'd not *Moses*, nor the zealous *Paul*,
 Who for their Friends abandon'd Soul and all:
 A greater yet from Heav'n to Hell descends,
 To save, and make his Enemies his Friends.
 What Line of Praise can fathom such a Love,
 Which reach'd the lowest Bottom from above?
 The Royal Prophet, that extended Grace
 From Heav'n to Earth, measur'd but half that Space:

The

The Law was regent, and confin'd his Thought,
Hell was not conquer'd, when the Poet wrote;
Heav'n was scarce heard of, until he came down
To make the Region, where Love triumphs, known.

That early Love of Creatures yet unmade,
To frame the World th' Almighty did perswade:
For Love it was that first created Light,
Mov'd on the Waters, chac'd away the Night
From the rude *Chaos*, and bestow'd new Grace
On Things dispos'd of to their proper Place,
Some to rest here, and some to shine above;
Earth, Sea, and Heav'n, were all th' Effects of Love:
And Love wou'd be return'd but there was none
That to themselves, or others, yet were known:
The World a Palace was, without a Guest,
'Till one appears, that must excel the rest;
One, like the Author, whose Capacious Mind
Might, by the Glorious Work, the Maker find;
Might measure Heav'n, and give each Star a Name;
With Art and Courage the rough Ocean tame;
Over the Globe with swelling Sails might go,
And that 'tis round, by his Experience know;
Make strongest Beasts obedient to his Will,
And serve his Use the fertile Earth to till.
When, by his Word, God had accomplish'd all,
Man to create, he did a Council call;
Imploy'd his Hand, to give the Dust he took
A Graceful Figure, and Majestick Look;
With his own Breath, convey'd into his Breast
Life, and a Soul fit to command the rest,
Worthy alone to celebrate his Name
For such a Gift, and tell from whence it came.
Birds sing his Praises in a wilder Note,
But not with lasting Numbers, and with Thought,
Man's great Prerogative. But above all
His Grace abounds in his new Fav'rites Fall.

If he Create it is a World he makes;
 If he be angry, the Creation shakes:
 From his just Wrath our guilty Parents fled;
 He curst the Earth, but bruis'd the Serpent's Head:
 Amidst the Storm, his Bounty did exceed,
 In the rich Promise of the Virgin's Seed:
 Tho' Justice Death as Satisfaction craves,
 Love finds a way to pluck us from our Graves.

C A N T O III.

NOT willing Terror shou'd his Image move,
 He gives a Pattern of Eternal Love;
 His Son descends, to treat a Peace with those
 Which were, and must have ever been, his Foes;
 Poor he became and left his Glorious Seat,
 To make us Humble, and to make us Great;
 His Business here was Happiness to give
 To those, whose Malice cou'd not let him live.

Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
 For us resolv'd to perish! he refus'd;
 While they stood ready to prevent his Loss,
 Love took him up, and nail'd him to the Cross.
 Immortal Love! which in his Bowels reign'd,
 That we might be by such great Love constrain'd
 To make Return of Love; upon this Pole
 Our Duty does, and our Religion, rowl.
 To Love is to Believe, to Hope, to Know,
 'Tis an Essay, a Taste of Heav'n below.

He to proud Potentates wou'd not be known;
 Of those that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
 'Till Love appear, we live in anxious Doubt;
 But Smoak will vanish, when that Flame breaks out;
 This is the Fire that wou'd consume our Dross,
 Refine, and make us richer by the Loss.

Cou'd

Cou'd we forbear Dispute, and practise Love,
We shou'd agree, as Angels do above.

Where Love presides, not Vice alone does find
No Entrance there, but Virtues stay behind:
Both Faith, and Hope, and all the meaner Train
Of Moral Virtues, at the Door remain;
Love only enters as a Native there,
For, born in Heav'n, it does but sojourn here.

He that alone wou'd Wise and Mighty be,
Commands that others love, as well as he:
Love as he lov'd! how can we soar so high?
He can add Wings, when he commands to fly:
Nor shou'd we be with this Command dismay'd;
He that Example gives, will give his Aid;
For he took Flesh, that where his Precepts fail,
His Practice as a Pattern may prevail.
His Love at once, and Dread, instruct our Thought;
As Man he suffer'd, and as God he taught:
Will for the Deed he takes; we may with Ease
Obedient be, for if we Love, we Please;
Weak tho' we are, to love is no hard Task,
And Love for Love, is all that Heav'n does ask:
Love, that wou'd all Men just and temp'rate make,
Kind to themselves, and others, for his sake.

'Tis with our Minds, as with a fertile Ground;
Wanting this Love, they must with Weeds abound;
Unruly Passions, whose Effects are worse
Than Thorns or Thistles springing from the Curse.

CANTO IV.

TO Glory, Man, or Misery, is born,
Of his proud Foe the Envy or the Scorn;
Wretched he is, or happy, in Extream;
Base in himself, but great in Heav'n's Esteem;

With Love, of all Created Things the best,
Without it, more pernicious than the rest.

For greedy Wolvesunguarded Sheep devour
But while their Hunger lasts and then give o'er;
Man's boundless Avarice his Want exceeds,
And on his Neighbours, round about him, feeds.

His Pride and vain Ambition are so vast,
That, Deluge like, they lay whole Nations waste;
Debauches and Excess, tho' with less Noise,
As great a Portion of Mankind destroys.

The Beasts and Monsters *Hercules* oppress,
Might, in that Age, some Provinces infest;
These more destructive Monsters are the Bane
Of ev'ry Age, and in all Nations reign;
But soon wou'd vanish, if the World were blest
With sacred Love, by which they are repress,

Impendent Death, and Guilt that threatens Hell,
Are dreadful Guests, which here with Mortals dwell;
And a vex'd Conscience, mingling with their Joy
Thoughts of Despair, doe's their whole Life annoy:
But, Love appearing, all those Terrors fly,
We live contented, and contented die:

They in whose Breast this sacred Love has Place,
Death as a Passage to their Joy embrace.
Clouds and thick Vapours which obscure the Day,
The Sun's victorious Beams may chase away;
Those which our Life corrupt and darken, Love,
The nobler Star must from the Soul remove:
Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the Year,
This brighter Sun moves in a boundless Sphere;
Of Heav'n the Joy, the Glory, and the Light,
Shines among Angels, and admits no Night.

C A N T O V.

THIS Iron Age, so fraudulent and bold,
Touch'd with this Love, wou'd be an Age of Gold;
Not

Not as they feign'd, that Oaks shou'd Honey drop,
 Or Land neglected bear an unfown Crop:
 Love wou'd make all things easie, safe, and cheap,
 None for himself wou'd rather sow or reap:
 Our ready Help and mutual Love wou'd yield
 A nobler Harvest, than the richest Field.
 Famine and Death, confin'd to certain Parts,
 Extended are, by Barrenness of Hearts;
 Some pine for Want, where others surfeit now,
 But then we shou'd the use of Plenty know;
 Love wou'd betwixt the Rich and Needy stand,
 And spread Heav'n's Bounty with an equal Hand;
 At once the Givers and Receivers bless,
 Encrease their Joy, and make their Suff'rings less.
 Who for himself no Miracle wou'd make,
 Dispens'd with sev'ral for the People's sake;
 He that, long Fasting, wou'd no Wonder show,
 Made Loaves and Fishes, as they eat them, grow:
 Of all his Power, which boundless was above,
 Here he us'd none, but to expresse his Love;
 And such a Love wou'd make our Joy exceed,
 Not when our own, but other Mouths we feed.

Laws wou'd be useles, which rude Nature awe,
 Love, changing Nature, wou'd prevent the Law.
 Tygers, and Lions, into Dens we thrust,
 But milder Creatures with their Freedom trust.
 Devils are chain'd, and tremble; but the Spouse
 No Force but Love; nor Bond, but Bounty, knows;
 Men, whom we now so fierce and dang'rous see,
 Wou'd Guardian Angels, to each other be:
 Such Wonders can this mighty Love perform,
 Vulturesto Doves, Wolves into Lambs transform.

Love, what *Isaiah* prophecy'd, can do,
 Exalt the Valleys, lay the Mountains low;
 Humble the Lofty, the Dejected raise,
 Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked VVays.

Love, strong as Death, and like it, levels all;
 With that posselt, the great in Title fall,
 Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
 Whom Heav'n with that high Character has blest.

This Love, the Centre of our Union, can
 Alone bestow compleat Repose on Man;
 Tame his wild Appetite make inward Peace,
 And foreign Strife among the Nations cease:
 No Martial Trumpet shou'd disturb our Rest,
 Nor Prince's Arm tho' to subdue the East;
 Where, for the Tomb, so many Heroes, taught
 By those that guided their Devotion, fought.

Thrice happy we, cou'd we like Ardor have
 To gain his Love, as they to win his Grave!
 Love as he lov'd; a Love so unconfin'd,
 With Arms extended, wou'd embrace Mankind.

Self-Love wou'd cease, or be dilated, when
 We shou'd behold as many Selves, as Men;
 All of one Family, in Blood ally'd,
 His precious Blood! that for our Ransom dy'd.

CANTO VI.

THO' the Creation so divinely taught,
 Prints such a lively Image in our Thought,
 That the first Spark of new-Created Light,
 From *Chaos* struck, affects our present Sight:

Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest
 The Day of rising than the Day of Rest;
 That ev'ry Week might new Occasion give,
 To make his Triumph in their Mem'ry live.
 Then let our Muse compose a sacred Charm
 To keep his Blood, among us, ever warm;
 And Singing, as the Blessed do above,
 With our last Breath dilate this Flame of Love.

But,

But, on so vast a Subject, who can find
Words that may reach th' Idea's of his Mind?
Our Language fails, or it it cou'd supply,
What Mortal Thought can raise it self so high?

Despairing here, we might abandon Art,
And only hope to have it in our Heart;
But tho' we find this sacred Task too hard,
Yet the Design, th' Endeavour brings Reward;
The Contemplation does suspend our Woe,
And makes a Truce with all the Ills we know.

As *Saul's* afflicted Spirit, from the Sound
Of *David's* Harp, a present Solace found;
So on this Theam while we our Muse engage,
No Wounds are felt, of Fortune, or of Age:
On Divine Love to meditate is Peace,
And makes all Care of meaner Things to cease.

Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundless Pow'r so infinitely kind,
The Soul contending to that Light to fly
From her dark Cell, we practise how to die;
Implying thus the Poet's winged Art,
To reach this Love, and grave it in our Heart.

Joy so compleat, so solid, and severe,
Wou'd leave no place for meaner Pleasures there;
Pale they wou'd look, as Stars that must be gone,
When from the East the rising Sun comes on.

*Floriferis ut Apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Sic nos Scriptura depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ.
Nam Divinus Amor cum cœpit vociferari,
Diffugiunt Animi Terrores:——*

Lucr.

*Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama petita est,
Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis.
Namque ubi mota calent sacrâ mea pectora Musâ,
Altior humano Spiritus ille malo est.*

De Trist.

Of

OF DIVINE POESIE.

TWO CANTO'S,

*Occasion'd upon Sight of the 53^d Chapter of Isaiah,
turn'd into Verse by Mrs. WHARTON.*

CANTO I.

POets we prize, when in their Verse we find
Some great Employment of a worthy Mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The Secret, which this Oracle does show.

What was to come, *Isaiah* did declare,
Which she describes, as if she had been there;
Had seen the Wounds, which to the Reader's View
She draws so lively, that they bleed anew.

As Ivy thrives, which on the Oak takes hold,
So, with the Prophet's, may her Lines grow old;
If they shou'd die, who can the World forgive?
Such pious Lines! When wanton *Sappho's* live.
Who with his Breath his Image did inspire,
Expects it shou'd foment a nobler Fire:
Not Love, which Brutes, as well as Men, may know;
But Love like his, to whom that Breath we owe.

Verse so design'd, on that high Subject wrote,
Is the Perfection of an ardent Thought:
The Smoak which we from burning Incense raise,
When we compleat the Sacrifice of Praise.

In boundless Verse the Fancy soars too high,
For any Object, but the Deity.

What Mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share
In the Superlatives of Wise and Fair?

A meaner Subject when with these we grace,
A Giant's Habit on a Dwarf we place,

Sacred

Sacred shou'd be the Product of our Muse,
 Like that sweet Oil, above all private Use,
 On pain of Death forbidden to be made,
 But when it should be on the Altar laid.
 Verse shows a rich inestimable Vein;
 When dropt from Heav'n, 'tis thither sent again.

Of Bounty 'tis that he admits our Praise,
 Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise:
 For as that Angel up to Heav'n did rise,
 Born on the Flame of *Manoah's* Sacrifice;
 So, wing'd with Praise, we penetrate the Sky,
 Teach Clouds and Stars to praise him as we fly;
 The whole Creation, by our Fall made groan,
 His Praise to eccho, and suspend their Moan:
 For that he Reigns, all Creatures shou'd rejoyce,
 And we with Songs supply their want of Voice.
 The Church Triumphant, and the Church below,
 In Songs of Praise their present Union show:
 Their Joys are full, our Expectation long;
 In Life we differ, but we join in Song.
 Angels, and we, assisted by this Art,
 May sing together, tho' we dwell apart.

Thus we reach Heav'n, while vainer Poems must
 No higher rise, than Winds may lift the Dust:
 From that they spring; this from his Breath that gave,
 To the first Dust, th' Immortal Soul we have:
 His Praise well sung, our great Endeavour here,
 Shakes off the Dust, and makes that Breath appear.

C A N T O II.

HE that did first this way of Writing grace,
 Convers'd with the Almighty Face to Face;
 Wonders he did in Sacred Verse unfold,
 When he had more than eighty Winters told:

The Writer feels no dire Effect of Age,
 Nor Verse that flows from so Divine a Rage.
 Eldest of Poets, he beheld the Light,
 When first it triumph'd o'er Eternal Night :
Chaos he saw, and cou'd distinctly tell
 How that Confusion into Order fell :
 As if consulted with, he has exprest
 The Work of the Creator, and his Rest :
 How the Flood drown'd the first offending Race,
 Which might the Figure of our Globe deface :
 For new-made Earth, so even and so fair,
 Less equal now, uncertain makes the Air ;
 Surpriz'd with Heat, and unexpected Cold,
 Early Distempers make our Youth look old :
 Our Days so evil, and so few, may tell
 That on the Ruin of that World we dwell.
 Strong as the Oaks that nourish'd them, and high,
 That long-liv'd Race did on their Force rely,
 Neglecting Heav'n : But we, of shorter Date,
 Shou'd be more mindful of impendent Fate.
 To Worms, that crawl upon the Rubbish here,
 This Span of Life may yet too long appear :
 Enough to humble, and to make us great,
 If it prepare us for a Noble Seat.
 Which well observing, he in num'rous Lines,
 Taught wretched Man, how fast his Life declines :
 In whom he dwelt, before the World was made,
 And may again retire, when that shall fade.
 The lasting *Iliads* have not liv'd so long,
 As his and *Deborah's* Triumphant Song.
Delphos unknown, no Muse cou'd them inspire,
 But that which governs the Celestial Choir.
 Heav'n to the Pious did this Art reveal ;
 And from their Store succeeding Poets steal.
Homer's Scamander for the *Trojans* fought,
 And swell'd so high, by her old *Kishon* taught :

His River scarce cou'd fierce *Achilles* stay ;
 Her's more successful, swept her Foes away :
 The Host of Heav'n, his *Phæbus* and his *Mars*,
 He arms; instructed by her fighting Stars :
 She led them all against the common Foe ;
 But he, mis-led by what he saw below,
 The Powers above, like wretched Men, divides,
 And breaks their Union into different Sides.

The noblest Parts which in his Heroes shine,
 May be but Copies of that Heroine :

Homer himself, and *Agamemnon*, She
 The Writer cou'd, and the Commander, be.

Truth she relates, in a sublimer Strain,
 Than all the Tales the boldest *Greeks* cou'd feign :
 For what she sung, the Spirit did indite,
 Which gave her Courage, and Success, in Fight :
 A double Garland crowns the matchless Dame ;
 From Heav'n her Poem, and her Conquest, came.

Tho' of the *Jews* she merit most Esteem :
 Yet here the Christian has the greater Theme :
 Her martial Song describes how *Sisera* fell,
 This sings our Triumph over Death and Hell.

The rising Light employ'd the sacred Breath
 Of the blest Virgin, and *Elizabeth* ;
 In Songs of Joy the Angels sung his Birth :
 Here, how he treated was upon the Earth
 Trembling we read ; th' Affliction and the Scorn,
 Which, for our Guilt, so patiently was born.
 Conception, Birth, and Suff'ring, all belong,
 Tho' various Parts, to one Celestial Song :
 And she, well using so divine an Art,
 Has, in this Consort, sung the Tragick Part.

As *Hannah's* Seed was vow'd to sacred Use,
 So here this Lady consecrates her Muse.
 With like Reward may Heav'n her Bed adorn,
 With Fruit as fair as by her Muse is born.

*On the Paraphrase on the LORD's Prayer,
Written by Mrs. WHARTON.*

Silence, you Winds! listen, Etherial Lights!
While our *Urania* sings what Heav'n indites;
The Numbers are the Nymph's, but from above
Descends the Pledge of that Eternal Love.

Here, wretched Mortals have not Leave alone,
But are instructed to approach his Throne;
And how can he to miserable Men
Deny Requests, which his own Hand did Pen?

In the Evangelists we find the Prose,
Which, paraphras'd by her, a Poem grows:
A devout Rapture! so divine a Hymn!
It may become the highest Seraphim;
For they, like her, in that Celestial Choir,
Sing only what the Spirit does inspire.
Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may
For all, but Pardon for Offences, pray.

*Some Reflections of his upon the several Petitions in
the same Prayer.*

I. HIS Sacred Name, with Reverence profound,
Shou'd mention'd be, and trembling at the Sound:
It was *Jehovah*, 'tis Our Father now,
So low to us does Heav'n vouchsafe to bow.

Psalms 18. 2.

He brought it down, that taught us how to pray,
And did so dearly for our Ransom pay.

II. *His Kingdom come:* For this we pray in vain,
Unless he does in our Affections reign:
Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
And not Obedience to his Scepter bring;

Whose

Whose Yoke is easie, and his Burthen light,
His Service Freedom, and his Judgments right.

III. *His Will be done*: In Fact 'tis always done,
But, as in Heav'n, it must be made our own:
His Will shou'd all our Inclinations sway,
Whom Nature and the Universe obey.
Happy the Man, whose Wishes are confin'd
To what has been Eternally design'd;
Referring all to his paternal Care,
To whom more dear, than to our selves, we are!

IV. It is not what our Avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our Cup:
Like new-born Babes, depending on the Breast,
From Day to Day we on his Bounty feast,
Nor shou'd the Soul expect above a Day
To dwell in her frail Tenement of Clay:
The setting Sun shou'd seem to bound our Race,
And the new Day a Gift of special Grace.

V. *That he shou'd all our Trespases forgive,*
While we in Hatred with our Neighbours live;
Tho' so to Pray may seem an easie Task,
We curse our selves when thus inclin'd we ask:
This Prayer to use, we ought with equal Care
Our Souls as to the Sacrament prepare.
The noblest Worship of the Pow'r above,
Is to extol, and imitate, his Love:
Not to forgive our Enemies alone,
But use our Bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all Temptations of the Foe,*
And those we may in several Stations know:
The Rich and Poor in slippery Places stand:
Give us enough, but with a sparing Hand:
Not ill-perswading Want, nor wanton Wealth;
But what proportion'd is to Life and Health.

For

For not the Dead, but Living, sing thy Praise,
Exalt thy Kingdom, and thy Glory raise.

——— *Favete Linguis* ———
Virginibus Puerisque canto.

Horat.

Of the last V E R S E S in the B O O K.

WHEN we for Age cou'd neither read nor write,
The Subject made us able to indite.
The Soul with nobler Resolutions deckt,
The Body stooping, does her self erect:
No mortal Parts are requisite to raise
Her, that unbody'd can her Maker praise.

The Seas are quiet, when the Winds give o'er;
So calm are we, when Passions are no more:
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting Things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of Affection from our younger Eyes
Conceal that Emptiness, which Age descries.

The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made:
Stronger by Weakness, wiser Men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the Threshold of the New.

——— *Miratur limen Olympi.*

Virgil.

O F T H E
F E A R of G O D:

I N
T W O C A N T O ' S,

Written in the Year 1687.

C A N T O I.

TH E Fear of God is Freedom, Joy and Peace;
And makes all Ills, that vext us here, to cease:
Tho' the Word, *Fear*, some Men may ill endure;
'Tis such a Fear, as only makes secure.
Ask of no Angel to reveal thy Fate;
Look in thy Heart, the Mirrour of thy State:
He that invites will not th' Invited mock;
Op'ning to all, that do in earnest knock.
Our Hopes are all well grounded on this Fear;
All our Assurance rolls upon that Sphere.
This Fear, that drives all other Fears away,
Shall be my Song, the Morning of our Day.
Where this Fear is, there's nothing to be fear'd:
It brings from Heav'n an Angel for a Guard.
Tranquility and Peace this Fear does give:
Hell gapes for those that do without it live.
It is a Beam, which he on Man lets fall,
Of Light; by which he made and governs all.
'Tis God alone shou'd not offended be:
But we please others, as more great than he.

For

For a good Cause, the Sufferings of Man
 May well be born: 'Tis more than Angels can.
 Man, since his Fall, in no mean Station rests,
 Above the Angels, or below the Beasts.
 He with true Joy their Hearts does only fill,
 That Thirst and Hunger to perform his Will.
 Others, tho' rich, shall in this World be vext;
 And sadly live, in Terror of the next.
 The World's great Conqu'ror wou'd his Point pursue;
 And wept, because he cou'd not find a New:
 Which had he done, yet still he wou'd have cry'd,
 To make him work, until a Third he spy'd.
 Ambition, Avarice will nothing owe
 To Heav'n it felt, unless it make them grow.
 Tho' richly fed, Man's Care does still exceed:
 Has but one Mouth, yet wou'd a thousand feed,
 In Wealth and Honour, by such Men posselt,
 If they increase not, there is found no Rest.
 All their Delight is while their Wish comes in;
 Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been:
 'Tis strange, Men shou'd neglect their present Store,
 And take no Joy, but in pursuing more:
 No, tho' arriv'd at all the World can aim,
 This is the Mark and Glory of our Frame:
 A Soul capacious of the Deity,
 Nothing, but he that made, can satisfy.
 A thousand Worlds, if we with him compare,
 Less than so many Drops of Water are.
 Men take no Pleasure but in new Designs:
 And what they hope for, what they have, outshines.
 Our Sheep and Oxen seem no more to crave;
 With full Content feeding on what they have,
 Vex not themselves for an Increase of Store:
 But think to-morrow we shall give them more;
 What we from Day to Day receive from Heav'n,
 They do from us expect it shou'd be giv'n:

We made them not, yet they on us rely,
More than vain Men upon the Deity:
More Beasts than they, that will not understand,
That we are fed from his immediate Hand.
Man, that in him has Being, moves and lives,
What can he have, or use, but what he gives?
So that no Bread can Nourishment afford,
Or useful be, without his sacred Word.

C A N T O II.

EArth praises Conquerors for shedding Blood:
Heav'n those that love their Foes, and do 'em good:
It is terrestrial Honour, to be crown'd
For strowing Men, like Rushes, on the Ground:
True Glory 'tis to rise above them all,
Without th' Advantage taken by their Fall.
He that in Fight diminishes Mankind,
Does no Addition to his Stature find:
But he that does a noble Nature show,
Obliging others, still does higher grow;
For Virtue practis'd such an Habit gives,
That among Men he like an Angel lives:
Humbly he doth, and without Envy, dwell,
Lov'd and admir'd by those he does excel.
Fools Anger shew, which Politicians hide:
Blest with this Fear, Men let it not abide.
The humble Man, when he receives a Wrong,
Refers Revenge to whom it doth belong:
Nor sees he Reason, why he shou'd engage,
Or vex his Spirit for another's Rage.
Plac'd on a Rock, vain Men he pities, tost
On raging Waves, and in the Tempest lost.
The rolling Planets, and the glorious Sun,
Still keep that Order which they first begun;

They

They their first Lesson constantly repeat,
 Which their Creator, as a Law, did set;
 Above, below, exactly all obey:
 But wretched Men have found another Way.
 Knowledge of Good and Evil, as at first,
 That vain Perswasion keeps them still accurst.
 The Sacred Word refusing as a Guide,
 Slaves they become to Luxury and Pride.
 As Clocks, remaining in the skilful Hand
 Of some great Master, at the Figure stand;
 But when abroad, neglected they do go,
 At random strike, and the false Hour do show:
 So from our Maker wandering, we stray,
 Like Birds, that know not to their Nests the way.
 In him we dwelt before our Exile here;
 And may, returning, find Contentment there:
 True Joy may find, Perfection of Delight;
 Behold his Face, and shun eternal Night.

Silence, my Muse! make not these Jewels cheap,
 Exposing to the World too large an Heap.
 Of all we read, the sacred Writ is best;
 Where great Truths are in fewest Words exprest.

Wrestling with Death, these Lines I did indite,
 No other theme cou'd give my Soul Delight.
 O that my Youth had thus imploy'd my Pen!
 Or that I now cou'd write as well as then!
 But 'tis of Grace, if Sicknes, Age and Pain
 Are felt as Throws, when we are born again:
 Timely they come to wean us from this Earth;
 As Pangs that wait upon a Second Birth.





Mr. WALLER's SPEECH
to the House of Commons.

April 22. 1640.

Mr. SPEAKER,

I Will use no Preface, as they do who prepare Men for something in which they have a particular Interest: I will only propose what I conceive fit for the House to consider; and shall be no more concerned in the Event, than they that shall hear me.

Two Things I observe in his Majesty's Demands.

First, The Supply.

Secondly, Our speedy Dispatch thereof.

Touching the First: His Majesty's Occasions for Money are but too evident. For, to say nothing, how we are neglected abroad, and distracted at home; the Calling of this Parliament, and our Sitting here (an Effect which no light Cause cou'd in these Times have produced) is enough to make any reasonable Man believe, That the Exchequer abounds not so much in Money, as the State does in Occasions to use it. And I hope we shall all appear willing to disprove those who have thought to dissuade his Majesty from this way of Parliaments, as uncertain; and to let him see, it is as ready, and more safe, for the Advancement of his Affairs, than any New, or pretended Old-Way whatsoever.

For the speedy Dispatch required, which was the Second thing, not only his Majesty, but *Res ipsa loquitur*; the Occasion seems to importune no less: Necessity is come upon us like an armed Man.

Yet

Yet the Use of Parliaments heretofore (as appears by the Writs that call us hither) was to advise with his Majesty of Things concerning the Church and Commonwealth. And it hath ever been the Custom of Parliaments, by good and wholesome Laws to refresh the Commonwealth in general; yea and to descend into the Remedies of particular Grievances; before any Mention made of a Supply. Look back upon the best Parliaments, and still you shall find, That the last Acts are for the free Gifts of Subsidies on the People's part, and General Pardons on the King's part. Even the wisest Kings have first acquainted their Parliaments with their Designs, and the Reasons thereof; and then demanded the Assistance, both of their Counsel and Purse. But Physicians, tho' they be called of the latest, must not stomach it, or talk what might have been, but apply themselves roundly to the Cure. Let us not stand too nicely upon Circumstances, nor too rigidly postpone the Matter of Supply, to the healing of our lighter Wounds. Let us do what possibly may be done with Reason and Honesty on our part, to comply with his Majesty's Desires, and to prevent the imminent Ills which threaten us.

But consider (Mr. Speaker) that they who think themselves already undone, can never apprehend themselves in Danger: and they that have nothing left, can never give freely. Nor shall we ever discharge the Trust of those that sent us hither, or make them believe that they contribute to their own Defence and Safety; unless his Majesty be pleased, first to restore them to the Property of their Goods and Lawful Liberties, whereof they esteem themselves now out of Possession. One need not tell you, That the Property of Goods is the Mother of Courage, and the Nurse of Industry, makes us valiant in War, and good Husbands in Peace. The Experience I have of former Parliaments, and my present Observation of the Care the Country has had to chuse Persons of Worth and Courage, makes me think this House like the *Spartans*, whose forward Valour required some softer Musick to allay and quiet their Spirits, too much moved with the Sound of Martial Instruments. 'Tis not the Fear of Imprisonment, or, if need be, of Death it self, that can keep a true-hearted Eng-
lish

lish Man from the Care to leave this part of his Inheritance as entire to Posterity, as he received it from his Ancestors.

This therefore let us first do, and the more speedily, that we may come to the matter of Supply; let us give new Force to the many Laws which have been heretofore made for the maintaining of our Rights and Privileges, and endeavour to restore this Nation to its Fundamental and Vital Liberties, the Property of our Goods, and the Freedom of our Persons: No way doubting, but we shall find his Majesty as gracious and ready, as any of his Royal Progenitors have been, to grant our just Desires therein. For not only the People do think, but the Wisest do know, That what we have suffered in this long Vacancy of Parliaments, we have suffered from his Ministers. That the Person of no King was ever better beloved of his People; and that no People were ever more unsatisfied with the way of levying Monies, are Two Truths which may serve, one to demonstrate the other: For such is their Aversion to the present Courses, That neither the Admiration they have of his Majesty's native Inclinations to Justice and Clemency, nor the pretended Consent of the Judges, could make them willingly submit themselves to this late Tax of Ship-Money: And such is their Natural Love and just Esteem of his Majesty's Goodness, That no late Pressure could provoke them, nor any Example invite them, to Disloyalty or Disobedience.

But what is it then, that hath bred this Misunderstanding betwixt the King and his People? How is it, that having so good a King, we have so much to complain of? Why, we are told of the Son of *Solomon*, that he was a Prince of a tender Heart; and yet we see, by the Advice of violent Counsellors, how rough an Answer he gave to his People. *That his Finger should be as heavy as his Father's Loins*, was not his own, but the Voice of some Persons about him, that wanted the Gravity and Moderation requisite for the Counsellors of a young King. I love not to press Allegories too far; but the Resemblance of *Job's* Story with ours holds so well, that I cannot but observe it to you. It pleased God to give his Enemy leave to afflict him more than once or twice, and to take all he had from him: and yet he was
not

not provoked to rebel, so much as with his Tongue; tho' he had no very good Example of one that lay very near him, and felt not half that which he suffer'd. I hope his Majesty will imitate God in the benigner part too; and as he was severe to *Job* only while he discoursed with another concerning him; but when he vouchsafed to speak himself to him, began to rebuke those, who had mistaken and misjudged his Case, and to restore the patient Man to his former Prosperity: So now, that his Majesty hath admitted us to his Presence, and spoken Face to Face with us; I doubt not but we shall see fairer Days, and be as rich in the Possession of our own as ever we were.

I wonder at those that seem to doubt the Success of this Parliament, or that the Misunderstanding between the King and his People should last any longer, now they are so happily met. His Majesty's Wants are not so great, but that we may find Means to supply him: Nor our Desires so unreasonable, or so incompatible with Government, but that his Majesty may well satisfy them. For our late Experience, I hope, will teach us what Rocks to shun, and how necessary the use of Moderation is. And for his Majesty, he has had Experience enough, how that prospers, which is gotten without the concurrent Good-will of his People: Never more Money taken from the Subject; never more Want in the Exchequer. If we look upon what has been paid; it is more than ever the People of *England* were wont to pay in such a time: If we look upon what has been effected therewith; it shews, as if never King had been worse supplied. So that we seem to have endeavoured the filling of a Sieve with Water. Whosoever gave Advice for these Courses, has made good the Saying of the Wise Man, *Qui conturbat Domum suam possidebit Ventum*. By new ways they think to accomplish Wonders; but in truth they grasp the Wind, and are at the same time cruel to us, and to the King too. For if the Commonwealth flourish, then he that hath the Sovereignty can never want nor do amiss: so as he govern not according to the Interest of others; but go the shortest and the safest Ways, to his own, and the Common Good.

The

The Kings of this Nation have always governed by Parliament: And if we look upon the Success of things since Parliaments were laid by, it resembles that of the *Grecians*,

Ex illo fluere & retrò sublapsa referrì
Rês Danaum————

especially on the Subjects part. For though the King hath gotten little; they have lost all.

But his Majesty shall hear the Truth from us; and we shall make appear the Errors of those Divines, who would persuade us, that a Monarch must be Absolute, and that he may do all things *ad libitum*; receding not only from their Text (tho' that be a wand'ring too) but from the way their own Profession might teach them, *State super Vias antiquas*, and *Remove not the ancient Bounds and Land-marks which our Fathers have set*. If to be Absolute, were to be restrained by no Laws; then can no King in *Christendom* be so; for they all stand obliged to the Laws Christian. And we ask no more; for to this Pillar are our Privileges fixt, our Kings at their Coronation taking a sacred Oath not to infringe them.

I am sorry these Men take no more Care to gain our Belief of those things, which they tell us for our Souls Health; while we know them so manifestly in the Wrong, in that which concerns the Liberties and Privileges of the Subjects of *England*: But they gain Preferment; and then 'tis no matter, tho' they neither believe themselves, nor are believed by others. But since they are so ready to let loose the Consciences of their Kings, we are the more carefully to provide for our Protection against this Pulpit-Law, by declaring and reinforcing the Municipal Laws of this Kingdom.

It is worth observing, how new this Opinion is, or rather this way of ruling, even among themselves. For Mr. *Hooker*, who sure was no refractory Man, (as they term it) thinks, That the first Government was Arbitrary, 'till it was found, that to live by one Man's Will, became the Cause of all Men's Misery: (These are his Words) concluding, That this was the Original of inventing Laws. And if we look further back, our Histories will tell us, that the Prelates

lates of this Kingdom have often been the Mediators between the King and his Subjects, to present and pray Redress of their Grievances; and had reciprocally then as much Love and Reverence from the People.

But these Preachers, more active than their Predecessors, and wiser than the Laws, have found out a better Form of Government. The King must be a more Absolute Monarch, than any of his Predecessors; and to them he must owe it: tho' in the meantime, they hazard the Hearts of his People; and involve him in a thousand Difficulties. For, suppose this Form of Government were inconvenient; and yet this is but a Supposition, for these five hundred Years it hath not only maintained us in Safety, but made us Victorious over other Nations; but, I say, suppose they have another Idea of one more convenient; we all know how dangerous Innovations are, though to the better, and what hazard those Princes must run, that enterprize the Change of a long-establish'd Government. Now of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to succeed in this happy Race; Why shou'd so Pious and so Good a King be exposed to this Trouble and Hazard? Besides, that Kings so diverted can never do any great Matter abroad.

But while these Men have thus bent their Wits against the Laws of their Country; whether they have neglected their own Province, and what Tares are grown up in the Field which they shou'd have tilled, I leave to a second Consideration: Not but that Religion ought to be the first thing in our Purposes and Desires; but that which is first in Dignity, is not always to precede in order of Time. For Well-being supposes a Being; and the first Impediment, which Men naturally endeavour to remove, is the want of those things, without which they cannot subsist. God first assigned unto *Adam* Maintenance of Life, and gave him a Title to the rest of the Creatures, before he appointed him a Law to observe. And let me tell you, if our Adversaries have any such Design; as there is nothing more easie, than to impose Religion on a People deprived of their Liberties; so there is nothing more hard than to do the same upon Freemen.

And

And therefore (Mr. Speaker) I conclude with this Motion, That there may be an Order presently made, that the first thing this House will consider of, shall be the restoring this Nation in general to its Fundamental and Vital Liberties; the Property of our Goods, and Freedom of our Persons: And that then we will forthwith consider of the Supply desired.

And thus we shall discharge the Trust reposed in us, by those that sent us hither. His Majesty will see, that we make more than ordinary haste to satisfy his Demands; and we shall let all those know, that seek to hasten the matter of Supply, that they will so far delay it, as they give Interruption to the former.





Mr. Waller's Speech in Parliament, at a Conference of both Houses in the Painted Chamber July 6, 1641.

MY LORDS,

I Am commanded, by the House of Commons, to present you with these Articles against Mr. Justice *Crawley*, which when your Lordships shall have been pleased to hear read, I shall take Leave (according to Custom) to say something of what I have collected from the Sense of that House, concerning the Crimes therein contained.

Then the Charge was read, containing his extrajudicial Opinions subscribed, and Judgment given for Ship-Mony; and afterward, a Declaration in his Charge at an Assize, That Ship-Mony was so inherent a Right in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of a Parliament to take it away.

My Lords,

NOT only my Wants, but my Affections render me less fit for this Employment; for though it has not my Happiness to have the Law a Part of my Breeding, there is no Man honours that Profession more, or has a greater Reverence towards the grave Judges, the Oracles thereof. Out of Parliament, all our Courts of Justice are govern'd or directed by them; and when a Parliament is call'd, if your Lordships were not assisted by them, and the House of Commons by other Gentlemen of that Robe, Experience tells us, it might run a Hazard of being stiled *Parliamentum indoctorum*. But as all Professions are obnoxious to the Malice of the Professors, and by them most easily betray'd; so

so (my Lords) these Articles have told you, how these Brothers of the Coif are become *fratres in malo*; how these Sons of the Law have torn out the Bowels of their Mother. But this Judge (whose Charge you last heard) in one Expression of his, excels no less his Fellows than they have done the worst of their Predecessors, in this Conspiracy against the Common-wealth. Of the Judgement for Ship-Mony, and those extra-judicial Opinions preceding the same (wherein they are jointly concern'd) you have already heard: How unjust and pernicious a Proceeding that was in so publick a Cause, has been sufficiently express'd to your Lordships. But this Man, adding Despair to our Misery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-Mony has a Right so inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein (my Lords he did not only give as deep a Wound to the Common-wealth as any of the rest, but dipt his Dart in such a Poison, that, so far as in him lay, it might never receive a Cure. As by those abortive Opinions, subscribing to the Subversion of our Property, before he heard what cou'd be said for it, he prevented his own; so by this Declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the Judgment of your Lordships too, and to confine the Power of a Parliament, the only Place where this Mischief might be redress'd. Sure he is more Wise and Learned, than to believe himself in this Opinion, or not to know how ridiculous it would appear to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himself; and therefore no doubt, but by saying no Parliament could abolish this Judgment, his Meaning was, that this Judgment had abolish'd Parliaments.

This Imposition of Ship-money springing from a pretended Necessity, was it not enough that it was now grown Annual, but he must entail it upon the State for ever, at once making Necessity inherent to the Crown and Slavery to the Subject? Necessity, which dissolving all Law, is so much more prejudicial to his Majesty than to any of us, by how much the Law has invested his Royal State with a greater Power, and ampler Fortune; for so undoubted a Truth it has ever been, that Kings, as well as Subjects, are involv'd in the Confusion which Necessity produces that the Heathen thought their Gods also obliged by the same, *pare-*

amus necessitati quam nec homines nec dii superant: This Judge then having in his Charge at the Assize, declar'd the Dissolution of the Law, by this suppos'd Necessity; with what Conscience cou'd he, at the same Assize, proceed to condemn and punish Men, unless perhaps he meant the Law was still in force for our Destruction, and not for our Preservation; that it should have power to kill, but none to protect us; a thing no less horrid, than it the Sun should burn without lighting us, or the Earth serve only to bury, and not to feed and nourish us. But (my Lords) to demonstrate that this was a suppositious, impos'd Necessity, and such as they could remove when they pleas'd; at the last Convention in Parliament, a Price was set upon it, *for twelve Subsidies you shall reverse this Sentence*: It may be said that so much Money would have removed the present Necessity, but here was a Rate set upon future Necessity; *for twelve Subsidies you shall never suffer Necessity again, you shall for ever abolish that Judgment*. Here this Myitery is revealed, this Vizer of Necessity is pull'd off, and now it appears, that this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully presented his Majesty with twelve Subsidies, to be levy'd on your Lordships, and the Commons. Certainly there is no Priviledge which more properly belongs to a Parliament, than to open the Purse of the Subject; and yet these Judges, who are neither capable of sitting among us in the House of Commons, nor with your Lordships, otherwise than your Assisants, have not only assum'd to themselves this Privilege of Parliament, but presum'd at once to make a Present to the Crown, of all that either your Lordships, or the Commons of England do, or shall hereafter possess.

And because this Man has had the Boldness to put the Power of Parliament in balance with the Opinion of the Judges, I shall intreat your Lordships to observe by way of Comparison, the solemn and safe Proceeding of the one, with the precipitate Dispatch of the other. In Parliament (as your Lordships know well) no new Law can pass, or old be abrogated, till it has been thrice read with your Lordships, thrice in the Commons House, and then it receives the Royal Assent; so that 'tis like Gold seven times purify'd: Whereas these Judges by this one Resolution of theirs, would
perswade

perswade his Majesty, that by naming *Necessity* he might at once dissolve (at least suspend) the great Charter thirty two times confirm'd by his Royal Progenitors, the Petition of Right, and all other Laws provided for the Maintenance of the Right and Property of the Subject; a strange Force (my Lords) in the Sound of this Word *Necessity*, that like a Charm it should silence the Laws, while we are despoil'd of all we have; for that but a part of our Goods was taken, is owing to the Grace and Goodness of the King; for so much as concerns these Judges, we have no more left than they perhaps may deserve to have, when your Lordships shall have pass'd Judgment upon them. This for the neglect of their Oaths, and betraying that publick Trust, which for the Conservation of our Laws was reposed in them.

Now for the Cruelty and Unmercifulness of this Judgment. You may please to remember that in the old Law they were forbid to seeth a Kid in his Mother's Milk; of which the receiv'd Interpretation is, that we should not use that to the Destruction of any Creature, which was intended for its Preservation: Now (my Lords) God and Nature have given us the Sea as our best Guard against our Enemies, and our Ships as our greatest Glory above other Nations; and how barbarously would these Men have let in the Sea upon us, at once to wash away our Liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our Land, all the Property we have therein, making the Supply of our Navy a Pretence for the Ruin of our Nation; for observe, I beseech you, the Fruit and Consequence of this Judgment, how this Money has prospered, how contrary an Effect it has had to the End, for which they pretended to take it: On every County a Ship is annually impos'd, and who would not expect, but our Seas by this time should be covered with the number of our Ships? Alas (my Lords) the daily Complaints of the Decay of our Navy tell us how ill Ship-money has maintain'd the Sovereignty of the Sea; and by the many Petitions which we receive from the Wives of those miserable Captives at *Algier*, (being between four and five thousand of our Country Men) it does too evidently appear, that to make us Slaves at home, is not the way to keep

us from being made Slaves abroad ; so far has this Judgment been from relieving the present, or preventing the future Necessity, that as it changed our real Property into the shadow of a Property, so of a feign'd it has made a real Necessity.

A little before the Approach of the *Gauls* to *Rome*, while the *Romans* had yet no Apprehension of that Danger, there was heard a Voice in the Air louder than ordinary. *The Gauls are come* ; which Voice, after they had sack'd the City, and besieged the Capitol, was held so ominous, that *Livy* relates it as a Prodigy : This Anticipation of Necessity seems to have been no less ominous to us : These Judges, like ill-boding Birds, have call'd Necessity upon the State in a time, when I dare say, they thought themselves in greatest Security ; but if it seem superstitious to take this as an Omen, sure I am, we may look on it as a Cause of the unfeigned Necessity we now suffer ; for what Regret and Discontent has this Judgment bred among us ? As when the Noise and Tumult in a private House grows so loud as to be heard into the Streets, it calls in the next Dwellers either kindly to appease, or to make their own use of domestick Strife ; so in all likelihood our known Discontents at home have been a concurrent Cause to invite our Neighbours to visit us, so much to the Expence and Trouble of both these Kingdoms.

And here, my Lords, I cannot but take notice of the most sad Effect of this Oppression, the ill Influence it has had upon the ancient Reputation and Valour of the *English* Nation : And no wonder, for if it be true that Oppression, makes a wise Man mad, it may well suspend the Courage of the Valiant : The same happened to the *Romans*, when for Renown in Arms, they most excell'd the rest of the World ; the Story is but short, 'twas in the time of the *Decemviri*, (and I think the chief Troublers of our State may make up that Number) The *Decemviri*, my Lords had subverted the Laws, suspended the Courts of Justice, and (which was the greatest Grievance both to the Nobility and People) had for some Years omitted to assemble the Senate, which was their Parliament : This,
says

says the Historian, did not only deject the *Romans*, and make them despair of their Liberty, but caused them to be less valu'd by their Neighbours: The *Sabines* take the Advantage and invade them; and now the *Decemviri* are forc'd to call the long desired Senate, whereof the People were so glad that *Hostibus belloque gratiam habuerunt*: This Assembly breaks up in Discontent, nevertheless the War proceeds; Forces are raised, led by some of the *Decemviri*, and with the *Sabines* they meet in the Field: I know your Lordships expect the Event: My Author's Words of his Countrymen are these, *Ne quid ductu aut auspicio Decemvirorum prospere gereretur, vinci se patiebantur*, They chose rather to suffer a present Diminution of their Honour, than by Victory to confirm the Tyranny of their new Masters. At their Return from this unfortunate Expedition, after some Distempers and Expostulations of the People, another Senate, that is, a second Parliament, is call'd, and there the *Decemviri* are question'd, depriv'd of their Authority, imprison'd, banish'd, and some lose their Lives; and soon after this Vindication of their Liberties, the *Romans* by their better Success, made it appear to the World, that Liberty and Courage dwell always in the same Breast, and are never to be divorc'd. No doubt, my Lords, but your Justice shall have the like Effect upon this dispirited People; 'tis not the Restitution of our Ancient Laws alone, but the Restauration of our Ancient Courage which is expected from your Lordships: I need not say any thing to move your just Indignation, that this Man shou'd so cheaply give away that which your Noble Ancestors with so much Courage and Industry had so long maintained: You have often been told how careful they were, tho' with the hazard of their Lives and Fortunes, to derive those Rights and Liberties as entire to Posterity as they received them from their Fathers; what they did with Labour you may do with Ease: What they did with Danger you may do securely: The Foundation of our Laws is not shaken with the Engine of War, they are only blasted with the Breath of these Men, and by your Breath they may be restored.

What Judgments your Predecessors have given, and what Punishments their Predecessors have suffered for Offences of this Nature, your Lordship have already been so well informed, that I shall not trouble you with a Repetition of those Precedents: Only (my Lords) something I shall take leave to observe of the Person with whose Charge I have presented you, that you may the less doubt of the Wilfulness of his Offence.

His Education in the Inns of Court, his constant Practice as a Counsellor, and his Experience as a Judge (consider'd with the Mischief he has done) makes it appear that this Progress of his thro' the Law, has been like that of a diligent Spy thro' a Country, into which he meant to conduct an Enemy.

To let you see he did not offend for Company, there is one Crime so peculiar to himself, and of such Malignity, that it makes him at once incapable of your Lordships' Favour, and his own Subsistence incompatible with the Right and Property of the Subject: for if you leave him in a Capacity of interpreting the Laws; has he not declared his Opinion, That your Votes and Resolutions against Ship-money are void, and that it is not in the Power of Parliament to abolish that Judgment? to him, my Lords, that has thus play'd with the Power of Parliament, we may well apply what was once said to a Goat browsing on a Vine.

*Rode, Caper, vitem, tamen hinc cum stabis ad aras,
In tua quod fundi cornua possit, erit:*

He has cropt and infring'd the Priviledges of a banish'd Parliament, but now it is returned, he may find it has Power enough to make a Sacrifice of him, to the better Establishment of our Laws; and in truth what other Satisfaction can he make his injur'd Country, than to confirm, by his Example, those Rights and Liberties which he had ruin'd by his Opinion?

For the Proofs, my Lords, they are so manifest, that they will give you little Trouble in the Disquisition; his crimes are already upon Record, the Delinquent and the Witness is
the

the same; having from several Seats of Judicature proclaim'd himself an Enemy to our Laws and Nation, *Ex ore suo judicabitur*. To which purpose I am commanded by the Knights, and Citizens, and Burgeses of the House of Commons, to desire your Lordships that as speedy a Proceeding may be had against Mr. Justice *Crawley*, as the Course of Parliament will permit.



Mr. WAL-



Mr. *WALLER*'s Speech.
in the House of Commons, on
Tuesday, July 4, 1643.

*Being brought to the Bar, and having Leave given
him by the Speaker, to say what he cou'd for
himself, before they proceeded to expel him the
House.*

Mr. SPEAKER,

I Acknowledge it a great Mercy of God, and a great Favour from you, that I am once more suffered to behold this Honourable Assembly. I mean not to make use of it to say any thing in my own Defence, by Justification or Denial of what I have done; I have already confessed enough to make me appear worthy, not only to be put out of this House, but out of the World too. All my humble Request to you is, that if I seem to you as unworthy to live, as I do to my self, I may have the Honour to receive my Death from your own Hands, and not be exposed to a Tryal by the Council of War: What-ever you shall think me worthy to suffer in a Parliamentary way, is not like to find stop any where else.

This (Sir) I hope you will be pleased for your own Sakes to grant me, who am already so miserable, that nothing can be added to my Calamity, but to be made the Occasion of
creating

creating a Precedent to your own Disadvantage. Besides the Right I may have to this, consider, I beseech you, that the Eyes of the World are upon you; you Govern in Chief, and if you should expose your own Members to the Punishment of others, it will be thought that you either want Power, or Leisure, to chastise them your selves: Nor let any Man despise the ill Consequence of such a Precedent as this would be, because he seeth not presently the Inconveniences which may ensue: You have many Armies on foot, and it is uncertain how long you may have Occasion to use them. Soldiers and Commanders (tho' I know well they of the Parliament's Army, excel no less in Modesty than they do in Courage) are generally of a Nature ready to pretend to the utmost Power of this Kind, which they conceive to be due to them, and may be too apt, upon any Occasion of Discontent, to make use of such a Precedent as this. In this very Parliament you have not been without some taste of the Experience hereof; it is now somewhat more than two Years since you had an Army in the North, paid and directed by your selves; and yet you may be pleased to remember there was a considerable Number of Officers in that Army, which joined in a Petition or Remonstrance to this House, taking Notice of what some of the Members had said here, as they Supposed, to their Disadvantage, and did little less than require them of you: 'Tis true there had been some tampering with them, but what has happen'd at one time, may wisely be thought possible to fall out again at another.

Sir, I presume but to point you out the Danger; if it be not just, I know you will not do me the wrong to expose me to this Tryal; if it be just, your Army may another time require the same Justice of you, in their own Behalf, against some other Member, whom, perhaps, you would be less willing to part with. Necessity has of late forced you into untrodden Paths; and in such a Case as this, where you have no Precedent of your own, you may not do amiss to look abroad upon other States and Senates, which exercise the Supreme Power, as you now do here.

I dare confidently say you shall find none, either Ancient or Modern, which ever exposed any of their own Order
to

to be tried for his Life by the Officers of their Armies abroad, for what he did while he resided among them in the Senate.

Among the *Romans* the Practice was so contrary, that some Inferior Officers in the Army far from the City, having been sentenced by their General, or Commander in Chief, as deserving Death by their Discipline of War, have nevertheless (because they were Senators) Appealed thither, and the Cause has received a new hearing in the Senate. Not to use more Words to persuade you to take heed that you wound not your selves thorough my Sides, in violating the Privileges belonging to your own Persons; I shall humbly desire you to consider likewise the Nature of my Offence, not but that I shou'd be much ashamed to say any thing in diminution thereof: God knows 'tis horrid enough, for the Evil it might have occasioned; but if you look near it, it may perhaps appear to be rather a Civil than a Martial Crime, and so to have Title to a Tryal at the Common Law of the Land: there may justly be some Difference between me and others in this Business.

I have had nothing to do with the other Army, nor any Intention to begin the Offer of Violence to any Body. It was only a Civil Pretence to that which I then Foolishly conceived to be the right of the Subject. I humbly refer it to your Considerations, and to your Consciences. I know you will take Care not to shed the Blood of War in Peace; that Blood by the Law of War, which hath a Right to be tried by the Law of Peace.

For so much as it concerns my self and my Part in this Business, (if I were worthy to have any thing spoken, or patiently heard in my Behalf) this might truly be said, that I made not this Business, but found it; it was in other Men's hands long before it was brought to me, and when it came, I extended it not, but restrain'd it. For the Propositions of letting in part of the King's Army, or offering Violence to the Members of this House, I ever disallow'd, and utterly rejected them.

What it was that mov'd me to entertain Discourse of this Business so far as I did, I will tell you ingeniously, and that rather as a Warning for others, than that it makes any thing
for

for my self ; it was only an Impatience of the Inconveniences of the present War, looking on things with a carnal Eye, and not minding that which chiefly (if not only) ought to have been consider'd, the inestimable Value of the Cause; you have in Hand, the Cause of God and of Religion, and the Necessities you are forced upon for the Maintenance of the same; as a just Punishment for this Neglect, it pleased God to desert and suffer me, with a fatal Blindness, to be led on, and engaged in such Councils as were wholly disproportion'd to the rest of my Life: this (Sir) my own Conscience tells me was the Cause of my failing, and not Malice, or any ill Habit of Mind, or Disposition toward the Commonwealth, or to the Parliament. For from whence should I have it? If you look on my Birth, you will not find it in my Blood; I am of a Stock which hath born you better Fruit. If you look on my Education, it hath been almost from my Childhood in this House, and among the best Sort of Men: and for the whole Practice of my Life 'till this time, if another were to speak for me, he might reasonably say, that neither my Actions out of Parliament, nor my Expressions in it, have favoured of Dis-affection or Malice to the Liberties of the People, or Privileges of Parliament.

Thus (Sir) I have set before your Eyes, both my Person and my Case, wherein I shall make no such Defence by denying, or extenuating any thing I have done, as ordinary Delinquents do. My Address to you, and all my Plea shall only be such as Children use to their Parents, I have offended; I confess it; I never did any thing like it before; it is a Passage unsuitable to the whole Course of my Life beside; and for the Time to come, as God that can bring Light out of Darkness, hath made this in the Event useful to you, so also hath he to me: You have by it made an happy Discovery of your Enemies, and I of my self, and the Evil Principles I walk'd by; so that if you look either on what I have been heretofore, or what I now am, and, by God's Grace assisting me, shall always continue to be, you may perhaps think me fit to be an Example of your Compassion and Clemency.

Sir, I shall no sooner leave you, but my Life will depend on your Breath; and not that alone, but the Subsistence of
some

some that are more innocent. I might shew you my Children, whom the Rigour of your Justice would make compleat Orphans, being already Motherless. I might shew you a Family, wherein there are some unworthy to have their Share in that mark of Infamy which now threatens us. But something there is, which if I could shew you, would move you more than all this, it is my Heart, which abhors what I have done, and is more severe to it self, than the severest Judge can be: A Heart (*Mr Speaker*) so awaken'd by this Affliction, and so intirely devoted to the Cause you maintain, that I earnestly desire of God to incline you, so to dispose of me, whether for Life or for Death, as may most conduce to the Advancement thereof.

Sir, not to trouble you any longer, if I die, I shall die praying for you; if I live, I shall live serving you, and render you back the Use and Imployment of all those Days you shall add to my Life.

After this, having withdrawn himself, he was called in again, and (being by the Speaker required thereto) gave them an exact Account how he came first to the Knowledge of this Business, as also what Lords were acquainted therewith, or had engaged themselves therein.

F I N I S.





Waller, Edmund

Poems, &c. written upon several occasions and to several persons

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